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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Editor and Publisher*

William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor* — Ivan St. Johns, *Western Editor*

Vol. XLVII No. 1 — December, 1934

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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Brickbats & Bouquets

••••• THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK ••••

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

Ten years ago a young woman set out for America from Belgium with her two small children. One of those children was my brother, the other myself.

Not until a year ago were we reunited with our father in this country. Needless to say, it was a happy, if tearful, reunion.

But then the question of a job for my father arose. He had been an expert woodworker in Belgium, capable and skilled. Finally a job was offered him if and when he learned to speak English.

I knew he would never be happy until he had work. Then I hit upon a great idea. Here in America, mother, brother and I had become movie fans. It had been the greatest means of Americanizing us; why shouldn't it help father?

We began our program immediately. Father went to movies five nights a week. He not only learned the language, he learned American ways and customs. Within six months he was speaking English well enough to land the job promised him.

No wonder we are grateful to motion pictures!

MARTHA BRABAND, Detroit, Mich.

THE $10 LETTER

There is someone most dear to me who gets much more than his share of misery because he was born a cripple. He is sensitive to the nth degree. He is insanely in love with a girl who, unfortunately, is another Mildred, the *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage." After I saw "Of Human Bondage" I tried desperately, tactfully, to find a way to make him see the picture. I finally succeeded.

For the last few weeks, since seeing the movie, he has been peacefully quiet and meditative. He hasn't made any attempt to get in touch with the girl. I believe he has at last found peace of mind concerning her. And I am deeply grateful to Bette Davis and Leslie Howard for their fine, convincing performances.

F. H., Jackson, Calif.

THE $5 LETTER

Do you realize what it means never to have seen a train, a skyscraper, a huge passenger plane—any of the things that are so common to a person living most anywhere in the States? And yet there are many children and adults in Alaska who have never really seen them.

If you can understand what the lack of these things would mean in the education and teaching of modern ways of living, then perhaps you can realize what a benefit and joy the motion pictures are to people in Alaska. For through the eyes of the motion picture camera we see the countless realities that would otherwise be as vague dreams.

M. L. SHARNBROICH, Wrangell, Alaska.

ONE-TIME BIG-TIMERS

Why do the movies spend millions of dollars searching for new talent when so many fine actors and actresses of bygone days are waiting eagerly to make comebacks?

It's been good, recently, to see Charles Ray, William Farnum, Helene Chadwick, Monte Blue and other one-time big stars on the screen again, even if the rôles have been small.

But where's Pola Negri? Surely genius that burned so bright cannot be dimmed by time.

E. M. CHANDLER, Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT PRICE STYLE?

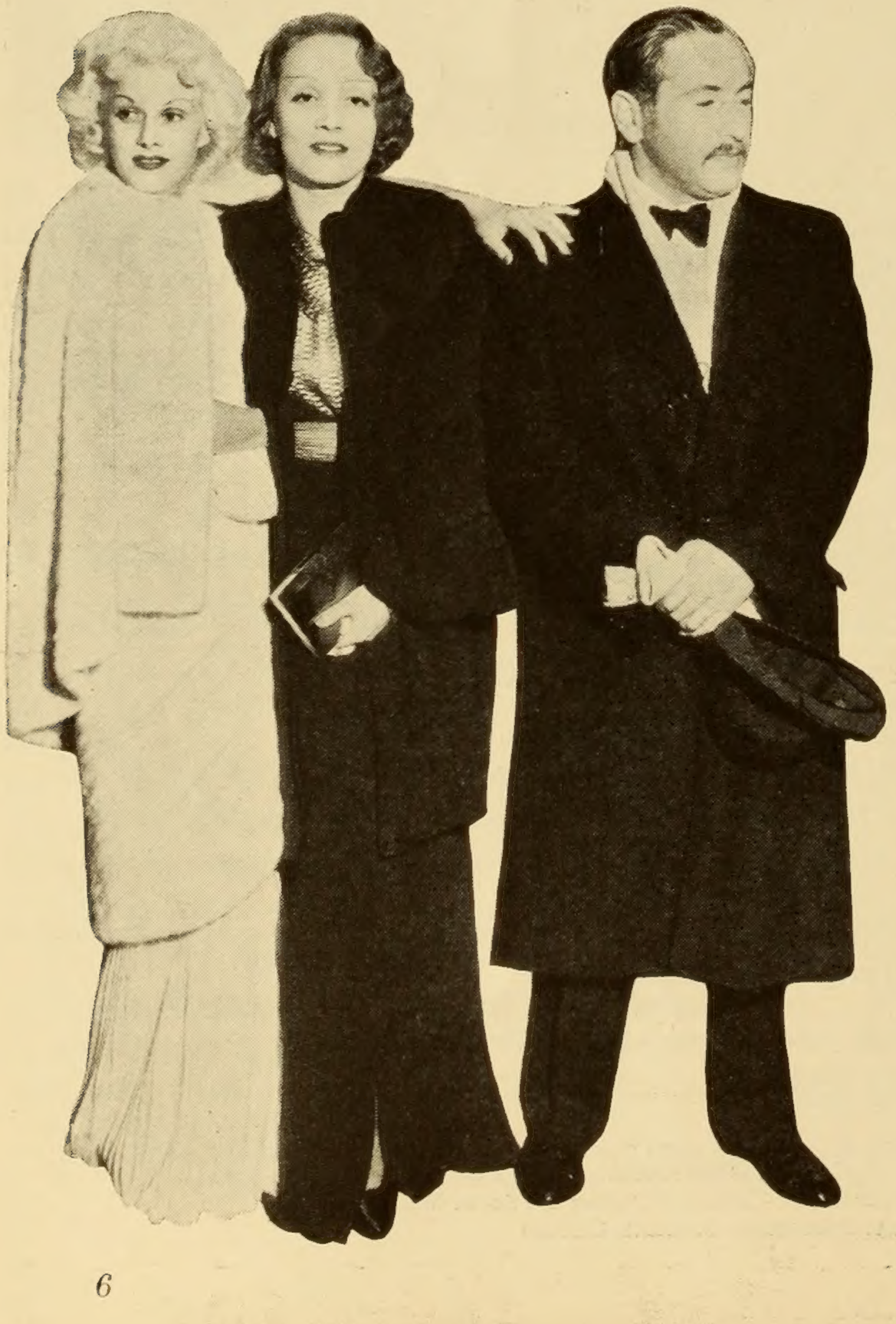
Recently, I heard that Josef Von Sternberg, in defending "The Scarlet Empress," said he had tried to inject style in the film.

Style is interesting. But of greater artistic importance is unity and form. In attempting to inject style—with gargoyles, twisted statues, barbaric symbols—Von Sternberg lost sight of form, and his picture became loose and incoherent.

He is a great director. But can his reputa-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

MUST be the weather! People are getting brickbattier all the time. Few bouquets flower on our desk these days! Now it's comedies and spectacles that are getting the hard knocks. And just because something went to our head and we're printing two poems this time, please don't everybody write us hard lines in rhyme!



Some say Marlene Dietrich and Von Sternberg shouldn't make any more movies together. They were chatting with Jean Harlow when the cameraman came along

Pola Negri is one of the former screen idols whom people are asking to see again. Pola is a favorite, also, of Henry Wilcoxon, the English actor

The PICTURE of the MONTH

WE SALUTE

DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER

America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!

"Flirtation Walk"

heaps new honors on

DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER

—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (*Nov.*)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (*July*)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (*July*)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (*Nov.*)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (*June*)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (*Sept.*)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (*Sept.*)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (*June*)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (*Sept.*)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (*Sept.*)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (*Nov.*)

★ **BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (*Oct.*)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (*Nov.*)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (*Aug.*)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (*Oct.*)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (*Nov.*)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (*July*)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (*Sept.*)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothern going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (*Oct.*)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (*Aug.*)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (*Aug.*)

Attention!

Movie Fill-in Contestants

Here's something you've been waiting for! The judges, who were swamped by the huge number of entries, are ready to announce the winners of the $500.00 in Prizes

in the January issue of

PHOTOPLAY

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (*June*)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (*Oct.*)

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (*Oct.*)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (*Aug.*)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (*Nov.*)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (*Nov.*)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naïve young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (*Oct.*)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (*Nov.*)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (*Aug.*)

CHANNEL CROSSING — Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (*Aug.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE — Fox. — This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (*Sept.*)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (*July*)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (*Aug.*)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (*June*)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (*Nov.*)

★ **CLEOPATRA** — Paramount. — A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (*Sept.*)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (*Aug.*)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (*July*)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat *is Dantes;* Elissa Landi fine, too. (*Nov.*)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

. . . but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

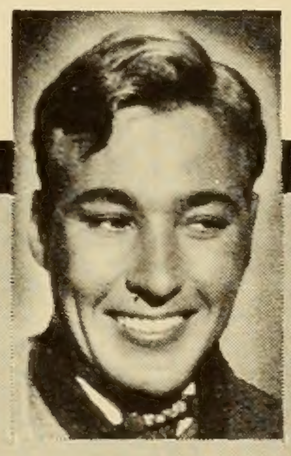
and

JOHN **BOLES** • DOUGLASS **MONTGOMERY**

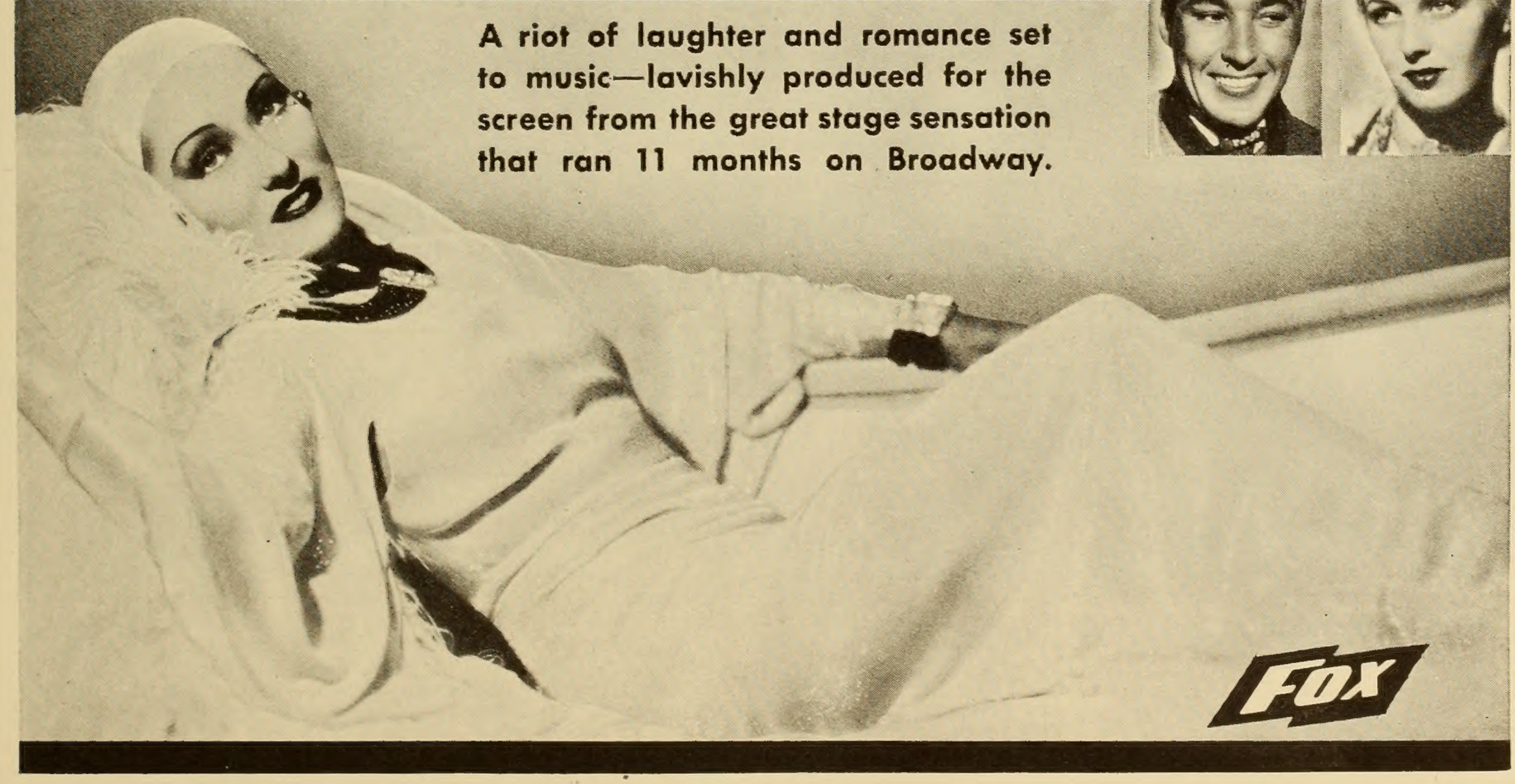
JUNE LANG • **REGINALD OWEN**

AL SHEAN • **JOSEPH CAWTHORN**

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May



A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.



FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (*June*)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (*Oct.*)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (*Oct.*)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (*Nov.*)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (*Nov.*)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (*Nov.*)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (*July*)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (*Nov.*)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (*Nov.*)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (*Sept.*)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (*Oct.*)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (*Aug.*)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (*June*)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (*July*)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (*Oct.*)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (*Nov.*)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (*Aug.*)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (*Aug.*)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (*Oct.*)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (*June*)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (*Sept.*)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (*Aug.*)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (*July*)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (*July*)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patroller Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (*Oct.*)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (*Oct.*)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (*Nov.*)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (*Sept.*)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (*Aug.*)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (*Sept.*)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (*Aug.*)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer playboy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (*Oct.*)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (*Aug.*)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (*June*)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (*Sept.*)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (*June*)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (*June*)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (*Nov.*)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (*Aug.*)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (*Aug.*)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (*July*)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (*June*)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (*Sept.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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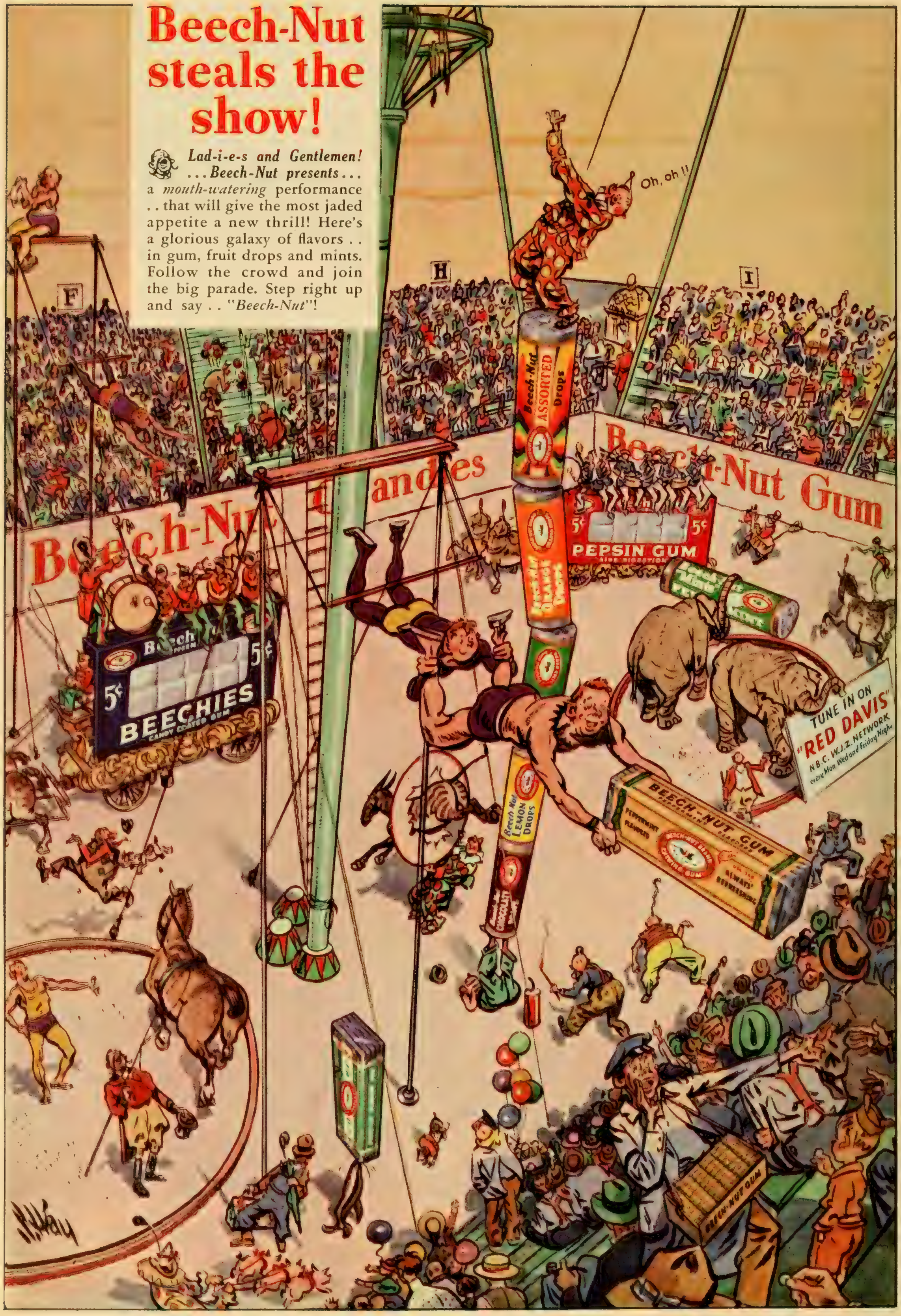
Fine Silverware—to reflect your Christmas Greetings

"I just know it's *Community Plate*"

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! ...Beech-Nut presents... a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . "*Beech-Nut*"!



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (*Sept.*)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (*July*)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (*Nov.*)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (*Aug.*)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (*Aug.*)

★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (*Oct.*)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (*Nov.*)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (*Aug.*)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (*Aug.*)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (*Aug.*)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (*Oct.*)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (*Aug.*)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (*Aug.*)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (*July*)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (*Sept.*)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (*Nov.*)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (*July*)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (*Sept.*)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (*Aug.*)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame Du-Barry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (*Aug.*)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (*June*)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (*July*)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (*Aug.*)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (*Aug.*)

"Anthony Adverse" Contest!

Winners in the great "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selection Contest, who share in the $10,000 Prizes, will be found on Pages 70-71 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (*July*)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Lanny Ross, radio's well-known tenor makes his film début in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (*June*)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (*Aug.*)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Operetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (*Nov.*)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (*Aug.*)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (*Oct.*)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (*June*)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (*July*)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (*Aug.*)

MOONSTONE, THE — Monogram. — David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (*Oct.*)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (*Aug.*)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (*Nov.*)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (*Aug.*)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (*Sept.*)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (*Aug.*)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey (*Aug.*)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (*Oct.*)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack La-Rue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (*June*)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE — Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (*Sept.*)

★ **NOW AND FOREVER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (*Oct.*)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (*July*)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE** — RKO-Radio. — Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (*Sept.*)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE** — Paramount. — Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (*Sept.*)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (*Aug.*)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (*June*)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (*Aug.*)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (*Aug.*)

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

tion stand another such bizarre phantasmagoria as "The Scarlet Empress"?

T. WALTERS, Nashville, Tenn.

ALLURE BY JOE

To the lasting credit of Josef Von Sternberg is the creation of a glamorous Dietrich whose allure is determined by her emotional restraint and heightened by superb photography.

I refuse to agree with those who think that the combination of Dietrich and Von Sternberg has exhausted its cinematic possibilities.

GEORGE T. HOOK, Gulph Mills, Penna.

A GAMBLE ON GABLE

I'm not a gambling woman, but I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Clark Gable has ruined more budding romances than any man on earth!

A girl manages to get herself all "steamed up" over the newest boy friend. He takes her to a movie.

It's a Gable picture.

There's Clark: handsome, strong, gentle, always saying the romantic things; always treating the girl as she wants to be treated (even if she won't admit it sometimes).

Then out into the bright lights. Look the new boy friend over. Think a girl can be satisfied with a home-town, corn-fed product after a dreamy hour in Gable's arms? Alas, no. A thousand times no!

E. H. M., Davenport, Iowa.

Brickbats & Bouquets

•••• NOW WHAT'S *YOUR* OPINION? ••••

WHERE, OH WHERE?

Maybe I went to bed early those nights. Or played bridge instead of going to the movies. Anyhow, I haven't seen anything of either Lupe or Johnny on the screen for a long, long time.

And I don't like it. Handsome Mr. Weissmuller and his peppery little Mexican wife are two of my favorites.

Don't tell me marriage is ending *both* their screen careers! Or are they so busy spatting and making up that they don't have time for motion pictures?

BETTY ANDREWS, Lincoln, Neb.

WALTER, TAKE A BOW

May I cast a very enthusiastic vote of approval and admiration for the work of Walter Connolly? I have just seen him in that fine picture, "Whom the Gods Destroy." The theme of father love, as handled by Mr. Connolly, shows none of the maudlin, sickening sentimentality which might easily have developed. His was a vibrant, forceful characterization.

MRS. WILLIAM V. ALBAUGH, Baltimore, Md.

SALUTES FOR GINGER

I'm a soldier under the stars and stripes, stationed on an island in the Canal Zone. And, believe me, the movies are important to us!

But all I want is just a little space in your fine magazine to tell the movie audience that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

On the screen, off the screen, Clark Gable is tops with ladies! He was having cocktails with Elizabeth Allan, and Loretta Young came over to say hello

Walter Connolly as *Bottom*, and Mickey Rooney as *Puck* in the Max Reinhardt staging of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Hollywood's Bowl. Connolly returns to New York this winter to work in a stage play

No, marriage isn't ending their screen careers! Johnny and Lupe have just been too busy partying and going abroad to worry about work

CARL LAEMMLE Presents

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

For the Love *of* Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

Brickbats & Bouquets

••••• MOVIES ARE MADE FOR *YOU* •••••

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Ginger Rogers is a swell actress and the sweetest lady on the screen. Anybody disagree?

PRIVATE MARVIN C. BLANK,
Fort Sherman, Panama Canal Zone.

DEATH BY STARRING

One of the most stupid things Hollywood does it rush a talented but inexperienced young actress into pre-mature stardom. Four years ago the promising career of Marian Marsh was sadly retarded because she was given the important feminine lead in "Svengali." Hailed as a new find, ballyhooed as a screen sensation, the inexperienced youngster slipped into comparative oblivion when the noise died down.

I'm glad to hear that she is now being cast in the title rôle of "Girl of the Limberlost." Since the "Svengali" blare she has been learning, playing rôles in unimportant pictures. She also spent a year abroad in British films.

When will Hollywood learn to train its players first, then star them?

JOSEPH POWERS, Duluth, Minn.

PHYLLIS HAS GONE WEST

My girl Phyllis was sweet and pure,
  Her dress decorous and demure.
A shy brunette with eyes so wide,
  That no deceptive lure could hide.

But—
My Phyllis has gone West, alas!
  For yesterday she chanced to pass
A picture show, and with the throng
  Went in to see "She Done Him Wrong."

And now another girl I see
  Who slides softly up to me,
A blonde with unsuspected hips,
  And lipstick-red come-hither lips.

"Night after Night" with nerve sublime,
  She says, "Come up'n' see me some time;
"I'm no Angel; I misbehave; It Ain't no Sin,
  It's love I crave."

My Phyllis has gone West, Ah me!
  A change I little thought to see!
But underneath this strong S. A.
  She's Phyllis still, let come what Mae!

S. G. SWAN, Perth, W. Australia.

WHO LAUGHED?

I am pleading for the return of the two-reel drama to the movie horizon, to take the place of the slapstick "comedies" now being shown us.

Am I right in thinking that movie fans would rather see intelligent short subjects than the present slapstick variety?

GEORGE A. ABBATE, Utica, N. Y.

SHE HATES COZY CORNERS

The most amazing person on the screen? May Robson! She is certainly the Grand Old Lady of the Films! A great-grandmother, most women her age would prefer to sit in a cozy corner and tell stories that begin, "I remember when —" But not Robson! In her latest picture, "Straight Is the Way," she gives a performance that actresses half her age would be proud of!

MRS. R. H. TUTTLE, Nashville, Tenn.

MORE MORLEY

I'll swap you half-a-dozen "big shot" stars for one little lady who is good to look at and gives consistently fine performances. Her name is Karen Morley.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18]

Ginger Rogers is the girl who makes the men write in! After "The Gay Divorcée," we'll be swamped with letters from males. She was dashing up to her front door when the photographer yelled

Wonder if Marian learned to do this in England? Miss Marsh's admirers in this country are welcoming her back, after a sojourn in British pictures. She is in "A Girl of the Limberlost"

Here's an attempt to answer your plea for funnier comedy shorts: The tap-dancing comedian, Will Mahoney, with the Cabin Kids. They're in "She's My Lilly," for Educational

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (*Aug.*)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (*Sept.*)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (*Nov.*)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (*Oct.*)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (*July*)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is *Mr. Peck*. (*Nov.*)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (*Aug.*)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (*Nov.*)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiance, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (*July*)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (*June*)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (*Sept.*)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (*Aug.*)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (*Nov.*)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (*Nov.*)

★ **ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (*Oct.*)

★ **SADIE McKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (*July*)

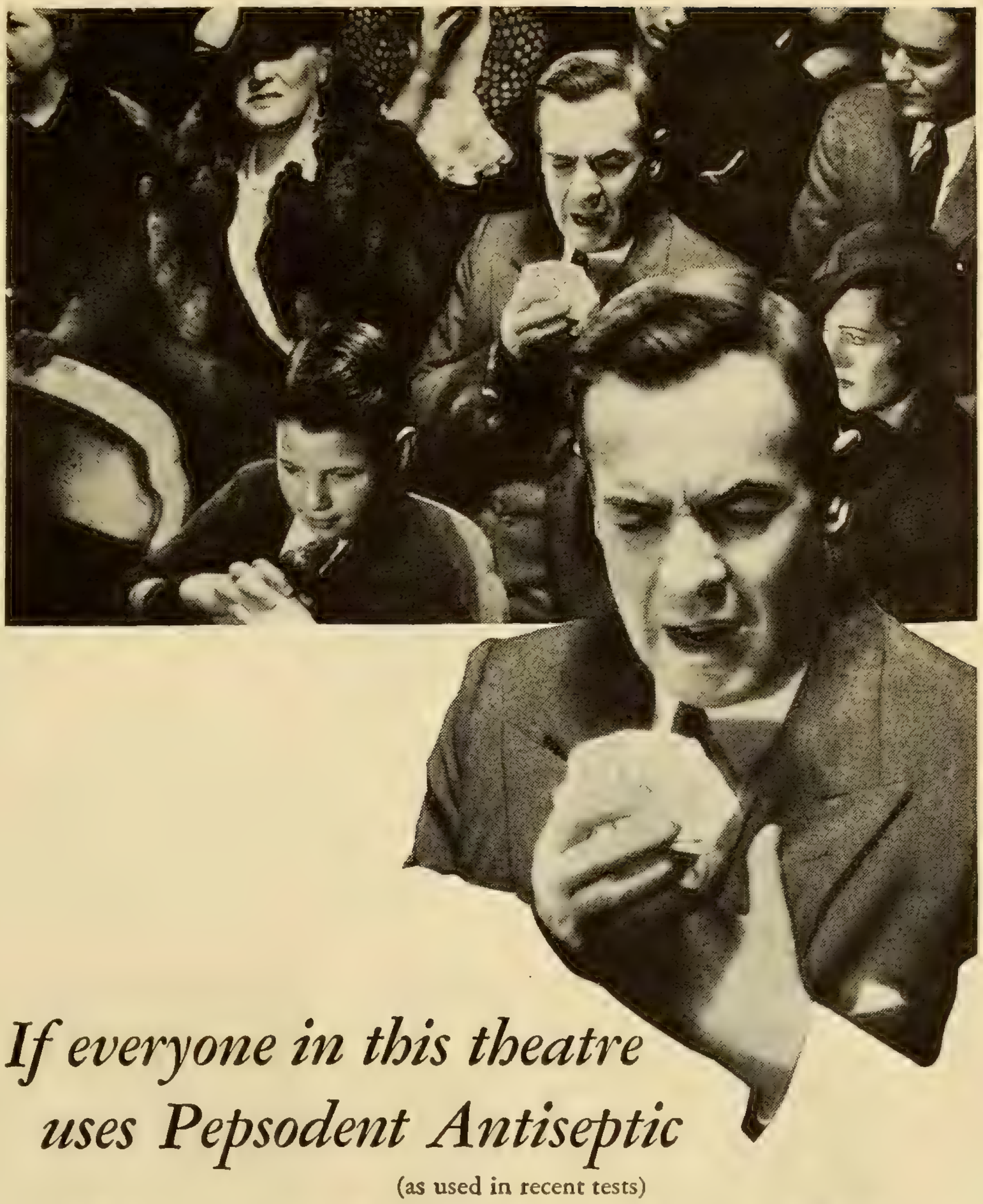
SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffee as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (*July*)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Majestic—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (*Oct.*)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty.—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (*Nov.*)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19]



If everyone in this theatre uses Pepsodent Antiseptic

(as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... SPEAK YOUR MIND FREELY .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

I cannot agree with those who say that a player's private life should not influence your enjoyment of their pictures. I think one reason I am fond of Karen is that I know she is a devoted wife and mother and that her marriage is one of Hollywood's few successful matrimonial ventures.

RICHARD TRAVIS, St. Louis, Mo.

POOR POMP

In these columns I've read your praises of certain pictures heralded as "magnificent spectacles."

I'm sick of such movies!

They are pretentious, heavy and grand with their costumes, their pomp and circumstance. They are unnatural and false.

The other night I slipped in to see a picture I'd never heard of, "Romance in the Rain," with Heather Angel and Roger Pryor. Next night I saw the unheralded Jean Muir film, "Desirable." These pictures were both true and natural, well-acted, simply and directly told. Their stories unfolded as naturally as a flower.

I consider them vastly superior, from an artistic standpoint to the so-called "great" pictures.

ALEX. T. BROWN, New York City.

MOST "DESIRABLE"

"Desirable"!
What a picture!
What a cast!
What acting!
What a story!
Such direction!
Such photography!
Not a flaw!
What more could one ask?

ELCY E. OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kans.

OKLAHOMA'S FAVORITE SON!

During State Fair week in Oklahoma, schools were dismissed and our two boys (ages six and twelve) wanted to spend one holiday at the movies.

Looking over the papers to see what movie suitable for children was running, we found only one: Will Rogers in "Judge Priest."

We knew we were safe there. For if it's a Will Rogers movie you don't have to look up "The Reviews on Current Pictures" to find out if it is fit for children. Will Rogers packs the houses here, from ages six to ninety!

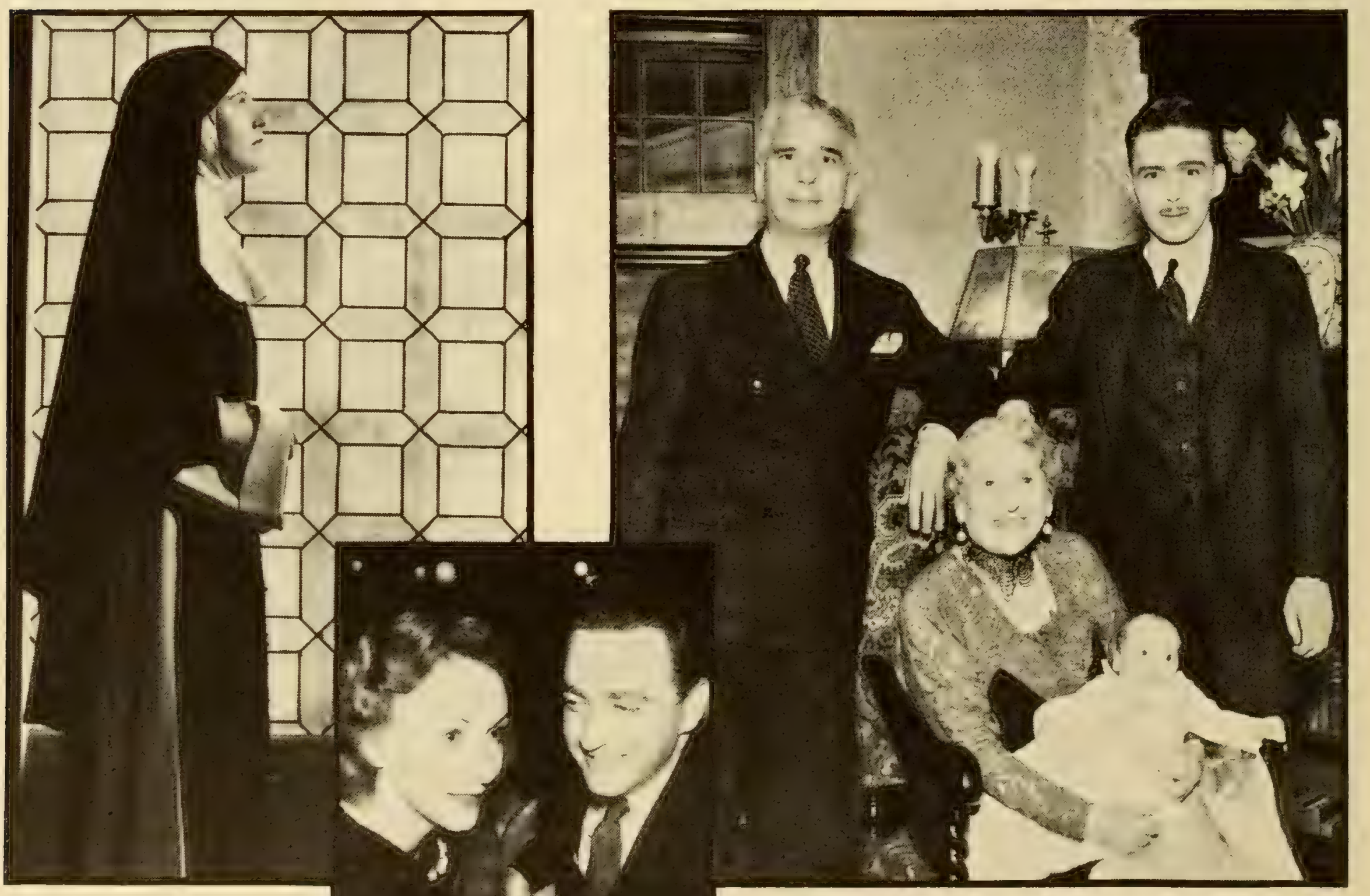
"Judge Priest" is superb throughout. Our whole family enjoyed it from start to finish. Give us more movie stories of everyday life from the pen of Irvin S. Cobb!

MRS. E. L. KEMP, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SONNET TO KATHARINE HEPBURN

"In Hollywood"—darkly the critic spake
"Talent is oft transmuted into dross;
Genius, clipp'd and prison'd, suffers loss,
And Art is sacrificed for mammon's sake."
Whereat there came this dictum stern refuting,
Your brilliant self, as might some strange swift star
Shine strongly forth where tinsel meteors are
Across an artificial heaven shooting.
Even in temples builded upon dust
Some genius shows a light that will endure
With growth in struggle; although immature
Yours is the art that shines because it must.
And for your urgent Youth there shall appear
No Morning Glory, but a bright career!

LEONARD ELLIOTT, London, England.



Pretty Jean Muir's popularity has been rising steadily. Warner Brothers plan to cast her as the nun when "The Miracle" is filmed. This is the way she'll look

One of Filmdom's happiest married stars is Karen Morley, who gets a large bouquet this month. Here she is with her husband, Director Charles Vidor

Four generations! May Robson holds her great-grandchild, Virginia May Robson Gore. May's son, Edward Gore, is on her right; grandson on her left

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (*Oct.*)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (*Sept.*)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (*Sept.*)

SHE WAS A LADY—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (*Oct.*)

SHOCK—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwenllian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (*Oct.*)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (*Sept.*)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (*June*)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (*July*)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (*July*)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (*July*)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deeping's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (*Aug.*)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto *Henry* Kruger and Nigel *Johnny* Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (*July*)

STAMBOUL QUEST — M-G-M. — Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (*Sept.*)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (*June*)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (*Sept.*)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (*July*)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with. Charles Starrett. (*Aug.*)

★ **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchot Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

NO "B.O." NOW—
a perfect love match!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY COMPLEXION, DEAR. YOURS IS MUCH CLEARER, TOO

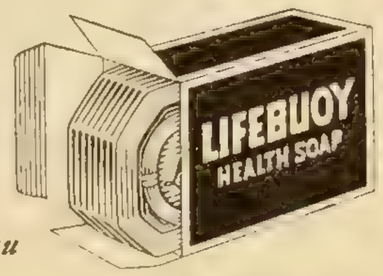
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USING YOUR SOAP —LIFEBUOY

LIFEBUOY brings to complexions just the care they need! Its gentle, pore-penetrating lather searches out dirt and clogged wastes. Clears and freshens dull skins to glowing health. Every night massage Lifebuoy lather well into pores; then rinse. See new beauty soon!

"B.O." danger ever-present

Even on bitter cold days, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Play safe with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Abundant in hot, cold, hard or soft water—its lather *deodorizes* pores. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

NRA CODE



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A most important statement to those who want white, lustrous teeth:

5 people out of 7 do not change from Listerine Tooth Paste

WE can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: "At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly."

If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Russell Ball

AN excellent poloist himself, George Brent takes the rôle of *Townsend*, expert polo player, in the Garbo picture, "The Painted Veil." Warners, on lending Brent to M-G-M, insisted that a double play the polo sequences because of the danger involved. But Brent refused to use a double, and the studios finally compromised on heavy insurance

Clarence Sinclair Bull

PORTRAIT of a movie star relaxing. And doubtless while the cameraman got in his work, there were producers lined up at the door of Loretta Young's home, waiting to borrow her from Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century Pictures. Loretta, on a loan, has finished "Caravan" and "The White Parade" for Fox. Soon she'll make a picture for M-G-M

IT'S hard to believe, but in this sequence Ethel Merman is trying to convince Eddie (Harum-scarum) Cantor that she is his mother. Eddie says if this is mother love, he pities the poor orphan! All of Ethel's maternal instincts, it seems, have been aroused by the fact that Eddie has lots and lots of money! It's a scene from his movie, "Kid Millions"

THE Australian cockatoo perched on Verree Teasdale's shoulder is plainly showing his fascination with Hollywood. One meets so many interesting people, you know—like Verree, for instance. She and the bird posed on a set at Warners, where Verree is making "The Firebird," her first picture since she became the wife of Adolphe Menjou

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty

AMERICAN movie executives are dropping in on British studios around London as thick as hailstones. Excellent pictures and reputed technical efficiency are the cause. "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great" gave warning of potential competition to Hollywood. These international successes, together with reports of the wonders of new British studios, have aroused the curiosity of American film magnates. The studios of London Films, now in process of construction, which will cover one hundred acres, are particularly in the limelight.

For a long time Europe submitted meekly to our raids for actors, directors, photographic and other technical methods. We did not absolutely need any of these, but it was the smartness of Hollywood in taking anywhere anything it wanted that kept American pictures so far ahead of foreign competition. Our best was unequaled, but our international liftings made us invincible.

THEN Britain woke up and her studios began to emulate American methods. For London Films at Elstree—headed by Alexander Korda—Georges Perinel, ace cameraman for France's great producer, Renee Clair, and Hal Rosson were engaged.

A host of England's best writers were signed up, with such actors as George Arliss, Maurice Chevalier, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Charles Farrell—already perfected by Hollywood training—engaged for specific pictures.

There are two outstanding reasons among others why some of our greatest stars can be enticed away—for a period, at least—by England: A share of the profits as well as salary are offered; the actor is not typed.

This last is particularly appealing to a great artist. He is not compelled to repeat similar rôles.

INCIDENTALLY, this latter "advantage" may not work out so well as the British producers expect. As an example, take Will Rogers. A Will Rogers' picture means a lovable chap with homely wit that hits the bull's-eye. If Will should abandon the model to which he has been so long tailored, I could readily foresee a dropping off in his following.

Probably, however, the British producers have taken this factor into consideration, and will not go too far afield in this respect. Indeed, Korda, who knows his Hollywood, is said to have decided to send his entire staff to the American scene to be inspired at first hand by American production methods. And, at this hour, the report is that Korda himself will once more inspect the Hollywood scene.

IT is the man who does things differently who so often makes the big money in pictures. Here Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists stands right up in front. He has not come a cropper on a single production he has fathered, yet from the viewpoint of some other Hollywood executives, he has been at times reckless in engaging foreign or untried talent.

When, some years ago, Mr. Goldwyn proudly exhibited a great European "find," to others she appeared to be only a blonde, pretty, gentle but somewhat plump Continental *hausfrau*.

"You can't do anything with her," they said. "You will see,"said Mr. Goldwyn complacently. And see they did. The unsuitable timber became the very beautiful and very profitable Vilma Banky.

Ronald Colman was another of his discoveries, and so firmly rooted is Colman in the hearts of picture-goers the world over that he may stay off the screen almost as long as he pleases, and on his return patrons will fight for seats.

ONLY Mr. Goldwyn's mystic eye could see star material in Anna Sten. He hazarded a million dollars in making "Nana" to prove he was right. He won. Before a shot was taken he could visualize the glamour that is hers on the screen, and her second picture, "We Live Again," is an undisputed triumph.

Samuel Goldwyn has never been caught in an intricate business machinery that requires a picture be turned out every week. He is an artist as well as a business man, and his business sense tells him that the better artist he is the greater his financial success will be.

He believes it is better to fire slowly, surely, carefully, than to deliver a round of pot-shots, counting on the law of averages to make a hit.

THE international exchange has brought Max Reinhardt, famous European stage director, into the Warner fold. His has been a career to dazzle even Hollywood sophisticates. His fame began forty years ago, when at the age of twenty he became a favorite actor of the Berlin stage. Ten years later he was ready to become a stage director. His second production was Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In the next few years he had produced dramatic works ranging from the ancient Greek Sophocles to Moliere, Goethe, Ibsen and Shaw. There went to his credit, too, a host of musical comedies and operas. One of his theaters housed an audience of five thousand.

TODAY, every theatrical director of any importance in Central Europe has been a pupil—directly or indirectly—of Reinhardt. Moreover, Lubitsch, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, Rudolf Schildkraut, among many others, were trained under this master. He understands, and can present, any form of theatrical art—stage drama, opera, pantomime, motion picture.

With this vast experience behind him, no one dares to dispute him when he says that the screen offers a greater range of dramatic interpretation than any other medium of the theater.

WHEN Warner Brothers signed this dazzling catch to a long-term contract for production under his supervision, they executed one of the biggest business strokes in the history of pictures. For fifteen years Reinhardt refused to be beguiled to Hollywood.

Great intellectual that he is, Reinhardt uses that only which has universal appeal. He speaks to the masses as well as to the highbrows.

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"

"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

Let's Go To Tomorrow's Movies

WHAT will the movie show of the future be like?

The best way to learn is to go to tomorrow's movies and see what they offer. Just let us peep through the veil of a few years, at the forms of entertainment 1940 may have in store for us; basing our observations on the specific inventions, improvements and refinements the brains of the industry are working on right now.

What's on tonight? (1940) The big fight in New York City. Where do you want to see it, at home or at an entertainment center?

Let's spend the first part of the evening at home. We'll go out later.

Dial your telephone operator and tell her you want station CCBB. You know, television comes right in over the line without interfering with the phone service. Besides, it's easier to have the company keep up your outfit and merely add a nominal charge to your phone bill.

The movie center of 1940: Pictures, projected or televised, virtually live before your eyes. They have true color and depth. The sound distribution is perfect

You see, they couldn't put television on the air until they could figure out a way to collect for their services. That held them up several years. They could have gone ahead with programs back in 1931 if it hadn't been for that.

Oh, you've discovered that Eddie Cantor, Greta Garbo, Will Rogers and Anna Sten are playing together in "Try and See Them," so you're going to forget the fight.

That sounds sensible to me. The feature follows a scientific short on the habits of tigers, taken in the pitch dark of a jungle night. And you can well imagine what a jungle night is!

Gaze into our crystal and behold the marvels of television-movies! Pipe-dream? *No.* They are possible by 1940

By William F. French

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Just use the television dial on your phone and you can get many of the same news pictures and features on your home screen that are shown at the center. But the theater still has its advantages

Absolutely in the pitch dark — there wasn't a glimmer of a light within a mile of where those shots were made. They were taken on the infra-red film, you know.

It's the infra-red ray that pierces fog and land haze, too, and permitted the development of the photographic arrangement that now, in 1940, allows airplane pilots to see right through the worst imaginable kind of fogs.

But here comes on the animal picture. In colors—sure, using the old-fashioned three-color process so famous in printing. That's all the colors there are, you know; just the red, yellow, and blue. Every other shade is simply a variation of those. In the Spring of 1934, RKO-Radio had developed about eighteen different tones from these three colors, but now (1940) they are using twice as many.

In the two color process of 1930, the two different colored negatives were printed on one matrix film —which was sensitized on both sides and received one print on one side and the other on the other.

But in 1934 they started printing three colors, one on top of the other, on a single side of the matrix or composite film. Just like they do in color printing or in lithographing.

On the stage they always knew the value of color moods, and of proper lighting. At first all color films were made with flat lighting and contrasting, vivid colors. Then the studios began to learn how to get real tone values by proper lighting. They also learned that moods and atmosphere are best expressed by color—a most important discovery.

In the Winter of 1933-34 the film people began a concerted drive for the use of tinted film in pictures. For morning scenes, night scenes, desert scenes; for dramatic moments, for sad moments, for joyous moments—there are tinted films for each and all.

Later in 1934 the bigger studios began the earnest experiment with color moods, as well as with three color process films and with proper set lighting.

The film and color experts convinced them color can do almost as much as music to create a mood or atmosphere. Then the famous color chart for expression became popular. It was definitely proved that the tone, atmosphere and proposed action of a film or situation could be plainly indicated by color. Rose Doree, for instance, was the trade name for the rose pink color that quickens respiration and promises thrilling love scenes, excitement, scenes of abandon and heavily sensuous surroundings. The aquagreen was cool and soothing and relaxing. Nocturne was designed and devised especially for night effects—for murky interiors.

It is also the color to express the mood of sadness, defeated expectation and the dark intrigue of the underworld. And so on.

As the big studios learned the use of these tinted stocks and the lighting that gave [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Tunbridge

LESLIE HOWARD and Merle Oberon, British beauty, in London Film Productions' "The Scarlet Pimpernel," soon to be shown over here. Howard has been tentatively selected for the lead in "Anthony Adverse." Miss Oberon, also in Fairbanks, Sr.'s, *Don Juan* film, is engaged to wed Joseph M. Schenck

Hollywood's New Miracle Man

The magic of Capra's direction has turned out an amazing string of hits for Columbia

By Kirtley Baskette

HOLLYWOOD has a modern Merlin—a master magician—in a quiet, self-effacing man who lays no loud claims to his obvious genius.

Yet, a leading producer told a group of other top executives:

"I'd give a million dollars for the contracts of Frank Capra, Bob Riskin and Sam Briskin!" (Riskin is the scenarist and Briskin the supervisor on Director Capra's pictures.)

One million dollars for the privilege of hiring somebody!

What makes it more fantastic is that this modern magician has no deep and mysterious secret by which he works. He has one rule. You'll grin as you read it. It is this:

"A dull scene is just so much footage and holds a picture back. Some form of entertainment must be put in."

But, Frank Capra, by the soft spell of his directorial instructions in following his rule, has guided screen unknowns into prominence, and into waning screen greats he has breathed new life.

What is even more important, by the magic of his sure, inspired direction he has created an unbroken line of progressively sensational box-office productions—each one to be long remembered.

The result is that Capra's pictures have raised Columbia Studios from a subordinate independent producing organization to the outstanding major studio it is today.

If there is any secret to his genius, it is an indefinable one that permits him to put realism, humaneness, and an understandable naturalness into his pictures.

Looking into the background and the youthful tastes and ideals of this remarkable man gives a clue to the "how come" of his developed genius.

First off, let me say, Frank Capra today sports no high-sounding prefixes to his family name. He affects no spectacular mode of dress or swaggering movie mannerisms. He never has raised the heavens with temperamental bellowings—on the set or off the set.

Physically, he is short and stocky, and he has a mild, pleasing manner. His olive skin, flash- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

A Red-Nosed Romeo

With every girl on the lot yoo-hooing him, W. C. Fields is completely indifferent to ladies. Bill here resists Adrienne Ames, who played with him in "You're Telling Me"

Bill sits in his back-yard in the shade of a palm, inhaling the pleasant aroma of foamy fluid. Truly this is paradise enow, without feminine intrusion

HE'S the high-stepping Romeo of Hollywood. The latest and the newest of the big-sheik daddies. The complete and total answer to any number of little blondes' prayers. Only he doesn't know it, and isn't bothered. That's W. C. Fields.

With that nose, crimson and gleaming like a lantern on a detour sign, that funny little walk with the knees popping well out, to say nothing of the stomach, those shrewd little blue eyes that have seen everything everywhere, and the whole ensemble (and oh, the voice!) topped by straw-colored hair—well, here is something!

Yet, for some reason, the girls go twittering about frantically begging people all over the place, "Please tell me more about Mr. Fields." "He's the most fascinating man." "He's so blasé."

What do you make of it?

Handsome, romantic actors, with melting eyes and slickem on the hair, stroll about the Paramount lot in droves. No one cares. Stalwart Roman soldiers from the "Cleopatra" set clinked and clattered in all their splendid uniforms. And never a tumble. But let W. C. go goose-stepping away from the set, and boy! the lovely honeys hang from dressing-room and studio office windows calling, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields!" "Oh, you, Mr. Fields!"

And W. C., without even a backward or a sideward glance, will merely flick his fingers in a bored and weary gesture, the knees will hippety-hop, hippety-hop, the nose do a "Shine On, Shine On Harvest Moon," as into his own dressing-room, he'll pop. Let the rest of the world go by.

What a man!

And for the first time in the history of Hollywood, the favorite reigning Romeo of the day is also the favorite with every man in town, from the biggest producer to the lowliest extra. He's Hollywood's man-of-the-hour, I tell you. Every producer, supervisor, director, actor, sportsman, writer, or just plain every-day man in the suburb of Hollywood will trek out to Bill Fields' at the slightest pretext. And sit for hours and often days, listening to his priceless yarns. Stories gathered on his round-the-world touring as a

Let W. C. goose-step out—and Hollywood's handsome heroes don't get a tumble

By Sara Hamilton

juggler. He knows everybody everywhere. His fund of material seldom runs out. And when it does, fear not; Bill makes up grand ones.

"Only, you know," he says, "I'm not nearly as good at it as I used to be. They ketch me up. Yes, sir, they ketch me up. Someone will say, 'Bill, tell so-and-so about you and the one-eyed acrobat.' And I'll think, 'Oh, oh, they got me.' For the life of me I can't remember what I made up about that one."

There's one thing—or no—three or four things that set Bill Fields' home apart from any other in town. Parked in the front-yard, for instance, are a kiddie-car, tricycle and a rubber ball that you trip over, sprawling you against a long, tan-colored trailer (also parked in the front-yard, mind you). It's fitted up like a bungalow on wheels.

And this, remember, is the entrance to a Hollywood bachelor's home. Only, one discovers, the kiddie-car and the tricycle belong to the son of the Finnish couple who manage Bill's home. But the trailer, ah, that trailer . . . that belongs to W. C. himself. And remind me to tell you more about it later.

Well, sir, even that cluttered up front-yard doesn't discourage the little cutie-boopie-doopies one whit. For when Bing Crosby or Dick Arlen, his neighbors, throw a party, you'll find those Lovely Little Ladies that Bing sings about, chirping across the Crosby back fence, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields." "Bring your kiddie-car and come on over." "Bing's going to sing 'You've Got Everything.'"

It's simply beyond me.

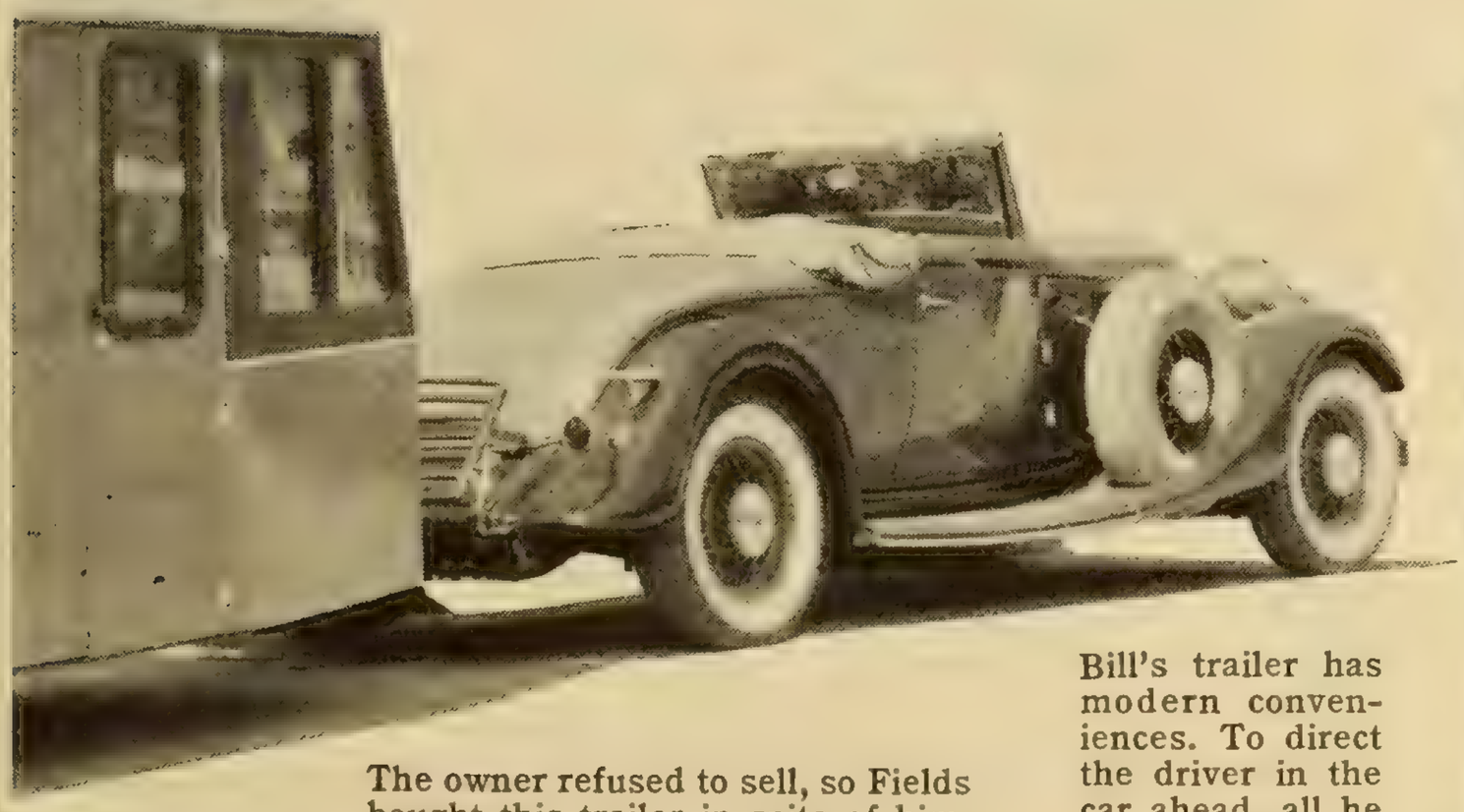
But if you think the front-yard of Willie C.'s is cute, you should see Willie in his back-yard. Now there's something!

A bower of pink roses hangs over the balcony of that back-yard by the lake. Roses, mind you, in

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Nobody can vamp W. C. For on his wrist he wears a bracelet and a tiny gold heart. To it he is true

What! Only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Bill says any man who can't stay in his sun cabinet till it hits a hundred and thirty-five is a sissy. Yes, *he* can



The owner refused to sell, so Fields bought this trailer in spite of him. He rides in it wherever he goes, parties his friends in it, and the girls think it's grand!

Bill's trailer has modern conveniences. To direct the driver in the car ahead, all he has to do is pick up this telephone. Where he goes the bar goes

The BEAUTY

What chance has a woman to be happy when she has Del Rio's "unhuman" loveliness?

By Julie Lang Hunt

Even on a vacation with Cedric Gibbons, her husband, Del Rio cannot escape staring throngs

ON the picturesque terrace of Fredric March's new home, two hundred people were gathered. The party was a swift success, with high laughter and gay conversation. Suddenly a wave of silence enveloped the scene. Glasses were suspended in mid-air. Sentences were left unfinished. Four hundred eyes were riveted on the doorway, staring at a slender young woman with the face of a da Vinci madonna and the figure of a marble goddess. For fifteen full seconds the spirited throng was held silent and motionless by the beauty of Dolores Del Rio.

Then the hostess rescued Dolores, the wave of silence receded, and the party went on much as before.

A man standing beside me said, "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I have circled the globe three times. But please don't introduce me. I'd make a fool of myself. It would be like meeting an immortal piece of art."

And then a well-known actress in the group spoke up, "She can always ruin my day. Every time I see her it makes me feel that I should spend a year in a beauty shop. It's unfair for any woman to be so beautiful."

My eyes traveled over the throng, searching out Dolores again. It did not take long to find her! In that crowd of more than a hundred lovely women, she was as set apart as a white orchid in a bouquet of garden flowers. She was sitting alone on a bench. When friends came up to her, she exchanged greetings graciously. Introductions she acknowledged with a regal grace worthy of her beauty. But no one stopped to chat. No one sat down beside her on the bench. Perhaps the men passed by because they were fearful of making fools of themselves in the presence of this woman who seemed like "an immortal

Everywhere her perfect beauty awes people into silence. They stare and keep their distance. Yet Dolores is a friendly person who wants companionship more than adoration

Who Sits Alone

piece of art." Perhaps the women walked on because they feared their own beauty would suffer by comparison.

At any rate, no one stopped for long. They spoke to her, marveled at her beauty, then moved on, if possible to a spot where Del Rio still would not be lost from sight.

The explanation of their conduct is simple.

To the average person, artistic perfection does not seem human. You admire it, praise it, appreciate it, but you do not embrace it. It is put into song by poets and immortalized in stone or on canvas by artists. But that is empty glory to a woman with warmth of spirit and greatness of heart!

Watching Del Rio that evening I thought of a night eight years before when she made her first public appearance in Hollywood at the presentation of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars. The auditorium was jammed with thirty-five hundred cynically critical people. Reassuring applause had greeted each of the five starlets who preceded her on the stage. When Dolores Del Rio walked out to meet the wilderness of faces, a long silence fell. There was no applause. No indication of reassurance or acceptance. She turned, frightened and bewildered, to walk back into the shelter of the wings. Then the tension broke. Applause thundered. Half the audience was on its feet cheering. The master of ceremonies brought her back again and again, to face the thousands who thundered their homage to her beauty for a full seven minutes.

But, on leaving the auditorium that night, I heard a woman say, "The Del Rio youngster—she is too beautiful. She is likely [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Dolores Del Rio does not enjoy being set on a pedestal and treated like a museum piece instead of a human

As *Madame DuBarry*, she put in an earnest bid for recognition of her acting talent. The man is Victor Jory

CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

WHEN Marlene Dietrich came face to face with Mae West for the first time since their little feud, the onlookers held their breath awaiting the worst. What they saw, however, was Marlene walking up bravely to Mae, extending her hand in greeting and laughing as the two chatted.

"What did she have to say about that state-

"I CAN'T work without music," Joan Crawford asserts. "She'll work without music and like it," her future director, "Woody" Van Dyck declares.

And there it stands. And maybe Hollywood isn't awaiting the outcome when Director Van Dyck orders Joan's phonograph outside. And the director is not taking his stand just to be bossy, remember. He feels Joan's real talent has been snowed under by a lot of stimulating bunk and is determined to bring out undreamed of genius in the moody Crawford. So look out for the fireworks when that picture, as yet untitled, gets going.

John Barrymore took a buffeting from a crowd of admirers when he arrived in London. This is but a small part of the throng ganging him for his autograph. While in England, John may do a movie version of "Hamlet." He is accepted as the best *Hamlet* alive

THIS is a believe-it-or-not. But, it actually happened to Cecil DeMille in Boston, as he was driving to his hotel with several reporters. He asked the driver to take him to a Beacon Street address. "It was in a theater there that I proposed to my wife," he explained.

Reaching the address, there was no theater. Indeed, there was a swanky plumbing shop with a window full of BATHTUBS!

I THINK the funniest thing about the whole fistic fracas between writer John Monk Saunders and Herbert Marshall—at Ernst Lubitsch's party for Max Reinhardt—was the moment immediately after the sock was administered and Herbert was recovering his equilibrium with the aid of Gloria Swanson and assorted guests.

It seems that Fay Wray rushed over and demanded to know who the terrible person was who had been such a brute.

Imagine her embarrassment when a second later she learned it was her husband!

Diana Fox may be a Bennett's daughter, but, nevertheless, she doesn't like to face a cameraman. Diana (her nickname is Ditty) turned her face away when this shot was taken, but mother Joan wasn't so timid. Nice profile, anyway

What is termed an intriguing scene of domestic peace. Of course, you know the little Honey — Cora Sue Collins. But you can't fool us, Cora Sue, even if you've got the paper right side up. Kitty told us you just look at the pictures

Hollywood Goings-On!

ment she made on the boat asking reporters who Mae West was?" friends asked Mae.

Mae looked blank and then laughed. "We forgot to talk about it," she admitted. "To tell you the truth, I had almost forgot why we *weren't* friends."

ALL the animals for Jean Parker's new picture, "Sequoia" had been photographed except a skunk.

"Come on," the director said, "we'll get a close-up of the skunk now."

"Wait a minute. You can't do that," the cameraman cried. "Why, we're using super-sensitive film!"

BUT before I go any further on the thises and thats about Hollywood, I want to tell you of my experience with Wynne Gibson. It was when Wynne was the guest star on the Borden-PHOTOPLAY "45 Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast you listen to every Thursday night at ten o'clock. You remember, I interviewed Wynne.

Well, every question I asked Wynne, she gave me the wrong answer.

Here's the inside on it. Those questions and answers were all straight stuff, all in the script, meant to be that way.

But—Wynne was making it so good, sound so real, that I found myself in a cold sweat, my own knees actually clicking like castanets. Because I was thinking, "Any second now, Wynne *is* going to cross me up."

You see, I know, and how I know! Wynne actually is one of the greatest kidders in Hollywood!

I kept my eyes glued to my script. I dared not look at Wynne.

Now, here's the pay off. When I did look at Wynne, she was jiggling as though she had palsy. She was scared to death! She had been, right from the start of the interview. And she thought I knew it. And that I was going to cross *her* up. Said Wynne, if I had done so, she'd have fallen right into the mike!

"Boo-bu-bu-boo," yodels Dennis Michael Crosby. "Just bragging, trying to go the old man one better," snorts twin brother Phillip Lang Crosby. "As for me, I'll take Papa's singing any time. You give me a pain!"

The silver-haired gentleman leaning on the chair is Charles Spencer Chaplin. Now, does that make you feel old? Anyway, he has started a new comedy, and Rupert Hughes is discussing it with him and Paulette Goddard

AFTER the word has been officially given out that the romance between Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is done and over with, just what is the press to think when Spencer rushes into the Fox commissary and plants a loverly kiss on Loretta's lovely face? And Loretta returns the caress without a moment's hesitation?

Yea, well that's what we think, too!

BRIAN AHERNE played no favorites just before he dashed off to London. He called on Marlene Dietrich *and* Ann Harding. But not at the same time, girls!

Bill Powell and Jean Harlow would not be photographed together at the Billy Wilkersons' party in honor of Dick Barthelmess and his wife, but it was okay with pretty Jean when the quick cameraman caught her with Dick (right) and Clark Gable

At last, Anna Sten and her husband are photographed together! Anna has ducked news cameramen for many months, and for some reason she kept spouse Eugene Frenke out of their range, too. But they posed at Rouben Mamoulian's recent party

HOW long can Hollywood remember?

A stunning blonde sat in a Brown Derby booth—all alone. Several well known executives passed her table. She smiled and spoke. They went on, puzzled. Followed a long discussion as to the lady's identity. The solution came from Charles Furthman. The lady was Charlie Chaplin's former leading woman, Edna Purviance, lady of "Shoulder Arms" and "A Woman of Paris," which last Chaplin himself directed.

VICTOR SCHERTZINGER arrived at the radio station to do a broadcast. He directed the recent Grace Moore picture and composed the theme song "One Night of Love." So he was going to play it for the broadcast. "Sorry," said the manager, "you can't use that song."

"But I wrote it!" protested Vic.

"I know, but you have to have permission from the Composers' Society to play it."

"But it's *my song*," Vic persisted.

"Of course," soothingly. "And right after your program, Rudy Vallee will be on and *he's* going to play it."

So Victor asked if he could please have a glass of water.

RUSS COLUMBO'S mother is never to know of his death. Past seventy, and so ill she never will be well again, the shock might prove fatal. This is the loyal and touching decision of Russ's brothers and sisters. Mother is to be taken to a home outside of town, as soon as she may be moved, having been in hospital for some time. There she will be closely guarded against outside information. A sister, whose handwriting is almost identical with Russ's, will write her, preserving the illusion Russ is still "on location."

It is a tremendous task—but a labor of true love.

Russ left an estate, other than his insurance, of but five thousand dollars. But the insurance is fifty thousand dollars—and with the policy's accidental death clause, the amount will be doubled.

THERE is no one who can muff a pun as completely as Garbo, much to everyone's amusement.

Red Golden, who was assistant director on her latest, "The Painted Veil," has a quaint little habit of calling everyone "honey." "You stand here, honey," he'd say to Greta. "Here is where you make your entrance, honey."

For a long time Greta said nothing. And then, unexpectedly, she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "Please, Mr. Golden, don't call me honey. Just call me 'chocolate.' "

And Red isn't over it yet.

IT'S the day of the child star in Hollywood, all right. When the Max Reinhardt production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given in the Hollywood Bowl, with its array of famous stars, it was little thirteen year old Mickey Rooney, as *Puck*, who walked off with the honors. The boy's ability to read lines, to invent bits of business, to bring an uncanny elfishness to the part, had the entire town, including the famous Reinhardt, on its feet.

"He's the best *Puck* I ever had," Reinhardt declared. So look out for Mickey in bigger and better parts from now on.

AND Carole Lombard says economy is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it!

IF history repeats itself, as it has a way of doing, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant will be back together again. They quarreled before, after a party, separated, and re-united.

"BE careful of that wet paint," Wally Beery warned his little four-year-old Carol Ann. "You'll ruin your new dress, and then I'll have to spank you."

Carol Ann wrestled with temptation and it threw her. She put a finger right on the paint. But then, she lifted her little skirts and said, "Go ahead and spank me, Daddy. But, don't do it very hard, Daddy."

What, Wally wants to know, does a father do in a case like that?

ANN HARDING has had several serious collapses on the set. As a result, she is under strict doctor's orders. Driven by a restless energy, she has been working hard all day and going home to play two or three sets of tennis—and up early the next morning and out on the tennis court again. Her heart registered over-exertion, and the tennis is out.

THEY tell a grand story on Irvin Cobb. It seems a very gushy young lady rushed up to Cobb at an elaborate party and gurgled, "Oh, Mr. Cobb, I want you to meet my friend. He's an author."

Cobb looked at her disappointedly. "You know," he said, "I met an author once before which just kind of takes the edge off this, somehow."

ONE of the reasons "One Night of Love" is such a smash hit is that all the members of the cast are *themselves*. Grace Moore is merely reliving an old experience, an experience the author of the book went through. So is Tullio Carminati, Italian singer and teacher. And Luis Alberni.

Lyle Talbot is a young man from the Middle West. And that's what he is. Even Director Victor Schertzinger, who is a musician and composer.

A WRITER came upon little Cora Sue Collins outside the M-G-M commissary kissing and petting her cat.

"Why, Cora Sue," the writer said, "you shouldn't kiss a cat. They're covered with germs."

Soberly the little girl watched the writer as he walked away and finally called after him, "Well, it's my cat."

NOT even a kid away from home for the first time can beat Carole Lombard's homesick record. Carole left for New York at midnight. At four-thirty the next afternoon, Fieldsie, her secretary, who calls her boss, "the Madam," had a wire from her: "Cannot wait until I get home."

RIGHT after Charles Laughton up and said Dickens was a bore, and no one would ever catch him in a Dickens picture, Mr. Laughton was cast as *Mr. Micawber* in "David Copperfield." To which may be added, if Dickens is a bore, any picture with Laughton in it couldn't possibly be a bore.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is forty-three inches tall—and weighs forty-three pounds. She has played in more pictures than she has ever seen, because the studio does not wish her to imitate other actors.

ONE Hollywood blonde who can prove it—Miriam Hopkins. Her ma still has the blonde tresses from Miriam's first haircut, when she was eleven.

APPLESAUCE and blah, said Maurice Chevalier, in answer to the question were he and his ex-wife, Yvonne Vallee, to remarry. And although Kay Francis rushed from the boat train at Paris to a luncheon date with Maurice, he maintains it's just a friendship. No comment from Kay.

JUST to keep you girls up on the Cinderella situation. Gloria Swanson has the smallest foot of all the stars. She wears a 2½ C shoe.

CHARLIE RUGGLES to Randy Scott: "Why don't you get married?"

Randy to Charlie: "Can't make up my mind whether I want a chatterbox or the other kind."

Charlie to Randy: "What other kind?"

THE weight average of Hollywood's stars is up seven pounds. It is now one hundred and thirteen pounds for a five foot, three height. And what's more, Mae West carries only one hundred and fifteen pounds for her five foot, two.

MAYBE it isn't so, but—They say that ZaSu Pitts is going to calm the flutters and reveal hitherto concealed streamlining and knee action as a chorus girl in "Repeal."

DURING Elizabeth Allan's eighteen months in Hollywood, her husband has made eight trips from England to see her—or a trip every two and one quarter months! He can't move to Hollywood on account of business interests in London. But you will have to admit he does the next best thing to living here.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson, along with just about every star in Hollywood, attended the Max Reinhardt production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented at the Hollywood Bowl

Come out from behind those dark glasses, Ronald Colman, we know you! But it really isn't a case of disguise for the affable Ronald. It's the glaring sun on the courts at a tennis tournament

Since Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant (Virginia Cherrill) were snapped here with Randolph Scott, they tiffed. Virginia went back to "ma" leaving a mighty despondent Cary

The World Is Yours, Mr. Donat

"Robert Donat may turn out to be the finest romantic male discovery since Ronald Colman," says Rowland V. Lee, who directed the British actor in "Monte Cristo." Elissa Landi is the love of *Edmond Dantes*

You ran out of Hollywood after "The Count of Monte Cristo" was completed. But it's a hit!

By Paul Conlon

in a most bewildered state of mind over his new fame, people everywhere are asking what sort of person is this young man? What manner of fellow is he who packed his duds and quit Hollywood the day after completing his first American picture that was to win him wide renown? I sought out Rowland V. Lee, who was directing George M. Cohan in a picturization of his stage success, "Gambling," in a New York studio. Lee knows Donat better than anyone else in the United States, in that he directed him in a British picture a couple of years ago.

"Robert Donat may turn out to be the finest romantic male discovery since Ronald Colman," Director Lee told me.

"He is distinctive in appearance, rather than handsome. He has a commanding personality [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

HOLLYWOOD is frantically paging Robert Donat. In the title rôle of "The Count of Monte Cristo," he is the new thrill for feminine hearts. Every producer now has a choice part in mind for the young Englishman, but there is an ocean between him and them. In short, Mr. Donat is in England. After his one big job here, he faded out of the Hollywood scene as unostentatiously as he had entered it a few months before, to portray Alexandre Dumas' immortal hero.

Only two men in Hollywood had complete faith in Robert Donat before he faced the cameras as *Edmond Dantes*. Rowland V. Lee, the director of "The Count of Monte Cristo," and Edward Small, the producer, believed in him. They took a hundred to one shot—and won.

With Donat back home, probably

William Farnum (left), who played *Dantes* so many times on the stage, looks on while the new *Dantes* engages *Mondego* (Sidney Blackmer—right) in a duel

Schafer

TULLIO CARMINATI, the delightful impresario who steers Grace Moore's musical career in Columbia's "One Night of Love," left these acclaiming shores for a brief time to make a talkie in his native Italy. Meanwhile, various movie and Broadway stage producers lay in wait to enlist Tullio upon his return. It all promised to be a merry scramble

Alex Kahle

JOEL McCREA, who is going to be in Marlene Dietrich's next at Paramount (the script is tagged "Caprice Espagnole"), had this chance to brush up on his romancing with Miriam Hopkins in RKO's "The Richest Girl in the World." Miriam is listed for Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast" and "Becky Sharp," an RKO-Technicolor project

Otto Dyar

LITTLE Shirley Temple revives a favorite childhood pastime of—well, it just seems ages ago, doesn't it? Now, one wonders where she found that clay pipe to blow bubbles. And the public just can't get enough of Shirley. She took a rest after making "Now and Forever" for Paramount, while Fox kept a job waiting for her, in "Bright Eyes"

Freulich

THE most intriguing thing about this photo, aside from June Knight's prettiness, is that watch—a gift from Paul Ames, who has caused her recent heart flutters. Have you seen June in Universal's "Wake Up and Dream"? But the watch? Oh, yes. It's of dark brown wood, and is held to June's wrist by a leather double-thong with a wooden slide device

Let's Be
Civilized About Sex

Norma Shearer Says—

SEX should figure in every picture story.
" should never be regarded as vulgar.
" should be approached subtly, suavely.
" in screen productions is revitalizing.

The suave approach — Norma illustrated intriguing romance in "Riptide," with Bob Montgomery

The elemental appeal —Shearer came closest to the primitive in "A Free Soul," with Clark Gable

Vital, gracious and poised, but not the "cool" person she is so often represented as being, Norma is shown with Irving Thalberg, of M-G-M, her husband

THE censors are trying to take sex off the screen, and Norma Shearer will not discuss censorship. Not because her husband is a producer, but because the studios have asked all their stars not to discuss the subject.

But she will discuss Sex—yes, with a capital S and she began with this definition of that elusive quality—

"Sex is the consciousness of being alive!"

Have you ever heard a more lucid description?

Norma's words are like herself. Clear and fresh. But not *cool*. Why do they always say she is cool? "Norma Shearer, her cool composure, her cool determination, her cool this and that . . . "

Obviously, if she is cool, she can't be warm. And she is one of the most warm and vital women alive. Hollywood is that funny place where if you are not hot-cha, you must be the other extreme—and not by any chance a girl with a full set of emotions well under control. Like Norma.

As for sex in pictures—and in general—she has this to say:

"Sex is an important part of life and should be in every picture. It is electricity, color, vitality. It is the manner in which it is conveyed that shocks, angers, or wins an audience.

"Sex cannot be contemplated or analyzed. Then it becomes ugly and objectionable. Sex attraction, without any romance to relieve it, is savage. But even then it has value as a primitive, elemental urge.

"Never should sex be regarded as vulgar. Anyway, we recovered from that state of mind in the last century, I hope.

"It doesn't require a beautiful face or body to express sex. You have seen handsome boys and girls on the screen with the same appeal as a marble statue. Beautiful—but with no radiance, no *sex*. In spite of muscles and curves and alabaster features, devoid of that spark which kindles another. In life we often see an extremely plain woman, a homely man, so *vitally* necessary to someone that the someone is totally unconscious of sex in any other person.

"Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, are not Apollos. Yet they have tremendous sex-appeal. Sex is in the murmur of a voice, as with Marshall. In the suave intensity of Howard. Charles Laughton has the great gift of expressing an intangible something in a glance.

"Sex interest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

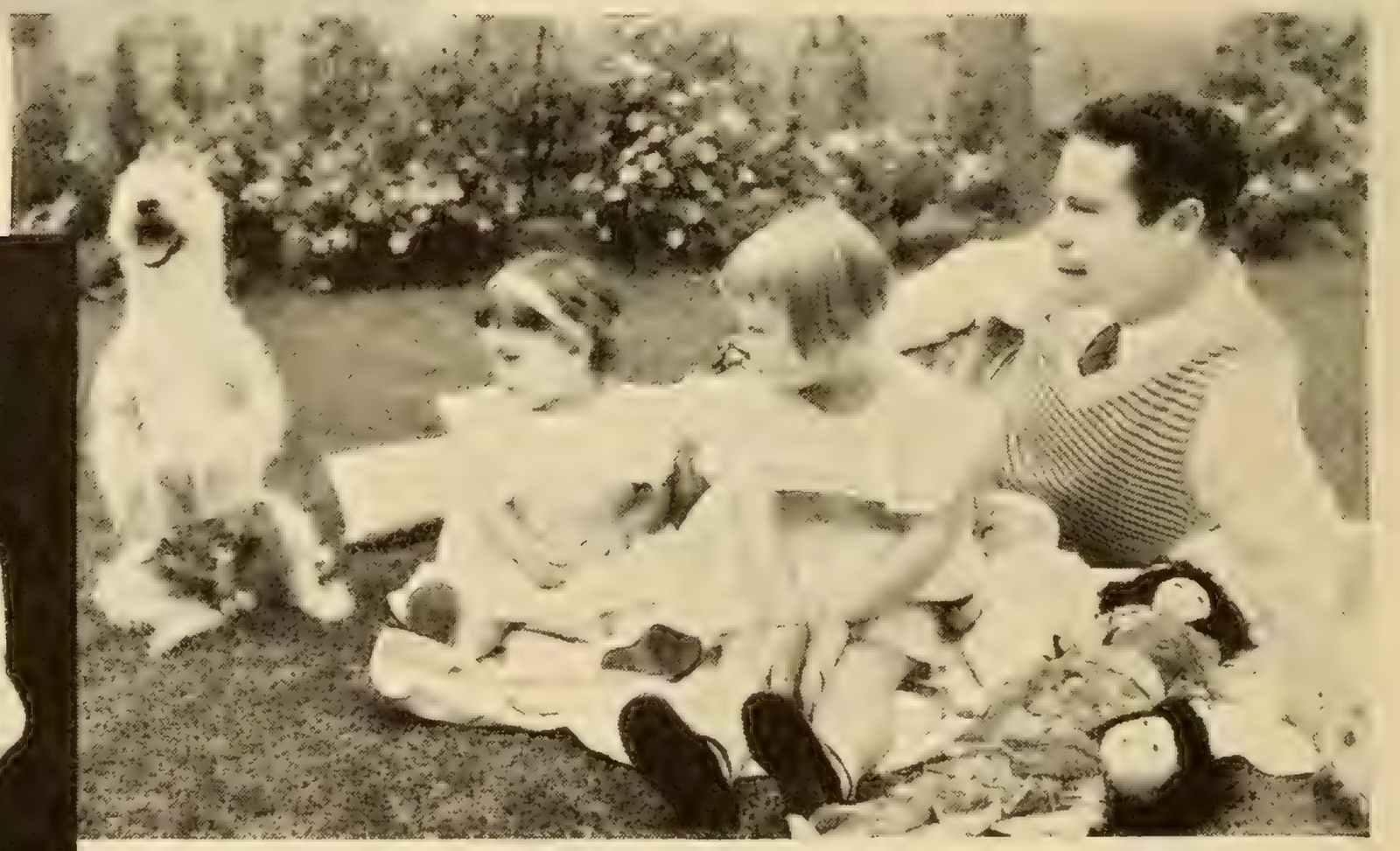
By Ruth Rankin

Who Wouldn't Go

Irving Lippman

Upon the shoulders of this studious-looking young man rests the carrying on of the Barrymore name. He is John, Jr., now two-and-one-half years

Another name illustrious in the annals of American history is borne by Lily de Pourtales Lodge, four-year-old daughter of John Cabot Lodge



Wallace Beery and perky little Carol Ann—two closer chums you'll never find. Wally even takes his pal with him when he goes to the studio

Joe E. Brown has two big sons, but his boon companions are Kathryn Frances and Elizabeth Ann, his two daughters, not to mention the talented pup

Home to This?

Here's the incentive for fine screen work

Photos by
Wm. Phillips

Just a little over a year old, but he promises to be an all-American football back, rugged and rangy, like his dad. He's John Lachlan Brown, the heir of the Johnny Mack Browns

Here he is, as usual, stealing the picture, and from his father, too! Richard Ralston (Call me Ricky) Arlen, Jr.'s the name

The center of attraction at the Hamiltons is Patricia Louise, Neil's three-year-old pride and joy. Neil says she is as active as an adagio team

Bruno

Charming Virginia Bruce's attention is concentrated on one-year-old Susan Ann Gilbert, and it is a very, very important engagement indeed that can take mama away from baby

SUCH PARTIES!

More fun for Mitzi Cummings

Mitzi never has been known to miss a party in Hollywood. And if there's anyone in the town whom Mitzi does not know, that person is completely and hopelessly unknown. Every month you'll find one of her letters to Joan in PHOTOPLAY

Mitzi "snitched" the design for this gown Myrna Loy is wearing in "Evelyn Prentice," but it's all a gag to Myrna and Bill Powell

"No bums allowed!" said the bouncer to stylish Fred Astaire at Catalina Casino. Just one of Mitzi's laughs!

Do you know about the "lost drama" composed by Charlie Chaplin? A great play, but never put on paper. Mitzi's letter tells about it

DEAR JOAN—

Oh, you are such a little love! You send such nice presents. And it was such a nice birthday party!

The family gave it for me—at the Cocoanut Grove. They sent me gifts and telegrams right to the table, which made me feel awful special. But that wasn't all, at all. Suddenly the lights went out, a spot was thrown on me (not at me!) and the whole orchestra charged to my elbow and blared out "Happy Birthday To You." Then, while this little startled fawn was gaping something pathetic, my old friend Jimmy Manos, famous head waiter of the Grove, marched up with a beeotiful birthday cake (one teensy candle—such tact!) and handed me a knife to cut it with!

Whee-eee-eee, I felt like a bottle of soda-pop was sizzling inside me! Everyone applauded and I seem to recall a "*Heureux anniversaire*" from the next table. It was Fifi Dorsay, hardly recognizable with no bangs, accompanied by her handsome husband.

The rest is hazy. Yep, it was a swellegant birthday! Wish you could have been with me. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

What Is This Woman?

Anna Sten is seen as many different types by many different people. But first of all, she is an intellectual

By Margaret Auburn

Speaking of the story, "We Live Again," Miss Sten said, "I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh." Fredric March is with her in the immortal Tolstoi narrative

Much that she has seen and experienced, she shows you on the screen in "We Live Again," movie version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection"

The expensive training of Sten for "Nana" is colorful film lore

THIS beautiful woman, Anna Sten. What is she?

Is she guileless child or weary sophisticate? Pampered chiffon lady or elemental earth-woman, warm and vital?

Anna Sten is all of them, and more. She is the triumphant sum of all the moments she has lived. She can call upon them at will to be whatever she wishes to be. Baron Huené, authority on feminine charm who visited Hollywood recently, said "She is the most fluid, the most malleable, of any actress."

The moments of a Sten are not in common with most of us—who find our experiences important because they are ours. Hers have included stark and bitter privation in an endless country crouching under snow and revolution. Half a loaf of tough black bread for a sick mother and a baby sister, rags bound round the feet with cords in lieu of shoes. Foraging for food—slinking, feline, desperate—to snatch a few potatoes or a round of bread.

When she was twelve years old she took her first job—washing monstrous greasy kettles in the back of a steaming restaurant—for food. Food for a slender, undernourished body, food to take to an ailing, discouraged mother, for a famished little

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Above, Director Philip Moeller, seated just below the camera, eye-shade in hand, listens to his assistant, Ed Killey, rehearse John Boles for a sequence in "The Age of Innocence." Irene Dunne is far up on the stairs, near the lights, smiling down. Right, Moeller critically watches the shooting of a scene in the movie

"One Shot" *Moeller*

By Mildred Mastin

WHEN Philip Moeller went to Hollywood he was terrified!

He had been warned! Friends had told him: "Hollywood is a place of confusion and stupidity and tarnished tinsel. There is no art there. The people are money mad. The women are dumb. The men are ex-cloak and suit merchants. You are foolish to risk it, Moeller. After working for fifteen years as production director of the Theater Guild in New York, Hollywood will be just too, too tawdry. After directing nearly sixty Broadway plays, you'll go mad working for movies. A man who has directed stage successes like 'The Guardsman,' 'R. U. R.,' 'Mourning Becomes Electra,' 'Strange Interlude,' can't suddenly become concerned about the box-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

She Couldn't Say No!

For an author, Gene didn't make a very poetic proposal to Joan. But oh, that kiss!

By Jerry Lane

THE young man in the second row, third seat center, applauded furiously. It crackled like mild thunder-claps through the rest of the applause. Nice, heart-warming it was to a girl making her Broadway début and Joan, youngest of the Bennetts, flashed him a smile. It was then that something went "zoom" inside of young Mr. Markey. A queer-ish, titillating "zoom." It was then that one of the most exciting, checker-board romances in theatrical annals began!

His move first, of course. And Gene Markey didn't hesitate. He went straight to his producer, Bob Kane, and buttonholed that gentleman fervently. "I've found her! The girl for the lead in my play! I saw her last night in 'Jarnegan.' Why, if we searched the whole of New York—"

"MY dear chap," cut in Kane testily, "does it occur to you that Joan Bennett is barely out of the pigtail stage? And that your heroine is hardly an ingénue? Joan's too young I tell you." In the end they compromised. They put her older sister, Barbara, in the part.

Then Gene tried to jump the other fellow's king. It was at the Conde Nasts' party. Everything sparkled as it always does at their affairs. Speech, smiles of the women, the hand-wrought silver, champagne. . . . But this tim the whole array of gleams seemed concentrated on a slim young thing in white. She had the cutest nose in existence and provocative blue eyes and hair the color of sun-ripened wheat. She might, in fact, have escaped from the cover of a magazine. But no. She was dancing. Cover ladies don't dance.

"That's Miss Bennett, isn't it? Do me a favor, old man, will you? Introduce me." But Joan's escort had suddenly gone deaf. He was absorbed in bowing, directly across Gene's shoulder, to people he'd never seen before in his life! You don't go around presenting the Markeys of the world to a girl you are mad over. Not if you're wise. There's something about these writer fellows. . . .

It was two years before Gene saw her again. Fate, that ablest of dramatists, was building for a climax. "Why," you could almost hear it muse, "should I throw this couple together in the first act and ruin the other two? They need the fine shadowing of doubt, the highlight of tragedy." So—

Each was allowed to go a separate way. Joan flitted from Florida house parties to Princeton proms and on out to California. Gene's name was linked with Ina Claire's. It was the talk the entire length of Broadway. Talk that reached to Paris and London and to half the smart capitals of two continents.

And all the while, strangely, perversely, young Mr. Markey was naming the heroine of practically every one of his stories "Joan"!

It happened the day Gene arrived in Hollywood. Ina Claire had become Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and what was more natural than that Gene should visit his old friends? What he hadn't expected was—Joan Bennett.

She was leaning against the balustrade, looking out over fifty miles of stucco houses and palm trees and studios. The famous panoramic view of the Gilberts'. Then—"Oh, Joan, do you know Gene Markey?" As simple as that.

But, four days in a Pullman can make even a Markey groggy. Too, he was conscious that everyone was watching to see how he'd take it—seeing Ina the wife of another. He couldn't very well explain to them that there was nothing to take. There were a million things he wanted to tell Joan. But how to say them with a dozen people deluging him with oh-do-you-remembers? When he did manage to look around she had disappeared.

HE missed her by an hour at Paul Bern's party. The day he decided not to join the crowd for an early morning horseback ride through the hills *she* went. Marion Davies called him. "Do come up Sunday night. I'm having some people in. . . ."

"Some people," meant a hundred or more. He was delayed a little—and Joan had to leave early.

It went on like that for months. Until one particularly bright afternoon in a little sporting goods shop. Joan had popped in for tennis balls. She was in shorts. Her nose was shiny. Abysmally, woefully shiny. And in walked Mr. Markey.

"This *is* my day! What a treat!"

"Really?" She hadn't meant to freeze him like that, but what can a girl do when she's so uncomfortably aware of grass-stained shorts and a nose in need of powder? Besides, she had heard he liked 'em suave and sophisticated—and here she was looking like a member of the lollypop brigade.

"Just where is it that you live?" he was asking eagerly.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey sat on either side of the fire, sipping coffee, wonderfully content. There had been charming music and a deft, silent butler. Now they were alone

"Beverly Hills," she told him coolly. She might as well have said "America." It made it quite as easy. The temperature in the small store dropped dangerously near zero.

Once outside, Joan felt her cheeks flame. "Now why," she asked herself furiously, "did I act that way?"

And Gene, going rapidly in the opposite direction, thought, "Wonder what I've done to make her hate me?"

Two blind moves and no score. . . .

At the Cocoanut Grove one night he sat directly in back of her, with Bill Powell and Mrs. Doheny. It put the youngest Bennett on a fine edge. Would he ask her to dance? What was he doing? If the stuffed monkeys in the synthetic trees could only have whispered about a gentleman's glances wasted on a lady's lovely back!

Three days later Gene Markey would have given his soul if he had asked her to dance that night. If he had actually held her in his arms. It looked now as if he never would be able to.

"JOAN BENNETT SERIOUSLY HURT IN FALL FROM HORSE" ran the headlines.

A location trip to Sherman Woods for "She Wanted a Millionaire" . . . a fractious horse . . . and then a small golden girl lying crumpled in fierce agony with a broken hip.

"How," Gene asked simply, "would you like to be married to me?" It wasn't a manner in which one of his heroes would have put it. But Gene wasn't thinking of fiction just then

They said she might be crippled for life. They said she might never walk again. There were numberless X-rays, long consultations. Then drab, endless days with Joan a still little figure on a white hospital bed.

"Sweet of this Mr. Markey to send me flowers every week, isn't it? After all, I've spoken to him only twice!" Twice—and yet that inexplainable thrill when she fingered his cards. There were eight of them now, singled out from the hundreds of others like small markers of an unfinished story. There was his latest book, too, "The Road to Rouen," with a neat inscription written across the flyleaf—"To J—. You don't have to read this unless you want to—G."

AND he'd written her a note. A very circumspect kind of note, considering the tumult within him.

"Dear Joan," it read, "I'm very much distressed to learn of your accident. After the steady stream of visitors dies down may I call? Faithfully—Gene."

The tiny touch of Spring was in the air that day—although it was Autumn! There was a special symphony going on in the park in front of the Town House where she was convalescing—or was it a bird chorus?

"Mr. Markey calling," said the nurse.

He came in with long, eager strides. Unfortunately the floors were highly polished. The door rug was new. Mr. Markey proceeded to make the most spectacular entrance of his life. He did it on his nose—in one fell swoop.

"So that's the way men fall for you!" He couldn't help that one, embarrassed as he was.

Then the urbane Mr. Markey, connoisseur in drawing-room ethics, made the mistake of advancing with his eyes on hers. Now the telephone wire had been extended across the room to Joan's side and—well, the operator downstairs told the doorman there was a terrible jangle in 206. Did he suppose something could be happening to Miss Bennett?

As a matter of fact, something was—but not what they imagined. . . .

To recover his poise, Gene leaned nonchalantly on the edge of her bed. It was a perfectly good, beautifully oiled hospital bed. It lived up to its advertised reputation. One gentle pressure—and away it scooted clear across the room, leaving Mr. Markey leaning on nothing in particular. And Joan in a fit of laughter that brought tears to those eyes.

He had expected to stay twenty minutes. At the end of three hours he was figuring out a way to get her to his house for dinner.

"I'll have the back of the car padded and we'll take the wheel-chair along. . . ."

"Yes, and I do a grand walking stunt with crutches!" she chimed in excitedly. There were no conversational breezes that had to be fanned along here. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Paramount sent this first string line-up into its football frolic, "College Rhythm." Judging from past performances by all of them, a big score will be rolled up. Left to right, you can easily recognize Lanny Ross, Helen Mack, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Joe Penner (radio comic who makes his film début), and Lyda Roberti

Joe and Lyda cut some campus capers at the left, and Joe (right) is a rising cheer leader

Charles Laughton isn't in the cast, but he coaches Joe in acting

"A football player, eh?" Joe kids Jack. But, ooh, are Joe and Lyda kidding?

Joe and his famed duck, in its natty travel suit

IT'S ALL A LITTLE

But, anyhow, here's an idea that should make our pictures louder, funnier and colossal-er

GET out the extras! Blow up the headlines! Broadcast the news! I have just discovered what's wrong with the movies.

Oh, I know, I know, a lot of other people have gone about from time to time, claiming they have discovered the trouble, and finally had to go back into politics—a flop. But this time it's different. I have not only located the trouble with movies but discovered a cure. A plan that is simple and very colossal at the same time. In a nutshell, the whole trouble with the entire business is simply—the casting.

There you have it. The casting. Hitherto, movies have been casting their bread upon the waters and getting back Georgie Raft in the wrong rôles. Now, with my scheme of casting in operation, all will be different. Movie houses will be packed, mortgages will be paid off, and we'll all go to town.

Here's the idea. So far, there has been no novelty, no element of surprise, no thrill of suspense, in the casting of pictures. If the story called for a poor young working girl wearing her ermine wrap to the opera whilst she wept for her absent lover, whom did we get? Crawford and Gable, nine times out of ten. And who was surprised at that? Who, for instance, was knocked even slightly cold—except the man who rented out the ermine coat and nearly passed out when he saw Joan's mascara roll down her ermined bosom? And a fig for him.

You see, the picture lost its wallop because the element of surprise was lacking. Everybody knew all the time it was going to be Crawford and Gable because it always has been. Now, if only they would give us Alison Skipworth, say, in just a rabbit coat weeping for lover Baby LeRoy—now there would be something! There would be a surprise and a thrill that would knock everybody silly.

Now do you see the immensity, the staggering magnitude of the whole scheme? Pretty good, isn't it?

Let us take the picture "Little Miss Marker" for another example. A fine picture and a splendid money-maker. But, if they had only let Shirley Temple play Menjou's part and let Menjou be *Little Miss Marker*, well, there you are. They'd still be playing to standing-room only. See how it works?

The eternal problem of teams and whom to team in pictures would be much simplified by my plan. Take the team of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, and a nice little team it is. But, after seven or eight pictures together, we begin to get the idea that Charlie is always the befuddled husband and Mary is always the befuddled wife. All right. Now, just to surprise the customers, why not let Charlie play Mary's part for a change, and let Mary play Charlie's rôle so everybody could be befuddled all the way round? Or why not let Mary be Charlie's little granddaughter in one picture; and in another, Charlie could be Mary's little lamb? And wear a little bell around his neck or something.

With my scheme in force, new teams could spring up, the likes of which were never before heard of in pictures. Or anywhere else, for that matter. For example, why not give us W. C. Fields and Garbo as a team? There's novelty for you.

CRAZY

The hottest scene would go something like this:

Fields—"Well, my little petunia seed, my little potato bug, come to papa."

Garbo—"Fieldsy, Ay am so tired. Ay tank Ay go, now."

Fields—"Okay, my little dandelion, my little sassafras root, hop into papa's trailer and let's be off."

So Greta would hop in, letting her feet hang out the back door, of course, and they'd be off. They'd have to be completely off, in fact, to get away with it, but wouldn't it be terrific? Can't you just see them riding off in the distance, the trailer hippity-hopping over the road with the sun sinking o'er the hills in a dead faint?

Another team that would cause commotion everywhere would be Mae West and George Arliss. Now there's a team, with Mae slinking around and George, monocle in one eye and terror in the other, trying to break down the door in case the Marines got there too late. Wouldn't it be wonderful? And so different. That's what is grand about it.

Or, how about Marlene Dietrich and Guy Kibbee? Guy, in the final clinches, would, no doubt, lose

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

All the wrongs of the films will be righted by this casting plan. For instance, if dead pan Ned Sparks should play *Prince Charming*, his serenade would be drowned out by Polly Moran's snores as the *Sleeping Beauty*

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ ***JUDGE PRIEST—Fox***

AS Irvin Cobb's favorite character, eccentric *Judge Priest*, Will Rogers is type-perfect. Full of homely sage humor and philosophy, he settles destinies in his own inimitable way, with the utmost simplicity.

The sleepy old Kentucky town is so real you can hear the June-bugs buzzing—and every character might have been born right there.

Tom Brown and Anita Louise are the idyllic lovers. Henry B. Walthall and David Landau play their parts to perfection. Rochelle Hudson, Frank Melton, Charley Grapewin, Berton Churchill, Francis Ford contribute valuable moments.

Indispensable local color is provided by Hattie McDaniels and Stepin Fetchit in some grand scenes and music.

☆ ***THE GAY DIVORCÉE—RKO-Radio***

HOIST the flags, hang up the banners. A new star approaches. With a pair of twinkling, tantalizing dancing feet, Fred Astaire taps his way right up to the front line of moviedom, and into the hearts of a willing audience.

Smart, suave, polished Mister Astaire is America's challenge to England's claim for the world's best "smoothies."

As the friend of Edward Everett Horton, Esq., Fred finds himself mistaken for a professional corespondent by the girl of his dreams (Ginger Rogers) who is trying to divorce friend hubby. But everything turns out splendidly in spite of Alice Brady who never quite knows who, what, where or why she is.

Continental and breezy, with some of the best dancing yet. Prepare to laugh and be merry.

☆ ***WE LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists***

FROM the combination of Fredric March, Anna Sten and Director Rouben Mamoulian, something unusual is bound to result, and it does. They tell us a magnificent and yet, a simple story, and tell it with a sincere humbleness that brings tears to the eye.

The story of "Resurrection" a great many of us know from silent film days. But it's the honesty of March's performance as idealistic *Prince Dmitri* who loses his ideals in the debauchery of life among Russian officers, betrays his first love, *Katusha Maslova* (Sten), and lives to atone his wrongs, that makes this a thing of beauty.

A tragic figure, indeed, is the peasant girl *Katusha.* Only after she has buried her baby, traveled to Moscow to find employment of a sort, and is unjustifiably accused of poisoning a man does *Prince Dmitri* learn of her fate.

In a triumphant closing scene we see him join the line of prisoners to share her five-year sentence of labor in the mines of Siberia.

One has the feeling that the characters are real, this *is* Russia and these are the actual emotions of two people, living and suffering.

The haunting music of old Russia and the simple impressiveness of the Easter church service are unforgettable.

Jane Baxter, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Forbes, Jessie Ralph and Sam Jaffe lend excellent support.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

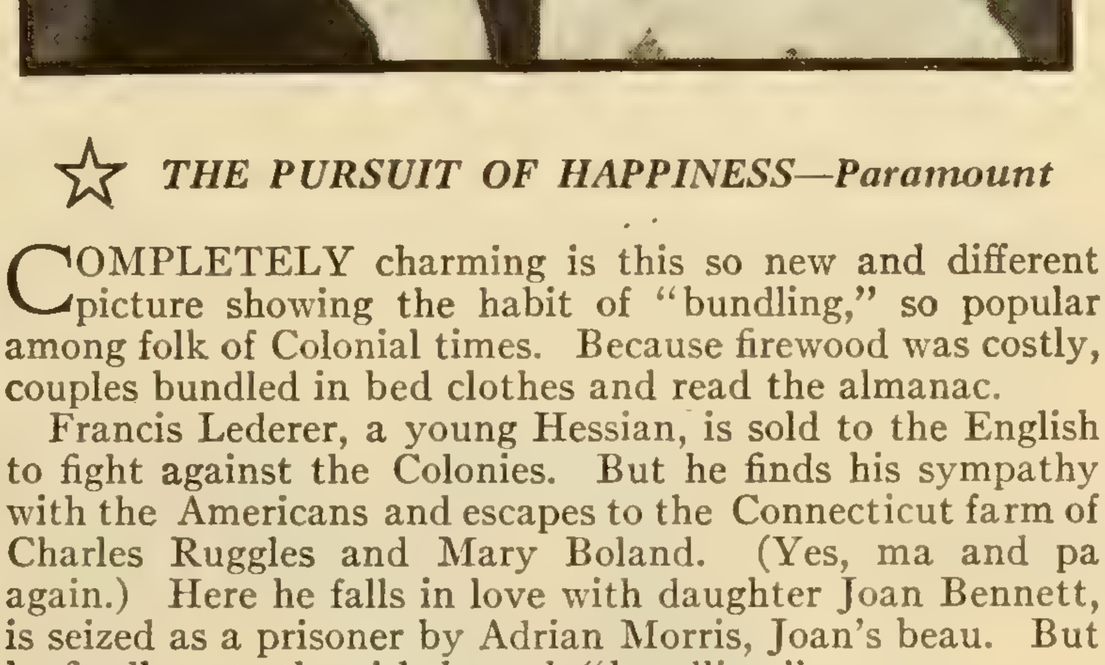
The Best Pictures of the Month

WE LIVE AGAIN
JUDGE PRIEST
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
STUDENT TOUR
LADY BY CHOICE
THE GAY DIVORCÉE
HAPPINESS AHEAD
GIFT OF GAB
DANGEROUS CORNER

The Best Performances of the Month

Fredric March in "We Live Again"
Anna Sten in "We Live Again"
May Robson in "Lady by Choice"
Will Rogers in "Judge Priest"
Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcée"
Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcée"
Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead"
Charles Butterworth in "Student Tour"
Jimmy Durante in "Student Tour"
Frank Morgan in "By Your Leave"
Edward Arnold in "Wednesday's Child"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123



☆ ***THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—Paramount***

COMPLETELY charming is this so new and different picture showing the habit of "bundling," so popular among folk of Colonial times. Because firewood was costly, couples bundled in bed clothes and read the almanac.

Francis Lederer, a young Hessian, is sold to the English to fight against the Colonies. But he finds his sympathy with the Americans and escapes to the Connecticut farm of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. (Yes, ma and pa again.) Here he falls in love with daughter Joan Bennett, is seized as a prisoner by Adrian Morris, Joan's beau. But he finally gets the girl through "bundling."

Barbara Barondess as the maid, Minor Watson, as the Southern Colonel, Walter Kingsford as the "blue-nosed" Squire, are all excellent. Laughs abound throughout.

☆ ***LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia***

RING up another one for the miraculous May Robson. Similar to "Lady for a Day," but not a copy by any means. Fresh and original, with a brand-new situation, the picture gives Miss Robson a grand opportunity as *Patsy*, and she makes spirited use of it.

Carole Lombard runs up a score of her own as the disillusioned fan dancer who adopts a "mother" from the Old Ladies' Home as a publicity gag. *Patsy*, a veteran and irrepressible alcoholic, has been paroled into the Home by a judge of the high court—Walter Connolly. And it is *Patsy* whom *Alabam* (Carole) adopts.

The mother business begins to take—but never with a moment of maudlin sentimentality—and gradually the old lady solves the problems of *Alabam's* hectic life, working out her own at the same time.

Hauling *Alabam* out from behind the fans, the old lady takes care of the home economics with a pair of galloping dice. And when *Alabam's* love affair with the son (Roger Pryor) of *Patsy's* old sweetheart gets in a jam, "mother" saves the romance from a disaster such as she and the boy's father had suffered.

Human, compelling tale, written, dialogued and directed with the utmost ease, naturalness and humor.

Better see this film soon and spare yourself the ordeal of having all your friends tell you the story.

☆ ***HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National***

TUNEFUL and peppy is this bright film about a wealthy miss and, of all things, a window washer.

Josephine Hutchinson, a newcomer worth watching, is a bored young lady of society who walks out on her mother's New Year's party and joins a gay crowd on Broadway. Unaware of her social position, Dick Powell, manager of a window washing company, falls in love with Josephine, and she helps things along by keeping her background hidden.

When Dick needs money to go into business for himself, Josephine obtains it from her dad. Dick, misunderstanding, leaves her flat, but dad fixes everything up.

You'll find yourself humming the snappy tunes.

John Halliday, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly all turn in top-notch performances.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT OFF.)

STUDENT TOUR— M-G-M

THE priceless nonsense of Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante, the new combination of Phil Regan and Maxine Doyle, and the novel idea of using a floating college for a musical background, makes this refreshing entertainment. Butterworth is a professor of philosophy and Durante an athletic trainer. Nelson Eddy's marvelous singing climaxes the story. Monte Blue, Florine McKinney.

☆

GIFT OF GAB— Universal

AN engaging film, with Edmund Lowe as a fast-talker who becomes a celebrated news announcer. Of course, he takes a flop, but Gloria Stuart boosts him up again. Story is just a frame on which to hang clever gags, dialogue, good songs, sketches by radio stars Alexander Woollcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters. Scores of other performers, including Alice White and Victor Moore, contribute entertaining bits.

☆

DANGEROUS CORNER— RKO-Radio

INTERESTING experiment—a story with two endings, first to show what really happened, then the "cover-up." Ian Keith commits suicide, and so is blamed for a stolen bond. But later, startling revelations are made. For one thing, the "suicide" was murder. Keith, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, Doris Lloyd give superior performances.

READY FOR LOVE— Paramount

AN amusing number, that should please the whole family. Richard Arlen runs a newspaper in a small town where nothing ever happens until Ida Lupino arrives on same train with a celebrated corpse, and is mistaken for the ex-citizen's inamorata. Then fun begins. Arlen, responsible for widely publicizing the matter, almost loses Ida. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi in good support.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON —Fox

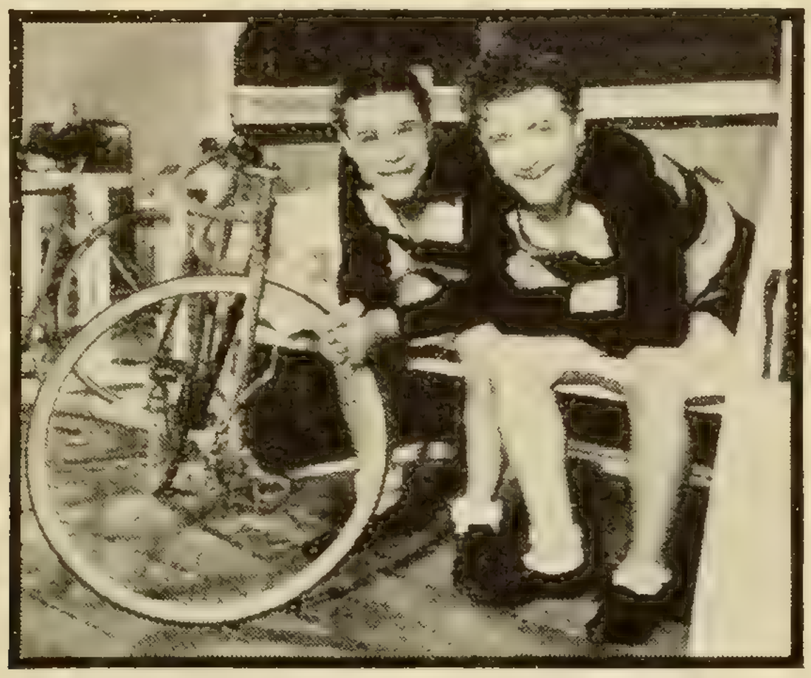
WITH three days left in which to solve the six-months-old mystery, Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) joins a party at Alan Mowbray's country place to help save Drue Leyton's brother from execution for a murder he did not commit. For movie-goers who like to solve the mystery before the detective exposes it, this will prove the most baffling of the *Charlie Chan* plots. Oland and Mowbray excellent.

BY YOUR LEAVE— RKO-Radio

HERE is a gilt-edged guarantee of abundant chuckles. As the husband in his forties, seeking by a week of wild oat sowing to re-charge his ego, Frank Morgan gives the most completely inspired portrait yet of that pathetic creature—a man who wants to be naughty, but who has forgotten how. Genevieve Tobin, Margaret Hamilton, Neil Hamilton, Gene Lockhart are in top form. But Morgan is the picture.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National



ALTHOUGH cast in the standard Joe E. Brown plot mold, this has a thrilling bicycle race and some good gags to recommend it. Joe E. is some pumpkins on a bike. And when city slicker Gordon Westcott steals his girl, played by Maxine Doyle, Joe E. goes into the big race where he pedals to victory over his rival and to bliss with Maxine. Frank McHugh in good support.

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British

THIS colorful British-made film, based on the familiar yarn about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, will prove thoroughly entertaining to all those who have enjoyed Arabian Nights tales. Fritz Kortner, star of German stage and screen, and Anna May Wong excellent in principal rôles. As *Ali Baba*, George Robey does grand comedy job. John Garrick, Pearl Argyle lend a nice romantic touch.

LOVE TIME—Fox

PARTLY a romantic musical and partly a modern comedy, done in costume. The struggles of *Franz Schubert* (Nils Asther), his love for a princess (Pat Paterson) and the efforts of her father (Henry B. Walthall) to separate them, end in triumph for their love and *Schubert's* recognition as a composer. Asther's sincerity is gratifying. Some lovely scenes and unforgettable music.

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal

AS a kleptomaniac, pretty Binnie Barnes goes about gathering diamonds while she may. The trail eventually leads to Neil Hamilton who proceeds to reform the lady, and the two fall in love. The obvious striving for subtle suavity, however, robs the story of much of its charm. Paul Cavanagh turns in his usual polished performance. Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell, provide the laughs.

MENACE—Paramount

A MYSTERY that keeps you mystified until the last gasp. Motivation is weak, but after things get under way, you forget what started the whole business. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. On the destined night melodrama happens thick and fast. Raymond Milland dies much too soon. Henrietta Crosman, Halliwell Hobbes.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio

AS a sensitive eleven-year-old victim of divorce, Frankie Thomas gives a moving performance. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley do not comprehend the wrong they are doing their son in divorcing. The mother marries again and the father is about to re-marry, too. But he realizes the unhappiness of his son in time. A strong preachment against divorce.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 124]

Two Thousand Russians Can't Be Wrong

But they can be lots of trouble on location in an American-made movie

Jimmy Savo, clown of "Laugh Little Clown," who made things worse by yelling "Watch your steppe" at the harassed directors

What, no *borscht?* Red hot rebellion surged deep in the hearts of the Russians. One more day of American cheese sandwiches and a revolution could not have been averted

MacArthur (left) and Ben Hecht with false beards they wore on location in a futile attempt to disguise themselves

TWO thousand Russians opened their cardboard lunch-boxes and stared at American cheese sandwiches. What, no *borscht?* Not even a small cabbage!

From the tallest Cossack, on through the seventeen wrestlers, the more than a thousand adults, down to the tiniest of the six hundred children, rebellion—deep red rebellion—surged. They didn't mind helping these funny Americans make a Russian picture. Even if it did have a silly name like "Laugh Little Clown." They didn't mind leaving the city and living for a while in the little hotels around Tuxedo, New York. Out on location the scenery was fine, the air fresh; and seven-fifty a day for standing around in Russian smocks and fur caps was good pay. But every noon, American cheese sandwiches and cakes with pink icing—bah! It smelled of capitalism!

"I bet you Mr. Hecht—he has *borscht!* Big shot!" The ex-revolutionist drew a large knife from his pocket and halved his sandwich with murder in his eye.

"And MacArthur—*borscht*, and maybe even a little *vodka!* Big shot!" Another ex-revolutionist added fuel to the fire.

"Yes, and Jimmy Savo—big big shot! Betcha he get a dish of *kasha*—"

"*Owie!*" The cry rose among the Russians—a hungry cry, an angry wail.

"Quiet, please," a young man sitting under a tree called in a tired voice. He was clean shaven, blond of hair, blue of eye, meek of spirit. Yet, he wasn't eating his American cheese sandwich, either.

I went over and sat down by him. "Why don't you eat? You don't look like a *borscht*-loving Russian."

"Too tired to eat. I've nothing to do with *borscht*. I'm the man who hollers [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

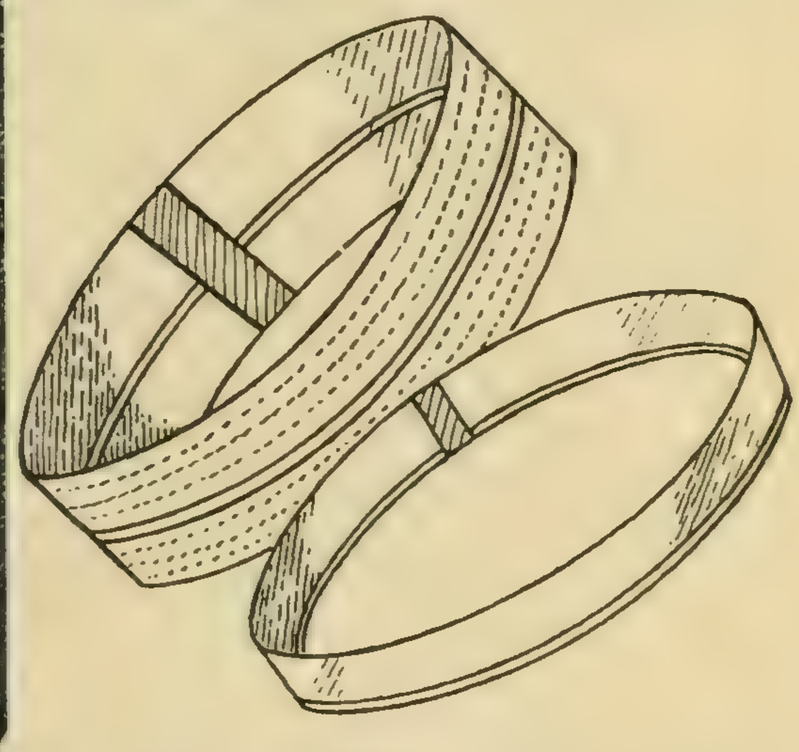
By Mildred Mastin

bit" parts that steal the show!

ANNA STEN'S beauty is given an admirable foil in this dashing cushioned brim black felt beret. Anna, appearing in "We Live Again," wears this with her sables and a smart black velvet afternoon suit

ALL eyes at a recent party were held by Marlene Dietrich's name printed in the corners of her handkerchief

HOBNAIL eyelet mirrors set in clusters form this striking necklace of Dolores Del Rio's. Dolores wears it against black velvet to give it a dramatic setting. Note the new length



THESE aren't bracelets for your arms, but for your legs! In fact, the very newest in flat round garters such as Hollywood stars sponsor

CLIP bracelets are the newest jewelry gadgets to play important accessory rôles. Hollywood wears them in pairs, clipped to the sleeves as shown

ANOTHER Sten chapeau that revives a romantic interest in headgear. The three birds have graceful tails that droop over the edge of the brim. This brim turns up at back with irregularly peaked crown

GLEAMING EVENING FABRICS

TRAVIS BANTON has worked out his pet fashion theories in this beautiful evening gown which he has designed for Elissa Landi to wear in "Enter Madame." Bluish-purple cast silver lamé is the fabric fashioned into jutting lines of elongated peplum, sweeping train and chic high-cut bodice effect. Elissa's neckline emphasizes the new lower front décolletage

AGAIN lamé, this time handled expertly by Kalloch in a gown worn by Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." This lamé glistens like water on metal and is a blackish-gold hue. The deep square decolletage, the high bodice and the slim tunic over a full underskirt are the important fashion points. Note the lack of adornment even in the jewelry

— Seymour

EVERYONE is awaiting breathlessly Gloria Swanson's return to the screen in "Music in the Air." Gloria's famous flair for clothes is typified in this dinner costume designed by Hubert. Bugle beads on crêpe in fluid lines, and the sleeves cut with great originality

THE SCREEN REFLECTS DAYTIME SIMPLICITY

HERE you see Carole Lombard literally snipped from a scene of "Part Time Lady" in order to give you a preview of the attractive daytime dress she wears in this scene with May Robson. The sketch at right shows you the important details. Three circular collars of ribbed crêpe are held by an unusual silver shell pin. The sleeves attached to a deep yoke billow into fullness at the elbows over a tight cuff of the ribbed crêpe. Kalloch has achieved a low-waisted feeling by the repetition of the yoke detail below the normal waistline and with the fabric buttons used so adroitly on either side of it

— Seymour

RIBBED copper colored satin for this two-piece costume which Karen Morley wears in "Wednesday's Child." Plunkett uses a draped neckline fastening with buttons on the shoulder and gives the sleeves fullness just above the wrist. Karen's beret is of the same material with a gay front feather

NOT only Elissa Landi's costumes but those of Sharon Lynne in "Enter Madame" are exciting. This street dress, at left, again shows Banton's preference for the animated silhouette. Although the tunic is only slightly flared, the leopard collar gives the jutting out effect which this designer is using repeatedly

DINNER DATES

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour

YOU can wear Claire Trevor's smart costume for any "after five" dates that do not demand formal evening dress. Claire wears it in "Elinor Norton" and it has been designed by Hubert in wine-red satin. The slender satin skirt has side slits and a top of metal striped satin. The short sleeved tuxedo jacket ties instead of usual buttoning

LACE takes its place in fashion this Winter as trimming for the more formal afternoon and dinner costumes. In "Menace," Gertrude Michael wears this black dinner dress, the yoke of which is composed entirely of a fine black lace. Aside from this yoke, the gown is simple, with a three-quarter jacket also trimmed in the black lace

Irving Lippman

HORSES and romance set a hot pace throughout Columbia's "Broadway Bill," with handsome Warner Baxter and the ever more appealing Myrna Loy. *Broadway Bill* is the name of a speedy nag with whom Warner and Myrna are very much concerned. Director is Columbia's ace, Frank Capra, responsible for "It Happened One Night"

Bredell

THE further she has advanced, the more her blood has warmed to the ancient philosophy of China, says Anna May Wong. Anna was born in Los Angeles of Chinese parentage, boosted along in pictures by Douglas Fairbanks, acclaimed in Berlin, lionized by England's aristocracy, and now is back in Hollywood, making "Limehouse Nights"

The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

Is this why Maurice, once the gayest man in Hollywood, is now cloaked in sorrow?

By Julie Lang Hunt

The above photo of Maurice was taken shortly before his latest trip abroad. It is the face of the new Chevalier, sad, showing the marks of suffering. On the left is Maurice as he appears in "The Merry Widow," with Jeanette MacDonald, wearing his famous smile, dancing happily, because, as an actor, he knows the show must go on, regardless

IF, in 1929, you had asked me to name the happiest man in Hollywood, I would have answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Maurice Chevalier."

But, before his recent trip abroad, if you had wondered who was the unhappiest man in the film colony, I would have pointed once more, without a moment's hesitation, to Maurice Chevalier.

When Chevalier arrived from Paris, almost six years ago, with his petite Yvonne and an accent that worked like magic on the American public, Hollywood surrendered to his sorcery without a struggle.

Calloused newspaper women left Chevalier interviews mincing like coquettes, and the wittiest reporters forgot their wise-cracks when they columnized the Frenchman.

To the Paramount press department he was a reward from heaven. He nodded an enchanting "Yes" to unending demands for publicity stills, interviews, benefit performances, convention lunches, official dinners, corner-stone layings, and boat christenings.

A moment's visit to his studio dressing-room could jerk an entire day out of the doldrums.

A pleasant "Come in, come in," always greeted my knock at the door. He never failed to jump to his feet and pull up a chair.

"Sit down, sit down. How are you? You look well. A cigarette? A new frock, no? It's blue. I love blue. And now you want more of those interviews, is it not?" And on he talked, with his bewitching charm.

Then suddenly the original, ebullient Chevalier who could, with a wink and a smile, pick you out of the dumps and set you on a golden cloud, disappeared in an eclipse.

The beginning of what later proved to be Hollywood's most astonishing metamorphosis occurred during the filming of "Playboy of Paris," in 1930.

Mrs. Chevalier, née Yvonne Vallee, dainty, brunette and delightful, was given the feminine lead opposite her husband in the French version of the picture.

The first sign of irritability between them amazed the rest of the cast. As long days of tedious work went on, the irritability, the futile little scenes of exasperation and bickering between them increased.

We couldn't believe it. She had been so sweet, had worked so hard for him. He had been so considerate, so tender with her. She had run his home with a loving concentration that only Continental women seem to possess—ordering his favorite foods, packing his clothes to and from the tailor's, carrying elaborate lunches to the studio [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

"Anthony Adverse"

Many, many thousands suggested casts for the great Warner Bros. film venture. Here are the 157 winners!

FROM tens of thousands of entries, the hard-pressed judges finally have chosen the one hundred and fifty-seven winners of PHOTOPLAY'S "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest. And so comes to a thrilling climax the most extensive, most intensely interesting, and in all ways the greatest contest ever built around the production of a motion picture by this or any other publication.

So get ready, you lucky first prize winners, to go riding in your brand new Ford V-8's! And you, Mrs. Blackmore, won't you be pleased with your $700.00 Tecla pearl necklace? By the time the world reads this announcement, ten contestants will be telling the neighbors back home about their airplane trips (via United Air Lines) to the Chicago World's Fair! And one hundred and eleven other fortunate folk will soon be jingling some part of the $1,000.00 prize money in their pockets, or sporting the lovely gowns reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., from the famed Orry-Kelly's designs for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, or flashing a year's supply of exquisite Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings, or gazing at their prize-winning smiles in those nifty Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors!

Presentation of the prizes will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the winners are residents, on or soon after November 2. However, because of the October 31 closing date of A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, it was necessary to personally notify the winners of the trips to the Fair as soon as possible after the judges had completed their work. The United Air Lines donated the ten round-trip plane tickets, and the luxurious Drake Hotel in Chicago provided guest privileges for one week.

Cast selections poured in from the far reaches of the globe. It was a gigantic task braved by the judges, who were: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the novel, "Anthony Adverse," John Farrar, and Hervey Allen, author of the book; and, representing the Postal Telegraph Company, W. C. Daviet, vice-president. They were indefatigable in their labors.

The winners were ranked according to the similarity of their casts to the cast in the box above, which is the tentative selection of players made by Warner Bros. Pictures for their ambitious screen version of "Anthony Adverse," *and* on the strength of the contestants' explanations (up to fifty words) of why they wished to see a particular star in the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse.*

The cast selections were submitted on ballots printed in three issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine (August, September, and October), and distributed by the Postal Telegraph Company, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prizes, and book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse." Postal Telegraph, through the company's far-flung facilities, also assisted in collection of the ballots.

Although the prizes offered in the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest are superb in quality and represent the tremendous total of $10,000.00, the absorbing nature of the contest itself unquestionably had much to do with the staggering deluge of entries.

"Anthony Adverse" was read by more than two million people in the first year of its publication. The contest again boomed the sales of the book to an amazing extent. It is one of the finest works of romantic fiction of all ages, and promises to make one of the greatest pictures ever filmed — very likely *the* greatest. Due to the immensity of the novel, preparing the screen story was a huge undertaking, but Warner Bros. Pictures have achieved that. The story was *there.*

Hervey Allen himself determined the twelve characters of his book who will figure most prominently in the picturization, and these were the ones that appeared on the ballot. The venture has enlisted the attention of intellectuals, casual readers, and movie-goers everywhere.

It became apparent early in the count that Leslie Howard had a widespread and most enthusiastic army of supporters who wanted to see him in the title rôle, and his total vote was highly flattering. Likewise Edward G. Robinson had strong backing for the part of *Napoleon* from the very outset. Incidentally, Robinson has long cherished the hope of appearing as *Napoleon* on the screen. In some instances, the voting for different players favored for a particular rôle was so close, right up to the end of the count, as to have all the exciting aspects of a political election. All in all, the results of the contest are most gratifying to every individual and company concerned. PHOTOPLAY appreciates the cooperation.

The Cast tentatively selected by Warner Bros. Pictures

(Subject to change if production conditions warrant)

Anthony Adverse	Leslie Howard
Napoleon Bonaparte	Edward G. Robinson
Carlo Cibo	Robert Barrat
Brother Francois	Warren William
Angela Guessippi	Bette Davis
Vincent Nolte	George Brent
Neleta	Ann Dvorak
G. J. Ouvrard	Ricardo Cortez
Senorita Dolores	Kay Francis
John Bonnyfeather	Guy Kibbee
Faith Paleologus	Aline MacMahon
Don Luis	Henry O'Neill

Contest Winners!

$10,000.00 In Prizes Awarded for Cast Selections

Once more it might be well to point out that each of the first five prize winners may choose from any of five models of the new Ford V-8 motor car. They are the De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. You can't go wrong on any of them!

Also, winners of the twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings, should remember this: While they will get forty pairs, they may order a part of the wardrobe each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades!

The other prize articles were described in such detail in past issues of PHOTOPLAY that little more need be said of them here. They are numerous and of the very best quality.

First Five Prize Winners
A Ford V-8 Motor Car to each!

Raymond P. Weyer
69 Bell St.,
Belleville, N. J.

Morris H. Switzer
25 W. 43rd St.,
New York City

Miss Elsa Koestler
571 Grand Ave.,
Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Wm. E. Buchanan
28 Bellaire Ct.,
Appleton, Wis.

Miss M. Borden
1761 55th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The world-wide reputation of Tecla pearls speaks for them, and the $700.00 pearl necklace offered as sixth prize, is one of the most exquisite products of this celebrated house.

Orry-Kelly's designs for the beautiful stars of Warner Bros. Pictures have lifted him to the pinnacle of his profession. The reproductions of his gowns by Studio Styles, Inc., are faithful and stunning.

The hundred Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors are awards of distinction and high merit.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the winners and hopes that those who failed to receive an award will have better luck in our next contest.

(Note: If production conditions warrant changes in the cast selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, that will not affect prize awards.

Additional Prize Winners

$700.00 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE

MRS. F. S. BLACKMORE
1008 Akron Savings & Loan Bldg., Akron, O.

$300.00 IN CASH

HELEN FRIEDEBERG
525 West End Ave., New York City

10 AIRPLANE TRIPS TO WORLD'S FAIR

MRS. ELECTA MARX
3309 St. Joe Ave., St. Joe, Mo.

PEARL L. SHORE
575 Faller Ave., San Jose, Calif.

JAMES GARFIELD SEGINO
5044 Erringer Pl., Philadelphia, Penna.

DORA C. MILLER
1540 N. Alden St., Philadelphia, Penna.

SHIRLEY GALLUB
118 W. 79th St., New York City

MAUDE VAUPEL
54 Richardson Rd., Belmont, Mass.

BESSIE E. DAVID
Box 54, Wakefield, Mass.

MRS. FORREST H. WITMEYER
2968 E. 132nd St., Cleveland, O.

MATTHEW FARDELLA
752 Main St., Paterson, N. J.

MRS. A. J. SIMON
4127 E. Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

$200.00 IN CASH

B. H. LORENTZ
305 Y. M. C. A., Superior, Wis.

$125.00 IN CASH

MIRIAM LOIS MCAREE
885 Gladstone Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SIX ORRY-KELLY GOWNS

M. C. MORRISON
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

MRS. L. E. SMITH
676 Jordan, Shreveport, La.

WALTER HENRY LUNDY
729 Chestnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

VALVERA MOORE HAMPTON
Box 622, Clarksville, Tex.

E. M. HARVEY
501 43rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

MRS. ROY L. WESTGATE
732 Gunderson Ave., Oak Park, Ill

$75.00 IN CASH

MRS. HODGE LARMON DOLLE
6814 S. State St., Westerville, O.

$50.00 IN CASH

MRS. PHILIP J. ALBERT
Box 5, West Sandlake, N. Y.

20 HOSIERY WARDROBES

MRS. HOLLYS MCMILLAN
Oakdale, Calif.

PHILIP K. BERGNER
High School, East Liverpool, O.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

The Perfect Model *For Your* Figure

By Sylvia

Would you have alluring shoulders? Then let Norma Shearer's be your ideal. Sylvia includes her shoulders in composing the perfect model, and teaches you how to gain this charm

NOW here is something for you girls who want the form divine! The flawless features of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood are assembled by Madame Sylvia, into a hypothetical woman who must stand as the paragon of loveliness. To match her should be your goal!

WELL, darlings, I had to do it. You girls have demanded it. Hundreds of your letters have told me that you want an ideal to work toward, that you must have a goal. You have asked me to pick the Hollywood stars who have perfect figures, to set a standard. Okay, I'm willing. I'm going to give you an ideal.

So few figures are perfect and my eye is so critical that I can rarely point to one star's figure and say, "Look! That's it!" But what I can do is to take a group of stars and pick the perfect feature of each figure. That's better, anyhow. Then you'll have a real ideal. And you know me well enough by now to realize that when I say a thing is good, it has *got* to be good!

Criticism is my job. Looking for figure flaws is what I've de-

For an exquisite throat, look at Grace Moore's. Such symmetry—and just see the carriage of her head! Why not the same for you?

Women everywhere are profiting by Sylvia's personal answer department. See Page 100

voted my life to doing. Maybe you think I've been rough on the stars—pointing out their defects as I've done. Maybe they think I've been rough. I've had to be. If I didn't tell the stars of Hollywood, and you, what is wrong with them, I wouldn't be true to myself, and—what's more important—I wouldn't be true to them or to you.

Their livelihood depends upon their looks. Nothing breaks a Hollywood contract so quickly as *fat*, and the stars are so used to their own figures and are flattered so much that they don't see those pounds creeping up on them. But I see them, and feel it my duty to warn them. The producers thank me, for many times expensive retakes are necessary because the star doesn't look right. All I'm trying to do is to save those girls' careers.

Women who are trying to be beautiful sometimes need discipline. Often they hate the truth. They love flattery. Well, I can't flatter. My name wouldn't be Sylvia if I could. And I've been like a mother to the stars. I've disciplined them, and *how* Mama Sylvia spanks! Boy, do my spankings take off flesh! Just ask the stars I've treated.

I'm not afraid to tell anybody what's wrong with a figure. Nobody can hide an ounce of surplus flesh from me. That's why I've written as I have. But I'm just as willing to say "That's swell" when I see a beautiful line. You girls throughout the country deserve knowing what my standard is.

I've seen dozens of movies recently. I've looked over thousands of stills. I've watched the stars personally. I'm ready now to give you an authoritative ideal, so that you can work toward it.

Give your figure the once over. Find its imperfections just as I would do if I could see you. Make up your mind that you're going to be beautiful—and then get to work. If you have too much flesh and muscle, remove it. If your bone structure is wrong, hide it. It can be done. Don't be satisfied with yourself. Pretend that you are dependent upon your looks for your living. But take it from me, there is no such thing as easy reducing. Health and youthful happiness are free to everybody. But you've got to work for them. God gave you intelligence. Now use it.

I tell the stars what's wrong with them because their figure faults would never be corrected unless they were pointed out. I'm honest and sincere. Sometimes they get sore, but it doesn't worry me because I know I'm being truthful. Now you must be honest and sincere with yourself. Give yourself a lecture. Then hop to it and make your body measure up to the standards I'm going to give you. For here, babies, are the perfections of the stars, discovered by probably the most critical beauty eye in America.

Grace Moore's throat. It's gorgeous! In perfect proportion, softly rounding, fairly long. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The contours of Jean Harlow are celebrated the world over. And Sylvia, of all Jean's features, is of the opinion that her bust is the most perfect. In this article you will find advice to guide you in achieving shapeliness like this

Sylvia

GLORIFYING YOURSELF

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

I THINK every girl would like to be glorified. By glorified, I mean having her appeal, personality and beauty magnified. The screen is a potent lesson in glorification, if you have had the opportunity to study before and after photographs of your favorite stars.

Most of us are inclined to think that this glorification, or enhancing of yourself, is a magic wand wielded only by screen and theatrical producers. Of course, these magnates do a magnificent job, but why limit this glorification process? Why can't we all play at it, if only in an amateur way? I can assure you that the rewards are rich, that it is the strongest tonic on earth for your general well-being.

Where to begin? First, with yourself, your disposition, your temperament or whatever you want to call it. That doesn't sound interesting? Not at first, maybe, but after you've been at it awhile, you will find it a most intriguing business, for results come soon and surely. Getting to know yourself is a hard business. Many of us skip through life knowing all about everybody else but ourselves. But you must know yourself, absolutely, if you want to know where to cut down, where to build up that more charming person, to which we might all well aspire.

There are two important personality angles calculated to take many girls over the hurdles of life—graciousness and humor. And it is not at all impossible to draw both out of yourself. Graciousness is a social acquisition and you will develop it, first, by self-control, and second, by learning the right act, word or manner for the right occasion. You need keen observation for this, and it is an essential step for every girl who would like to grow.

But self-enhancement does not stop with personality. It goes on to personal appearance. It touches your figure, face, hair, in fact, every part of you. For figure, I refer you to Sylvia. She will take care of that for you. For face and hair, you must do the work unless you are fortunate enough to be able to put yourself in the hands of a real beauty artiste. Even then, you must still contribute your ideas and imagination.

Your work on face and hair must consist first of a thorough eye study. The way to do this is to study yourself in a mirror, as if you were a strange person. This deep, keen observation may show that you have lovely eyes, not much of a nose and a passable mouth. Then you must do everything to emphasize those eyes, both by daily care and the right make-up accent, subtly

Notice the popular influence of the "Little Women" bangs. Miriam's hair is curled tightly, then combed loosely for a fluffy effect. Coiffure requires little dressing and is good for formal or informal wear. One of the best all-timers we've seen this season. Suggested for young and older

Mel Berns glorified Miriam Hopkins' natural curls with this Duchess Bob, as appropriate for "The Richest Girl in the World." Those soft back curls accommodate high crowned hats, shallow crowns, tricorne or beret with welcome ease and chic, and most becomingly, we assure you

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD

BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

applied. You must forget the nose completely, throw it out of your consciousness, if it is not to make you sensitive and unhappy. You must learn to make your mouth pleasant, and this is achieved by avoiding dour, unhappy expressions. If you can say bright, pleasant things, if you can learn to smile like Miriam Hopkins and laugh like Joan Blondell, then any mouth will pass for lovely.

Now hair gets its bit of magic. There are two schools on the hair question. One holds to the idea that once you have developed a characteristic coiffure, you should hold to it, regardless of style. The more modern theory is constant change. This idea gets my vote. I believe that with experimentation come new and delightful things; that many of us, by remaining in a rut, never realize our possibilities. The movie stars work the newer hair theory overtime. They must do this, of course, to adjust themselves to rôles, but we have rôles, too, and they are not always in the same character. A great Hollywood trick is the bang today and none tomorrow. This is very easy if you wear a side part. You comb them out and curl them one day. The next you straighten by dampening and comb them under your wave. There are a dozen and one good hair tricks for every head if you will watch the screen fashions.

When you go to interesting places to dine and dance, the theater and movies, keep your eyes wide open. Watch what interesting people wear, do and say. There is an unmistakable "line" about life. Few of us can afford to miss what the rest of the world is doing, saying and thinking. As strong as I am for individual personality, to live too much within yourself is a mistake. You can always take something desirable from another, mingle it with what you have to contribute, and thereby develop a new trend of thought or action. Giving of yourself, however, is the right road to charm and appeal, but you can give only when you have built up something worth while within. If you want to try out some of these self-enhancement ideas, you may find that your glorification process is not so amateurish, after all.

Beauty, after all, unless it is accompanied by charm, sparkle and courage, is not enough. It may attract but it, alone, will never hold. It will hold that first glance, all right, but for lasting love, affection, friendship, you need much more. So in developing, remember the outward aspect must have its share of attention, but not all. Too many girls go astray on the idea that physical beauty is all they need. Don't!

Claire Trevor's hair creates a golden frame for a single gardenia. Denis Phillips designed this Empress Carlotta coiffure. "Flowers give a more youthful touch than jewels," says Denis. You need youth and a lovely hairline for this exotic arrangement for your grand occasions

When "Here Is My Heart" opens, you will see Kitty Carlisle in this revived hair arrangement, which suggests something interesting to do with those braids you've been wearing in the coronet fashion. Single side wave and braided coils over the ears. A distinctly dramatic accent

SWEETER THAN THE FLOWERS

IF you could go behind the scenes in modern perfume manufacture, you would understand why we can truthfully say that all good fragrances are, indeed, sweeter than the flowers. You would understand also why you pay in dollars for that beautiful bottle of precious perfume. No item of your personal toilette is more laboriously worked over and tested and experimented with than our modern perfumes, and certainly none gives you more pleasure and appeal than the right fragrance.

Hollywood must consume a large proportion of the world's output, because everyone in Hollywood smells simply divine. There, you are always eager to know what the players are using.

Here are the ways in which Hollywood uses perfume and here are some of the choices of the stars.

Janet Gaynor uses both an exotic, and floral and delicate scents, which she applies to the hair and tips of the ears. An atomizer is the right method for perfuming the hair.

For evening, Pat Paterson likes an exotic perfume; for morning and day, a floral odeur. Her method of application is most effective. After her bath, she pours a little on her palms and rubs over her entire body.

Astrid Allwyn has used the same odeur for years, because she likes the idea of personal association. Her choice is a dreamy, synthetic one.

Rosemary Ames, whose name sounds almost like a perfume, thinks that choice depends upon occasion and your escort. Wise girl! She uses it behind her ears and on the hem of her skirt. Try the skirt business. It works beautifully, the fragrance rising from your very steps, as it were.

Exotic scents for night, delicate blends for day is Rochelle Hudson's habit. On wrists, behind the ears and on the hem of skirt for Rochelle, also. Incidentally, Rochelle has one of the most perfect skins in Hollywood, so fine that even the all-seeing eye of the camera cannot detect a flaw.

Norma Shearer's selection of lilac seems perfect for her, doesn't it? If she wears real gardenias, however, she will choose something to harmonize with the flowers.

Irene Dunne uses an orchid perfume, because once upon a time this poignant sweetness helped her overcome a bad case of stage fright.

Loretta Young, as is most fitting, likes a wafty, evanescent odeur. The kind that would have all the appealing youth of Loretta, I think.

Mae West—and is this what you've been waiting for?—likes sweet pea and a rich, drowsy odeur. Mae has a special perfume named after her, you know.

The perfume trick for most of us is to have several bottles, and use them according to occasion, mood and escort, as Rosemary Ames suggests. When your young man likes your gardenia, or whatever you wear, surely you can pay him no more subtle compliment than this impersonal—and yet very personal—thought.

[ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 84]

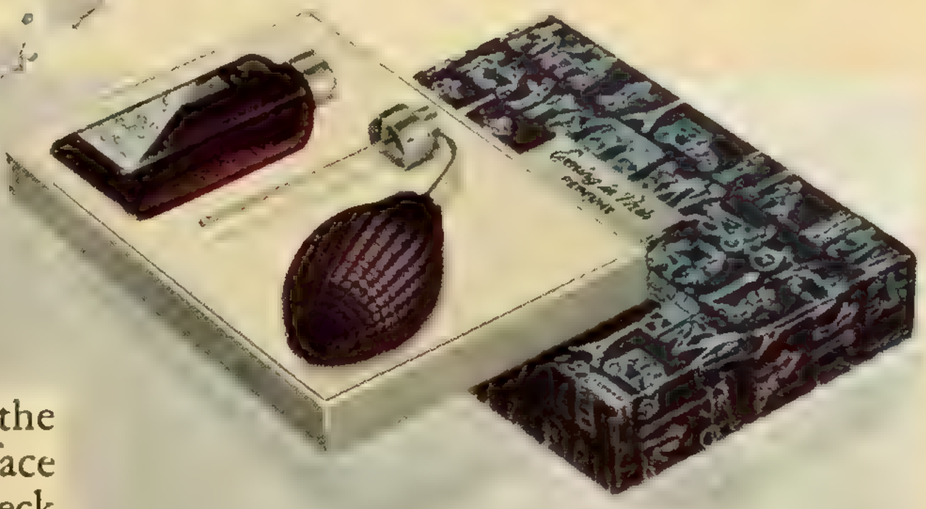
June Clayworth uses perfume directly on her skin, but not on clothing. Her pretty crystal atomizer distributes the perfume thoroughly and economically. The perfume is one of the very latest, a waterlily fragrance

No need for Thelma Todd to tell you of her weakness for perfume. Here is Thelma in her nasal test laboratory, representing hundreds of dollars in rare perfume. Can't you include us all in your testing party, Thelma?

Wise is the giver whose feminine gifts are

EVENING IN PARIS !

This is the Perfume itself, the very spirit of an Evening in Paris translated into glamorous fragrance! In a beautiful bottle and an enticing box, $1.10.



As though the exquisite Evening in Paris Perfume weren't enough, this delicately lovely bottle has an efficient and lasting atomizer top! A charming accessory for a smart dressing table as well as a glorious fragrance! In its gift box, $1.65.

If you're shuddering at all the gift shopping you have to face—here's the easy way out! Check off the feminine names on your list with a set of Evening in Paris! There are twenty-six different sets, each as beautiful as those shown here. You can finish your shopping for the ladies in a few minutes! And if you could step up to toiletry counters about this time of year, and see lovely ladies yearning over the Evening in Paris sets on display, you would see how surely each gift will bring a thrill of special delight! The price range of $1.10 to $20 lets you give a handsome gift, whatever your gift budget!

All the radiance of Evening in Paris glows from this box—and in its satiny interior nestle Evening in Paris Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Compact, Perfume and Lipstick. $5.

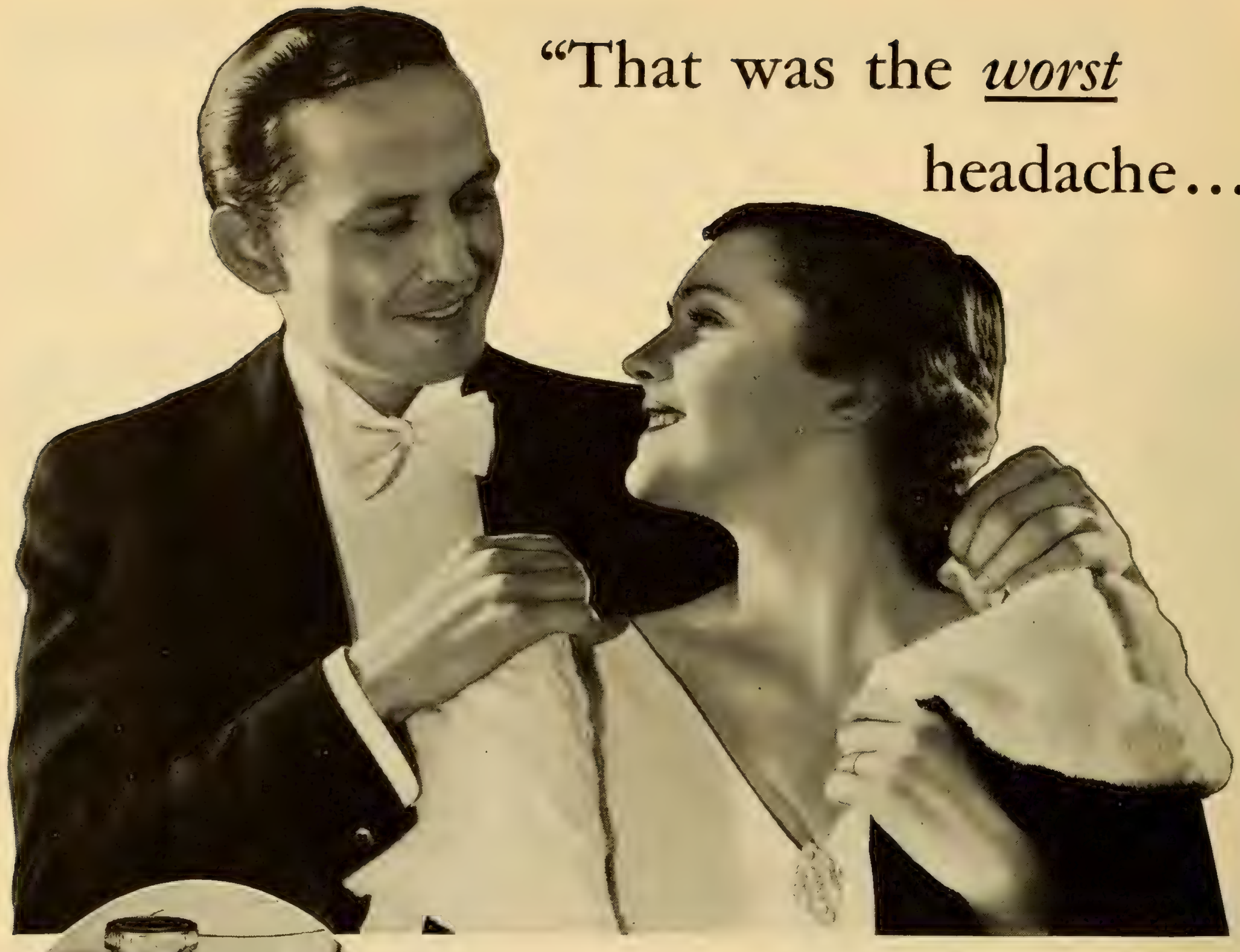
Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder carry glamour and delight wherever they go. Their lovely box prepares the eye for the beauty within. $2.25.

On a luxurious bed of satin, rest the Evening in Paris Talcum, Face Powder, Perfume, Lipstick, Single Compact and Toilet Water. One of the most impressive of all sets. $10.

Scenes of gay Paris on the cover of this delightful box—and inside Evening in Paris Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Perfume. $2.[illegible]

Evening in Paris BY BOURJOIS

"That was the *worst* headache...



... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! *If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"*

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects*.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the *complete* name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30-10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

By Carolyn Van Wyck

AS Christmas looms nearer on the calendar, there are probably plenty of girls who are contemplating a personal portrait as that gift of gifts. And so I write a few words in advance of the holiday with the hope that it may help you to put more into and get more out of that picture than ever before.

For the camera is a surprise story for many of us. I am not talking about the movie camera, but the portrait camera before which we sit with high hopes that it may produce something like us at our best moments. Sometimes the most uninteresting faces make absorbing studies, and again the pretty girl will look very flat. What is the trick?

Part of it is you, the undefinable you that we label with personality, soul and other vague terms. You can mentally help the camera here. Unless we are professionals, posing is a trying business. We are acutely self-conscious. The result is often a set, vacant face, staring in the lens. One way to avoid that is to become mentally alert. Think of something in accord with the expression you wish to portray. If you want a laughing picture—and this is advisable for very few—think of something amusing that has happened to you so that laughter is really in your face. If your wistful face is best, there is plenty to be wistful about for a few minutes. Or, if you want serious, sweet repose, an angle usually appealing to the male, try to really feel that way. Attuning your mind to the expression you wish to convey is one way of getting what is known as soul into a picture.

A GREAT part of your picture success depends upon make-up. Our street or evening touches are not sufficient. The camera requires a different technique. Suppose you have light eyes. Instinctively, almost, we think a black crayon and black mascara are the answer. But that is not so. With the camera, you are dealing in tones, but not the tones of the living; only the shades of black, white and gray. And so, while eyes and lips, above all, will need emphasis, the nuance in shades must be subtle. Otherwise your picture will be harsh and artificial beyond words.

Study the two portraits on this page. Heather Angel's beauty can stand the darker lipstick, the darker eye touches. Elizabeth Allan's ethereal loveliness demands light touches everywhere. Though most good photographers can guide you in your camera make-up, some will take you the way you think you want to be—until you have seen your picture.

For the camera, the face should be powdered lightly and rouge left off the cheeks. The outline of the mouth must be perfect, and a shade used that will blend in with eye make-up and hair. Eye shadow is a great aid before the camera, because it will not show if properly used, and can work all kinds of magic about your eyes. If you are taken with lowered eyes, shadow is especially necessary on the upper lids. It will throw the eyes in a tiny bit, give a very light shading there and add a lustre. If the space between the eye socket and brow is too full, shadow tones down the fullness. The slight change in tone resulting from its use will give the eyes a luminous quality. The eyebrow pencil, too, plays its part. You can always lengthen the outer brow ends just slightly for a better eye frame. Many of the stars do a stunt which is perfect for the camera. Draw a gentle line from eye corner to outer along the upper lid, close to the lashes. When the eyes are opened, this gives the appearance of heavier and darker lashes. Choose the pencil in regard to your lash tone. If you have interesting, strong brows, accent them in this manner. Have your mascara brush almost dry and brush the hairs upward, then smoothing into line. Don't touch the skin, except with a pencil at the outer corner. This will give you that slightly rugged effect you see in Joan Crawford's brows.

One of the best photographers I know refuses to take anyone with a hat on. His reasons are that a hat obscures face and hair and dates your picture too much. It is a good idea to avoid eccentric coiffures for the same reason. After all, a good likeness should last for a number of years.

Necklines are also something to keep in mind. Black and white or shades that photograph in those tones are a good choice, and the line should always be graceful and not too definite in style. A bare throat is much preferable to a high neckline, which often ages and hardens a face in photography. It is also well to avoid showy earrings, for, after all, this picture is to portray you, rather than your wardrobe. If you will keep some of these ideas in mind, you may be rewarded with a masterpiece of yourself.

Both the posing and make-up in this portrait of Heather Angel perfectly emphasize her dark, vivid beauty. The camera then produces a masterpiece in tone shading and shadow

"GIFT PRE VUE," youngest member of our leaflet library, tells you of the things you'd love to give and be given at Christmas. Perfumes, powders, evening bags, manicure sets, compacts. Other leaflets cover general beauty, skin, hair, nails, make-up, etc. Yours for stamped, self-addressed envelope for each. Personal questions answered gladly and promptly. Send your letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

A charming and natural portrait of Elizabeth Allan results from correct make-up. Observe the gentle shading in the eye and mouth accent tones and artistic touches

ONE of the scenes they shot for a new production we'll bet you won't miss seeing. It's "What Every Woman Knows," with Brian Aherne as *John Shand* and Madge Evans as *Lady Sibyl Tenterden.* And this is a unique art spread because nowhere is the star, Helen Hayes, to be seen! Helen played *Maggie Wylie* when "What Every Woman Knows" was a Broadway stage success, eight seasons ago, and she's done it again for M-G-M.

The carpenters nailed the boards from the platform, so nobody could rock the boat. The slightest movement might have thrown the players out of focus, and the splash of water would have been picked up by the micro-

phone, spoiling the take. Gregory La Cava, the sweatered gentleman in the foreground, was waiting to direct the scene.

In this J. M. Barrie story, laid in Scotland, *Maggie's* matrimonial chances seem hopeless (due, she believes, to her lack of charm), until her father and brothers, out of pity for her, contrive her marriage to *John Shand*. Elected to Parliament, *John* becomes infatuated with *Lady Sibyl*. It is *Maggie's* plan to throw them together constantly, convinced that they will sicken of each other. She arranges a sojourn in the country for *John* and *Sibyl*, and so complications pile up at an entertaining pace. Any woman might guess the ending.

Hollywood's New Miracle Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

ing teeth and black, curly hair reveal his Italian origin. That origin was in Palermo, Sicily.

His sixth birthday was spent in the steerage of the ship which brought him with his family to the Land of Promise—a land which Frank made keep its promise.

The family settled in Los Angeles and Frank was sent to grammar school. He and a younger brother used to race out after the last bell and grab up a bundle of newspapers and establish themselves on a down-town street corner.

IT was then his flair for the dramatic and his understanding of the human side of things began to show. When the newspapers didn't go fast enough, Frank and his brother, Tony, put on an act. Frank's idea, of course. Frank would grab his young brother and belabor him, or so it looked to startled passersby, and yell imprecations at him for not selling the papers. The kid brother would yell his lungs out and weep heart-brokenly. Sympathetic clucks came from the kind-hearted public. The poor kid, the tough older brother. The pennies began to fall. In a matter of minutes, Frank and the brother, hand in hand, would dash for home, the pennies in Frank's pocket jingling sweet applause to their act.

But Frank was soon out of that. He ran a paper route of his own, he played a guitar at social affairs, he became a "pipe crawler" for a steel company, he entered California Institute of Technology, with a burning ambition to become an engineer. To do this, he waited on tables, did other odd jobs, the while he edited the school paper. As for his scholastic standng, the end of his freshman year saw him with a five hundred dollar scholarship in his pocket and a round-trip ticket to the leading universities of the country. Included was the magic city of New York.

What he did in New York clearly mirrors his character even then, and his intense zeal to see, learn and know a vital background for the humanness that is in his pictures. In the metropolis, Frank slept on park benches—and with the expense money thus saved, took in symphony concerts, theaters and museums.

With graduation from college came the war, a lieutenancy in the Coast Artillery, and then the restlessness of the slack water period of early post-war days. He found a job tutoring the scion of the wealthy Baldwin family at the famous Baldwin Rancho near Los Angeles. The Baldwin Rancho housed one of the most extensive libraries in California. There Frank Capra spent every leisure hour.

There first crystallized his longing to himself create and tell stories to the world, stories that the world would like to hear—and see.

HOLLYWOOD was the natural step. And to a hostile Hollywood Frank went—a Hollywood which forced him to sing for his supper in cafés and to prune trees in the sun-baked orchards of San Fernando Valley at twenty cents a tree—in order to live during the frequent stretches of empty studio promise.

But Frank Capra learned about making movies from the ground up—as a technical worker, a co-director of screen novelties, a Hal Roach gag man, and finally a comedy director at Mack Sennett's—with varying up-and-down fortunes. Mostly down. When he made a success of Harry Langdon's comedy features, Langdon decided a director wasn't important. (Langdon probably has changed his mind by now.)

It wasn't until Capra had a talk with Harry Cohn, the youthful, vigorous Columbia boss, that he really started going places. Cohn assigned him to an unimportant program picture, titled "That Certain Thing," with Ralph Graves and Viola Dana.

So promising and unusual was the result that Columbia released it with some fanfare—and signed Capra to a long term contract.

He has been there ever since. He directed the most significant picture Columbia had yet made in "Submarine." To him were entrusted the first audible films the studio undertook. He accounted for the success of the Barbara Stanwyck pictures. His "Flight" and "Dirigible" focused even reluctant eyes on Columbia pictures. "American Madness" revealed the dramatic power he could summon, ranking among the best of its year. "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" turned out to be a popular production.

At last came "Lady For a Day," which just missed the Academy Award by a hair—and "It Happened One Night" certainly one of the most popular pictures of this year.

All these at Columbia—which is home, and will be home for a long time to Frank Capra.

Oh, the other studios would like him—*how* they'd like him—and to Hollywood, which often views success in terms of "bigger and better and more super-colossal," it is sometimes a little puzzling why Frank Capra stays on contentedly at his present headquarters.

As Capra himself explains, his position at Columbia, with its privilege of complete freedom of thought and action, is a tremendous factor in his chances for turning out the kind of pictures he wants to turn out.

Which brings us to how Frank Capra works his magic. Frank Capra's pictures ("It Happened One Night" is the best and freshest example) stand out particularly for three things:

A WEALTH of delightful, human incidents. Surprising twists to the story. Natural, easy characters. He couldn't inject these incidents without what Capra calls "a mind that is allowed to function flexibly."

For instance:

"It Happened One Night" was crammed with incidents that made audiences squirm delightedly in their chairs, sent them out into the lobby chuckling to each other about Clark Gable's hitch-hiking thumb-jerk, "The Walls of Jericho," and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

That very human bus sequence grew right on the set.

He recalled his rule:

"A dull scene is just so much footage—"

So, Capra explains: "I had heard a record of 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze.' I thought, maybe some hill-billies would be fun—playing it on their guitars! Well, when they started singing, the tune and the words were so catchy that everyone on the set began singing it, too. Another idea. Why not let the whole bus join in? And that's what finally evolved."

Here is the point Frank Capra made:

"If I had been working at a larger studio, limiting my actions, I would have had to leave the set and run get an okay to hire the hill-billies; run get another okay to hire each extra hill-billy, each extra singer, until I probably would have given up the idea rather than tangle myself up in a maze of red tape.

"At Columbia, I can follow up any inspiration of the moment while the picture is being made without asking anyone except myself—and the opinions of the people who are working with me."

A MAJOR surprise in "It Happened One Night," he considers the appearance of Clark Gable in the type of whimsical, good-natured rôle he had. The part was originally written for Bob Montgomery. Audiences would have expected Bob to be such a fellow, but when they saw Clark doing it, they were surprised—and delighted.

But the surprising story twists—they weren't there at all. "You just thought they were," says Frank.

"Actually, the stories of 'Lady For a Day' and 'It Happened One Night' were pretty obvious, and full of holes. The plots weren't even new.

"So the story developments were disguised by the incidents which took place. Any audience can guess ahead of flat plot scenes. But by entertaining them, making them forget the plot and stick with the characters through a wealth of incident, you bring them to a surprise turn in the story—a pleasing surprise."

Trickery—that's what—but how the public loves to be tricked in the Capra manner!

As for his characters—his actors—how does he get them to turn in, consistently believable performances?

First of all, on a Capra set—the actor—not the play, is the thing. Anything which might detract from the interest in the natural action of the characters is taboo. Trick shots and spectacular photography is eyed askance by this director.

"Will the audience look at the trick business or the actors?" Capra asks himself before he allows mechanical innovation.

He ushered Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Connolly and Jean Parker into the limelight. He restored Gable, Claudette Colbert, May Robson and Nils Asther to high favor. He even tries to keep himself out of it as much as he can. He wants no directorial "style" to show.

"I try to remain just an appreciative audience," he says.

NO wonder actors love to work with him—no commotion, no temperament, no theatricals—but every break in the world. They don't have to press, they can relax. They're never "on the spot."

But Frank Capra, the most valuable, the most widely acclaimed director in Hollywood, strangely enough, is on the spot every time he goes on the set. He's on it right now, making "Broadway Bill."

"I *have* to make them a picture every time I start," he grins.

What he means is that his actors, his crew, his bosses, Columbia's salesmen, a thousand movie theater owners, and a million movie-goers—all Hollywood and all the world—expect every picture bearing the legend, "A Frank Capra Production," to be a world beater.

"My Idea of Extravagance" says Ann Sothern

"is caring for silk things with anything but LUX"

Ann Sothern
charming young Columbia star, adds to her stage and screen laurels in her latest picture, *Georgiana*

"I'M SURE EVERY GIRL loves silk things," says Ann Sothern, "they *feel* so luxurious. But they're really amazingly practical if you give them the right kind of care.

"It seems terribly wasteful to use anything but Lux. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing, make silk fibres lifeless, rob them of the strength and elasticity that make silk durable.

"That's my idea of extravagance. Lux keeps silk so gorgeously new-looking, colors so fresh, I *insist* on it for *all* my washable things. Lingerie, dresses, blouses, stockings, wear and wear with Lux."

▪ ▪ *YOU'LL FIND glamorous silk things a practical economy if you care for them as Ann Sothern does—with Lux. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in clear water is safe in Lux. Its feathery bubbles, so mild and pure, keep silk lovely—like new* longer.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe supervisor

"Lux has proved an invaluable economy in cutting down replacement bills at Columbia," says Janet Henle. "Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments, silk, cotton, wool, and knitted things. It is marvelous to restore their freshness, keep colors bright and fabrics crisp and new-looking. Lux makes stockings wear longer, fit better, too!"

Hollywood Says—don't trust to Luck, TRUST TO LUX

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

One fork for two—and Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett have been married more than a year! They were cooing at the Bath & Tennis Club

VICTOR McLAGLEN hurried onto the stage of the Paramount theater, Hollywood, as master of ceremonies at the premiere of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love." Vic apologized for any delay, and explained he had been rushed at the studio.

"Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, flinging an arm widely, "over here we have—" There was a sharp snap, and Victor jammed his hands into his trouser pockets. Silence fell. Victor suddenly grinned. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he continued, "I am losing my pants."

In his rush from the Columbia studios, Victor had forgotten his galluses. Two chorines had pinned him up with a couple of ribbons, as he thereupon showed the engulfed audience. And the ribbons had let him down, so to speak.

"IRENE," Grace Moore called to her new maid, "please call up my accompanist and ask him if he knows 'Traviata.' If he does, ask him to come over. I want to practice."

When the maid returned, she said, "Yes, he knows the young lady."

"What?" exclaimed Grace.

"That Miss Traviata, and he'll be over right away."

SWINGING from a chandelier for an amusing scene of "The Good Fairy," Margaret Sullavan fell down on the floor of the set and went "Boom." "Maggie" picked herself up and gingerly patted the bruised area—then with that Irish grin of hers she protested.

"There ought to be a law," said Margaret, "that acrobats can't work without nets."

A WARDROBE mistress entering the "Sweet Adeline" set took one look about her and broke into tears. "This beer garden set," she sobbed. "It makes me homesick. It's just like the one across the street from my old home in Brooklyn."

The director went into action. He learned the set was a copy of the place the woman described. So pleased he had authenticity in the set, he handed the woman five dollars.

LEE ROBBIN and Ralph Rainger, ace song-writing combination at Paramount—composers of "Love in Bloom," and other successes—work so closely it's no wonder people sometimes confuse them. For instance, when Leo was congratulated the other day on an approaching blessed event . . . "Sorry," said Leo. "It's my partner—not me. This is one production on which we did not collaborate."

IS young Joel Dee McCrea going to get a lot of attention! He's the first grandchild on either Joel's or Frances' side.

JOE E. BROWN'S little daughter Kathryn sat in her high chair having her lunch when Joe E. burst in.

"Kathryn," he said, "guess who's coming to our house in a few weeks."

"Don't know," Kathryn said, going right on with her lunch.

"Oh, sure you do," her daddy said. "Who comes down the chimney? You know, big and fat and jolly, with a merry round face and—."

"Oh, I know," Kathryn interrupted. "Guy Kibbee."

BING CROSBY tells about the little blonde who was taking a golf lesson the other day. "No, no, use your wooden-headed driver," her instructor shouted. So the little blonde calmly walked over and beckoned to her chauffeur.

IN what looks like a move to bring back the mustache cup, the report comes that fifty per cent of M-G-M's leading men wear mustaches. But, it is stated in the report, only ten per cent know how to wear one!

ONE by one they're coming back.

Now Lloyd Hughes, heartbeat of thousands in the days when he and Mary Astor played romantically on the silent screen, is back in Hollywood. As good looking as ever he plans to re-establish himself in Hollywood with Universal supplying the re-entry rôle in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

IF puns gag you, pass this up. The idea was to think up a proverb with the word "archaic." Ann Harding snapped, "We can't have archaic and eat it, too."

WHEN the entire Polish press called him a renegade, Richard Boleslavsky took it to heart. And now he's Richard Bolcslawski, as he was originally. He had changed the spelling of his name to make it more pronounceable. But by doing so, it became a Russian name. And the Polish are touchily patriotic. It's Richard who directed Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has just been handed one of those exquisite little six-room bungalows on the Fox lot. And the painters are having a grand time fixing everything up in baby blue and pink. "What I like best about it," Shirley says, "are my grand neighbors."

Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers, by the way, are the neighbors.

DOROTHY TREE was one of the brunette beauties of the New York stage. So what happens? So she comes to Hollywood—and has made every picture but two in a blonde wig—and is becoming known as one of Warner's fair-haired beauties.

WHEN Rosco Ates first appeared in the RKO-Radio dining-room, he had the time of his life. The waitresses didn't recognize the famous stuttering comedian, who only stutters on the screen.

A waitress would approach Ates for his order.

"A-a-a-a s-s-st - a - st-a," began Ates.

After five minutes of this the harassed waitress would go to the manager.

"What is it, sir?" the manager would ask.

"Why, all I want is just some steak and a piece of pie. What's wrong?" Ates would say, as the waitress would stand with open mouth and eyes popping.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, leaving for New York. Carole planned a long stay but left in two days

Right in the theatre lobby . . . her handbag drops and the contents scatter about . . .

POCKETBOOK PANIC*

embarrasses

ANNE SHIRLEY

at Hollywood Première

now

this star carries only handbags with the convenient and secure

TALON fastener

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Every detail of a screen star's costume receives careful consideration. Take handbags, for instance. Leading actresses have found that it pays to carry handbags with the Talon Fastener. In other bags, accidents happen. A slip of the hand . . . and contents scatter about! With Talon Fastener security guarding a handbag, it can be depended upon to keep everything snug and safe.

And more . . . handbags with the Talon slide fastener are the leaders in style! For only the best manufacturers equip their handbags with this smooth-operating closing.

You'll find Talon-fastened handbags for all occasions, at the price you prefer to pay, awaiting you in smart shops everywhere.

When you buy, look for the name TALON on the slider. It is your assurance of style and quality, as well as your guide to convenience and security.

Pocketbook Panic** ***is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

Anne Shirley, now appearing in RKO Picture "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA., NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE

Ask The Answer Man

David Holt was a sensation in "You Belong to Me." The youngster is only seven years old, but he seems to know instinctively what to do when he faces a camera. He admits, however, that he can play a scene better if he's promised a new bicycle or some other gift as a reward

DAVID JACK HOLT is Hollywood's newest sensation. His work in "You Belong to Me" is responsible for it. He was having rather a hard time of it until the chance to play in that picture came along. Dickie Moore was all set for the part, but an illness took Dickie out and David was rushed in. After seeing him perform the director had his part enlarged.

Down in Jacksonville, Fla., where he was born, August 14, 1927, David was a seasoned trouper. He made his début at the age of three in a Fashion show. Later his mother took him to New York, then to Hollywood, but could not obtain work for him. They returned home and last year decided to try Hollywood again. In a specially built trailer the family, including mother, dad, sister Betty and David, started West. David secured a few minor parts in such pictures as "Walls of Gold," "Mary Stevens, M. D.," "Sitting Pretty," "She Made Her Bed" and "The Cat's-Paw." Then came his grand performance in "You Belong to Me," which won him a Paramount contract.

David liked the military uniform he wore in the picture so well that he refused to take it off at night. If his mother insisted on it coming off, he would get up in the middle of the night, put it on and then go back to bed. The studio made him a present of it when the picture was finished. He boasts that he is a good fighter, but he has to refrain from this sport to preserve his looks for the camera. He likes picture acting but when he grows up he wants to be an aviator. His sister Betty, aged 3½ is proud of her big brother and hopes that she will be a movie star some day.

LUCY ORR, CHICAGO, ILL.—Here's the information, Lucy, now you settle the argument. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1895. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 184 and has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest pictures are "Stingaree" and "His Greatest Gamble." Next will be "West of the Pecos." Richard has one daughter, Mary Ellen, by his first marriage.

STELLA HAY, MIAMI, FLA.—That lovely scenic notepaper you sent made me long for a vacation in your part of the country. Ho hum! Gene Raymond's latest picture is "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" with Nancy Carroll and Jack Benny. Raul Roulien's latest is "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Clark Gable's busy making "Forsaking All Others," with Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery.

ANNETTE KRAUSE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Gertrude Michael has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is still single. She celebrates her birthday on June 1st.

JULIA DAVIS, FORT RILEY, KAN. — The Elizabeth Allen who is known as Mrs. Robert Montgomery is a non-professional and not the same Elizabeth Allan you saw in "Men in White." The latter is an English actress whose name in private life is Mrs. William J. O'Bryen. She is now making "David Copperfield" at M-G-M. The cast of "The Way of All Flesh" consisted of Emil Jannings, Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver and Donald Keith.

BARBARA CROUNSE, STRAFFORD, PENNA.—Your sister is wrong this time, Barbara. John Beal played the rôle of Bob Montgomery's nephew in "Another Language." Myrna Loy was born August 2, 1905.

ALICE MURDACH, BREMERTON, WASH.—Claude Rains' latest picture is "Crime Without Passion." His next will be "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Joan Bennett will be his leading lady in this.

DORA COHEN, BRONX, N. Y.—Dora here are the birthdates you wanted. Evelyn Venable, October 8, 1913; Tom Brown, January 6, same year; Rochelle Hudson, March 6, 1914; Toby Wing, July 14, 1915; Patricia Ellis, May 20, 1915 and Anita Louise, January 9, 1917.

MARJORIE LITTLE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—The studios evidently didn't realize that you would have to pay extra duty on the letters or they wouldn't have returned them to you. They probably didn't have forwarding addresses for the stars to whom your letters were addressed, hence they got back to you. Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, in 1902. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 182 and has black hair and brown eyes. Played in stock and New York stage productions before going into pictures. His latest picture is "Pursued."

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Spicy Mexican Dishes

Some toothsome, peppery mixtures with which to vary cold weather menus

UPON entering the culinary department of a certain Hollywood household we were met by a grand spicy aroma. Investigation disclosed lovely Raquel Torres preparing a popular dish of her native Mexico.

After sampling it, we decided that Raquel should share with you all her recipes for a few of these hot, full-flavored menu complements.

However well-known some of these dishes may be, often proper directions are not used in their preparation. Raquel gives us authentic measurements and methods, starting with the best known—*Chili Con Carne:* In an iron pan fry 1 chopped onion and 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon olive oil, until transparent. Add 2 pounds round steak, cut for stew, and stir around until brown all over. Add 2 cups of chili Colorado, cover and simmer for 1 hour or until meat is tender. Then stir in 1 tablespoon ground sweet chocolate, 1 slice fried bread pounded fine. Salt to taste, and add enough boiling water to blend nicely, and 1 teaspoonful vinegar. Bring to boil again and serve.

Chili Colorado—Remove seeds and veins from ¼ pound of dry chili peppers and wash well. Then boil for about 10 minutes, drain and rub through colander, adding water to loosen pulp—about a pint in all. Pour this through the peppers again until it is thick as very thick cream. Heat 1 teaspoon of olive oil, fry 1 clove of garlic, skim it out and stir in the pulp. Add 1 teaspoon each of grated sweet chocolate, sugar, vinegar and salt.

Though Raquel Torres serves her favorite foods in sunny California, these Mexican sizzlers are especially appropriate for brisk Fall or Winter days

Frijoles—Soak 1 pint of pink beans overnight, then boil in salted water until tender. While they are cooking, fry 2 onions in bacon fat. Add ½ can of tomatoes, and 7 red chili peppers, cleaned and with veins removed. Boil for few minutes, then scrape off red, jelly-like chili from tough skin. Now add with onions and tomatoes to beans. Let boil several hours, stirring often.

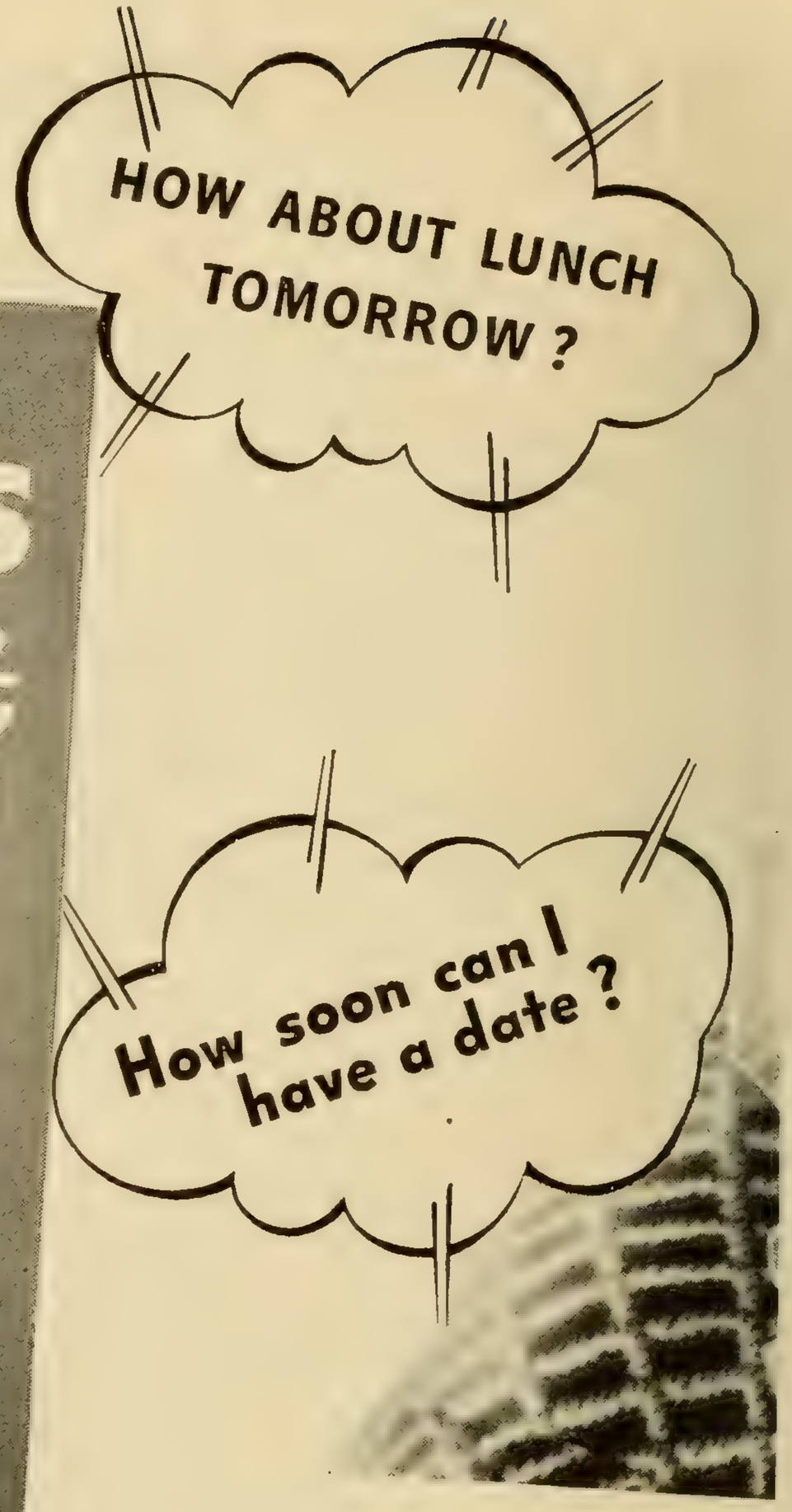
Chili Rellenos Con Queso—Are made by removing veins and seeds from 6 large fresh red peppers, slipping in a thick slice of sharp yellow cheese, dipping pepper in beaten egg and frying in boiling olive oil. When a golden brown, drain and serve with cream sauce.

Mexican String Beans—String, cut up and boil until tender 1 quart of string beans. When done, drain and add 1 tablespoon of butter, some chopped parsley, onion and sweet pepper. Have ready fried some diced bacon, add the juice of 1 sour orange and a little grated nutmeg. Then add this mixture to the beans, pour all into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with paprika and fine bread crumbs and bake until a delicate brown—about 15 minutes.

Tamale Pie—Stir 2 cups cornmeal into 6 cups salt water, and cook 5 minutes. Then place in double boiler and cook 45 minutes more. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil, add 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic, 2 sprigs parsley, and brown. Add 2 pounds round steak in small cubes, and brown. Now add 2 cups strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chili powder, 12 ripe olives, 24 seedless raisins, 1 teaspoon each of salt and chopped parsley. Cook until meat is tender, adding boiling water to make gravy. Line buttered baking dish with ⅔ of mush, brush with melted butter, place meat mixture over it, cover with rest of mush. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Mexican Souffle—Into 1 cup of hot, clear, black coffee, stir 3 tablespoons of creamed butter, with 3 tablespoons of cornstarch and 2 of grated chocolate. Remove from fire and stir slowly into the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, with 1 tablespoon of butter. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake for 25 minutes in pudding dish set in pan of hot water.

Pollo Mole—Boil a chicken, saving a cup of the broth. Fry 3 slices of stale bread, 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon of olive oil until browned. Then pound well with some sesame and a few anise seeds. Soak 3 chili peppers in boiling water until soft, remove seeds and rub through a colander with a little water. Add to other ingredients and place in saucepan with peeled tomato, pinch of cloves, salt and pepper. Now add 1 cup of chicken broth and, when well blended, add boiled chicken, cut in pieces to serve.



She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—— guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

"BELIEVE me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause blemishes, even blackheads. Signs of Cosmetic Skin!

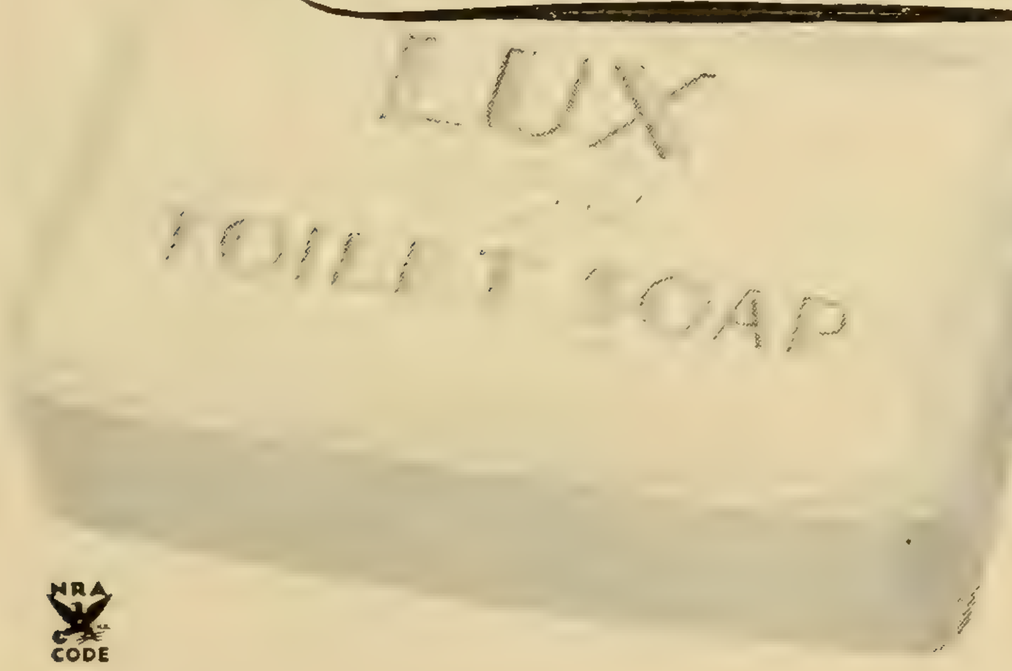
To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' beauty care. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every hidden trace* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin—keeps it lovely!

Where have you been all my life?

I CAN'T TAKE MY **EYES** OFF THAT SKIN OF YOURS

Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use **Lux Toilet Soap** so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin



NRA CODE

MARGARET SULLAVAN

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW"

Let's Go to Tomorrow's Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

their three-color films true opportunity, pictures began to actually live for us.

Why is the music from this film over television different from the music we used to have in our pictures of six years ago (the pictures of 1934)?

Because it is made with different instruments. The proper use of electrical pickup has brought back into use rare instruments that had to be abandoned in the grouping of orchestra pieces. Many a delicate, beautiful instrument was abandoned because it could not hold up against the stronger pieces of the orchestra, or because its music was too soft and of too delicate a timbre to carry to an audience.

A YOUNG sound engineer had a notion that if he could, by proper mixing, make the tick of a watch louder than the report of a pistol, he could also bring back to use in orchestras the most delicate instruments. That is why you can hear the breathing of your characters in a tense scene in these pictures of 1940; why you can hear the fall of rain and the rustle of a bird's wings.

The microphone can pick up sounds absolutely beyond range of the human ear, just as the infra-red rays can pick up light that does not exist for the human eye.

Since the advent of the absolutely silent picture cameras and the constructing of tiny sound sets that do not in any way interfere with the camera, we find that both pictures and sound have improved one hundred per cent.

You may recall that RKO-Radio came out with a small, compact, noiseless camera in 1934—one that did not need a "blimp," or sound-proof box, constructed around it to keep the noise of its mechanism from reaching the sensitive ear of the microphone.

How valuable that camera and the supersensitive film, permitting the making of pictures with half as much light as formerly, were for all types of work, especially for night and animal shots, was understood as early as 1934.

Since that time the speed of the film has been doubled again, just as it was tripled in 1934 as against 1930. And the faster the film, the less light needed—and the less light needed the sharper the focus and the more "pliable" the shadows.

That is why these pictures have an almost "third dimension" aspect.

The real "third dimension" pictures have progressed, but they still have a long way to go before perfection.

EVEN several years before 1940 the big theater owners were planning amusement centers—figuring they would have to do something to offset the pull of the home television set.

They get the identical entertainment that you get over your screen, plus some of their own.

Of course, their pictures are a little better, as television still has difficulties to overcome, just as in 1934 it was balked because it could not develop a speed of more than twenty frames per second while motion pictures were being made at the rate of twenty-four shots per second.

Tonight, at the center we are going to, they are showing by television a popular Broadway legitimate drama and a big motion picture by mechanical projection.

This movie was made in a studio, just as they were made six years ago, and put on film, just as they were then. Then these films are turned over to broadcasting stations for transmission to television sets. Others are shown through regular projection machines in the theaters.

Now we are at the center. There is every conceivable form of entertainment here; swimming, dancing, dining, vaudeville, sports, games, bridge, various types of contests and what-not.

In the theater we are visiting now, they furnish meals and show movies and television. In the two upper levels or balconies you'll find your dining-rooms, with every table overlooking screen and stage. There is also dancing up there—and a mighty attractive bar.

Joan Gardner is featured in the London Film production version of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," starring Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon

The idea is that you can spend an entire evening here—and do anything you can think of doing.

Let's sit down here on the main floor. Just like one of the finer of the old-type movie houses, isn't it? But if you look closely you will see that the screen is tilted to get away from the elongation of figures that always resulted when the projection machine was far back and high up in the theater.

Also, you will notice that the screen is of special construction to eliminate those terrible side angles.

The latest equipment calls for the projection of the picture from behind the screen. That system was coming into vogue at the time sound took hold.

Then the loud speakers were put back there and the projection had to be put up in the roof again, so to speak.

Ah, there's the music. You look surprised. Well, why not?

You are listening to the scientific and sensible projection and distribution of sound now. If the loud speaker were behind that screen, as it used to be, in order to be heard way up there in the dining stalls it would have to be loud enough to blast the top off the head of the fellows down in front.

IN this theater there are about forty-eight different vents from which the sound is distributed.

That is why you can hear instruments you have never heard before—and hear sounds in movies that it would have been utterly impossible to register and project before this system was put into effect.

In the old days they used to build a theater and then jam in the projection box.

Nowadays they build in the sound and projecting machines and then build the theater around them.

I've actually been told that with this device they can register and distribute the sound of the flutter of a butterfly's wings. Could you imagine what that would be like out of a loud speaker they had tuned up to reach the farthest back point in a theater of this size?

There is your picture. You never dreamed of photography like that, did you? Third dimension? Not quite—but proper lighting effects and the use of shadows gives you the illusion.

Why are the pictures so much clearer and more lifelike?

Because of greatly improved cameras, film and lighting, and because of the proper use of color.

There, you can actually see that vein pulsating in Garbo's throat in that close-up, can't you?

And you can hear her breathing.

It's as if she were within a foot of you—you can actually sense her physical closeness. And with that Rose Doree tint and the music from those almost forgotten stringed instruments—

Guess we'd better go back to 1934.

Well, that was just a little glimpse into the future in movies.

But it was not a pipe dream. Every one of those developments has foundation in sound fact and accomplishment.

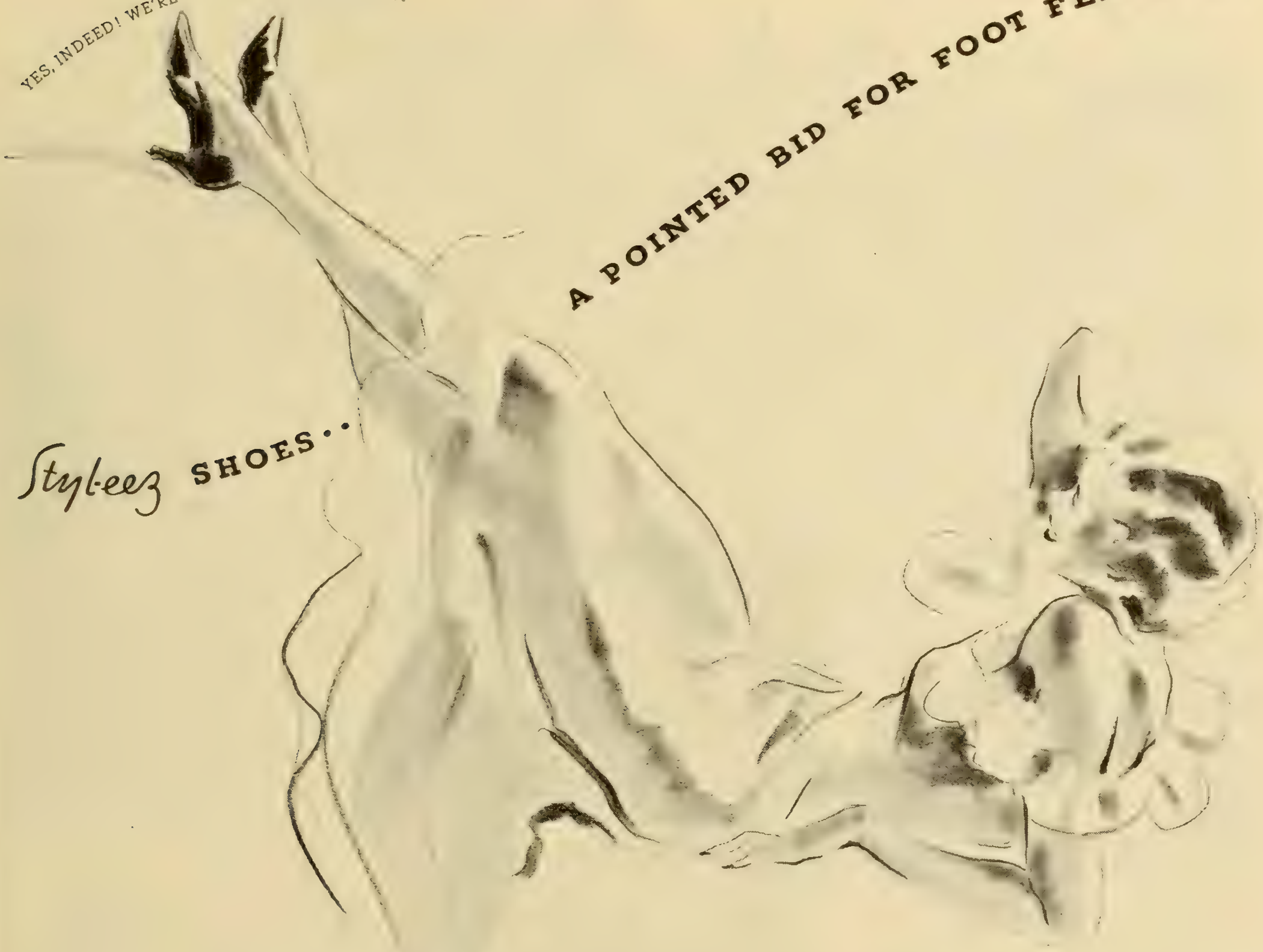
DAYS spent in motion picture studios, executive offices, directors' rooms and laboratories; as well as in broadcasting stations, in film and camera laboratories—where everyone, from corporation heads and technical experts down to cameramen and sound mixers, was interviewed—brought forth the *facts* with which this little visit into the future of ours was painted.

Every incident that colors this imaginary trip into the future is drawn from the pigment of actual accomplishment, and has been suggested by the foremost experts in the line to which it refers.

YES, INDEED! WE'RE IN TIP-TOP FORM TODAY!

A POINTED BID FOR FOOT FLATTERY

Styl-eez SHOES . . .



SLIP your busy young feet into Styl-Eez shoes and join Your Public in excited admiration. Their beauty will delight you . . . each lovely style being designed for the glorification of youthful feet and to be tactfully flattering where nature was thoughtless. And best of all, these modern shoes let you step along with your swain with never a murmured complaint. The exclusive features of Styl-Eez shoes, so cleverly concealed, are your secret protection from tired feet and that inward rotating of the ankle so fatal to a graceful walk. Wear Styl-Eez this busy season for the twin joys of foot beauty and comfort.

"See Your Chiropodist or Orthopedist Regularly"

The "ESTA"

Pin-point perforations backed with contrasting color, stitched eyelets, and super-slim straps are alluring details of this Styl-Eez T-strap

$6 *and* $6.50 . . . *Slightly higher west of Rockies*

Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE

The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet.

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Other Selby Products . . . Arch Preserver and Tru-Poise Shoes
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Send this coupon for Styl-Eez booklet of features and new models

It's All a Little Crazy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

his toupee and Von Sternberg would lose his mind. Which would add spice to the whole thing. Or, for that matter, what's the matter with ZaSu Pitts and Rex, the wild horse? ZaSu could bite Rex in all the close-ups and that would be a surprise for everyone. Even the horse.

And that's what people want. They are tired of the old routines. They want new thrills, and boy! we're giving it to them.

When I first got the idea for all this new casting and recasting, as it were, I raced with the good news to Universal, where they were making "Great Expectations."

"HOLD everything," I screamed. "Stop all production immediately. I've got the very idea if you're going to film a Dickens story. I suggest taking all Dickens stories, both at this studio and others, and combining them into one grand musical spectacle, to be called 'Raising the Dickens.'"

Instead of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler having the leads, however, I suggested that Will Rogers croon the throbbing love songs and break out, every once in a while, into a hot rhumba. People would gather for miles to see Will do a rhumba, I'm positive.

Then, in place of Ruby Keeler, the timid little girl trying to get along, have the backward little beauty turn out to be Louise Fazenda in a pair of satin shorts, tap dancing all over the place.

Nothing wrong with that idea, is there? Would that pack them in or not? And think of the novelty of it!

Take the matter of villains in the movies. I tell you, people don't care what heroine gets herself choked silly these days, because it's always the same people who go about doing the dirt.

The minute the villain pops on the screen, people yawn outright and sigh, "Ho, hum, he's at it again."

Just to knock the audience for a loop, why don't we get a new type of villain and build up the suspense by not letting the menace be glimpsed for the first reel or two? Have the rest of the characters go about, warning the heroine of his dastardly villainy. His horrible cruelty. And then, in the third reel, when the heroine is alone in her penthouse, she hears steps outside the door. She knows it's the villain. The audience knows it's the villain. The heroine awaits her fate worse than death. The suspense builds. And then, the door is flung open and—instead of Ricardo Cortez or Louis Calhern, in walks Joe Penner's duck.

See how it works?

I TELL you, this casting idea is the biggest thing since Kate Smith left town. It will not only revolutionize the industry, but probably paralyze it as well. And save money, at the same time. And here's how the money saving would come in.

Pictures already made and shown, could, with just a few changes in cast, be reissued and make more money than the originals. Take "Cleopatra." This could easily be remade at very little cost, and simply coin money. All the mob scenes, dances, and so forth could be left intact, only Warren William, instead of playing *Caesar*, could very easily, with his cute little skirt and cute little bangs, play the part of *Cleopatra*. Claudette Colbert could take the part of *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon, the *Antony* of the picture, could take the part of the asp. You can't tell me people wouldn't fight to see *Cleopatra* pull Wilcoxon out of her little basket of figs. I tell you, it's colossal! And with a little coaxing, we might even persuade Cecil DeMille, the director, to play the part of the bull and come snorting in with a lot of dancing girls on his back.

Take the *Tarzan* pictures. While Johnny Weissmuller made a gorgeous *Tarzan* with his yelling and howling around, as his perfectly formed body swung from tree to tree, I see no need for M-G-M to go to further expense in making another *Tarzan* epic when nobody would be very much surprised to see Johnny again, anyhow. So why not give everyone a thrill of surprise by giving us another mighty *Tarzan* in Slim Summerville wearing a tiger-skin breech cloth?

Jean Carmen, the only blonde, believe it or not, in the current crop of Wampas Baby Stars. Jean is doing well with RKO-Radio

"Yoo hoo," Slim could yell as he went around, breaking lions' jaws and poking leopards on the nose. Or, if that proved too much for Slim, we could give Maureen O'Sullivan's rôle to Edna May Oliver. One sight of Edna May in a leopard skin and the lions would drop dead of their own accord.

Come on now, confess. Woudn't we all pay big money to see *Tarzan* Slim and Edna May swim gracefully under water for weeks at a time?

Too, this innovation in casting would open up many doors that had been closed to movies before. Take the Mother Goose rhymes, for instance, known and loved by all. In the past, Hollywood has had to pass up these little gems for lack of people to play the parts. Now, with my system, all is changed.

Suppose Fox Studios announced a super-special called "Little Miss Muffet." Naturally, everyone would think he was going to see that cute little Shirley Temple again. But if, instead of Shirley, there would sit Victor McLaglen on his little tuffet, eating his curds and whey—well, can't you just see the cops trying to keep back the mobs trying to get in? And get at Victor?

OF course, if any studio insisted on producing "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," why, that's up to them and they can do their own casting. I know several people who would be marvelous as *Pickled Peppers*, but personally, I feel a man's private life is his own.

So that's out.

Think of the fairy tales that would lend themselves to this new type of casting. Take "Little Red Riding Hood." Naturally, again everyone would have Shirley Temple in mind—or some other little cutie. But, in order to blast the customers right out of their seats, I would have Maxie Baer play the lead, and can't you just see that little face under its red hood?

Charlie Laughton could be the grandmother, both before and after she was eaten, and the Paramount dancing group could be the wood-choppers.

Or take the story of "Sleeping Beauty." A lot of suspense and thrills could be built up around the lovely *Beauty*, sleeping there so still and fragile in her hidden castle. And then, when the *Prince Charming* (Ned Sparks) finally breaks down the door, there lies Polly Moran, not only sleeping, but snoring like a buffalo.

Isn't it marvelous?

Now, just to give the producers the benefit of this new idea of mine, I'm going to write down some suggestions in casting their future pictures. They can take it or leave it.

Picture	Character
"Charlie Chan in London"	Mala, the Eskimo
"Laughing Boy"	Bela Lugosi
"The Little Minister"	Jack Oakie
"The Return of Frankenstein"	Doug Fairbanks,Sr.
"The Return of the Terror"	Gracie Allen
"The Call of the Wild"	Mae West
"Old Folks At Home"	The Crosby Twins
"Casanova, the Great Lover"	Mickey Mouse
"The Five Little Peppers"	The Four Marx Brothers

And now, to clinch all other arguments in favor of this great casting scheme, I wish to stress its usefulness.

IN the coming production of "Samson and Delilah," the casting of this picture could not only be a gem of artistry, but a lasting benefit to all mankind.

We could simply cast Lupe and Johnny for the parts, and Lupe would give Johnny that much needed hair cut and everybody the world over would be relieved.

See how it works?

Why endure needless chafing

WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

—by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting

"If only you could join me in reading the many letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives. No miserable, harsh chafing; no pulling and twisting. Nothing but the gentlest, easiest forget-about-it protection," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" and confidante of a million women on their feminine problems.

Wondersoft just won't chafe!

You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch, Wondersoft Kotex is soft and dry'... and *stays* soft and dry. Yet the surface is left free to take up moisture. No other pad gives this "every minute" comfort and protection.

And it cannot twist!

And no twisting now, thank goodness. Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself *naturally* to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting and at the same time protects you from accidents, by the proper distribution of moisture. That means greater security against soiled lingerie.

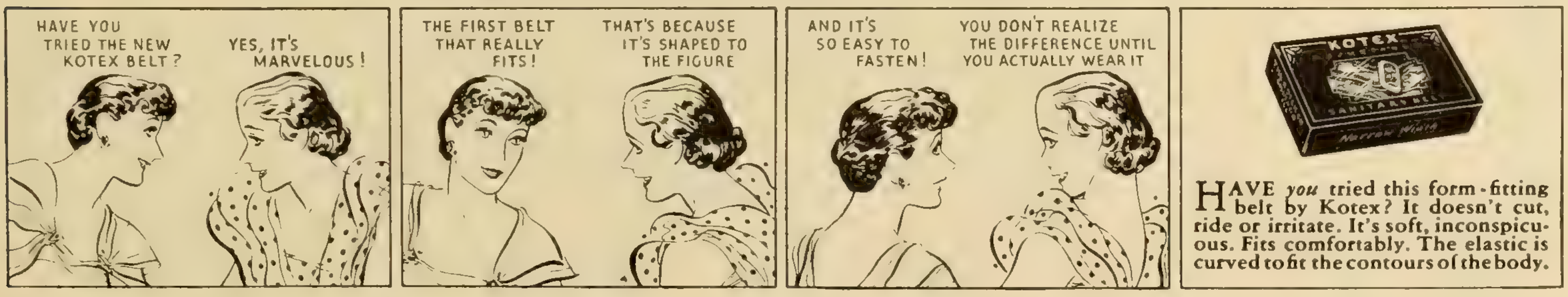
Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. Kotex is the

only pad with all these patented improvements.

Ask for Wondersoft

You'll find even the package, itself, is different. It just doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size—at all dealers. In time of emergency, you will find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort



HAVE *you* tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.

The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

for him, trying in every way to make things pleasant for him. And he had been so grateful, so devoted, and very proud of her. Now the trivial, irksome details of picture-making were destroying the pleasant pattern of the Chevalier marriage!

When the picture was finished, Yvonne went to Paris, alone. Chevalier followed several months later. And divorce headlines blasted all over the country. Maurice, however, denied emphatically all rumors of a divorce. His denials were vehement, almost frantic.

There was nothing to warn me of the change that had taken place in Chevalier the day I walked up to his dressing-room door to welcome him back from Paris. There was no gay "Come in, come in," to my knock. Instead, through the half-open door I saw Chevalier hunched mournfully in a big chair, clad in a favorite blue robe. I walked in and caroled a cheery "Hello! How are you?"

The quiet man in the blue dressing-gown looked at me a moment, then managed a small, sad smile. "Hello—did you want something?"

I stuttered a reply in the negative, and reeled out of the room. The man obviously did not wish to be disturbed. Chevalier—who a few months before had welcomed people in with chatting, charming gaiety!

The press arrived, and left in staggering incredulity. It was plain that Chevalier did not want to be interviewed. Instead of clever witticisms and laughter, reporters were met with monosyllabic statements, feeble attempts at pleasantness, and constant denials of an impending divorce.

"The Smiling Lieutenant" had, it seemed, little song and laughter left. And what he did have, he needed to conserve for the camera. But if his burden of heartbreak was great enough to change his entire personality off the screen, on the screen he broke through it sufficiently to strike up a song and wear the smile that delighted his movie public.

"One Hour With You" was followed by his tremendous success in "Love Me Tonight."

Not a single cheering member of the movie audience sensed that when a tuneful sequence in these pictures was finished, Chevalier walked sadly, silently back to his dressing-room and waited, alone, until he was called for his next scene.

Then suddenly his denials of a divorce ceased, and Chevalier filed a petition, early in 1933, in Paris. Incompatability was mentioned. Emphatically he denied all rumors of other causes. He returned to Paramount to make "A Bedtime Story."

It was while he was working in this picture that a woman scribe, one of his staunchest admirers, came to interview him. She knew him well and advanced smiling, confident the old Chevalier would greet her. A vague nod was his only salutation. The old Maurice hadn't come back. So it went. Everyone was asking —What has happened to Maurice?

About the first explanation advanced was Maurice's war wound. To this day a piece of shrapnel rests in one lung, too near the heart for comfort. And it was known then that the piece of steel had given him much trouble. Doctors shrugged when asked if it might suddenly snuff out his life. Maybe, maybe not, they had said. And that doesn't lead to a peace of mind.

Some said that his fame and fortune in American movies had gone to his head. But it would be a strange man indeed who would grow morose and unhappy because he was successful! Neither could the change have been wrought by mediocre pictures, for he was at his height, with several money-making successes to his credit. There was only one explanation. Undoubtedly the smash-up of his marriage caused his sudden leap from gaiety to sorrow. His romance with Yvonne Vallee, when she was a popular dancer in Paris, came about suddenly and sweepingly, according to the couple's closest friends. That their marriage was, for several years, perfect in its companionship cannot be questioned.

Chevalier is probably one of that rare species, a one-woman man. The ruin of his marriage, I am certain, was too great an emotional blow for Chevalier to stand. For the duration of a single scene before the cameras he could wear a smile and sing a song. But it was apparent that his emotional suffering was too great to maintain the pretense all the time.

The climax to his strange actions came when Chevalier refused, at first, to appear in "The Merry Widow" for M-G-M if his former friend and partner in fame, Ernst Lubitsch, was named director. Neither did he want his former co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, as leading lady. People thought Chevalier mad! "The Love Parade" and several of his subsequent successes were made with Lubitsch directing and Jeanette MacDonald in the feminine lead. Had he forgotten?

The answer is that Chevalier had not forgotten. He probably remembered too well. And therein lies the solution to the incident.

When the famous trio made "The Love Parade," Chevalier was living, ecstatically happy, with his wife. When he was working with Jeanette and Lubitsch on this picture, Yvonne was bringing him carefully prepared lunches; Yvonne was guarding his rest, his peace of mind, his comfort. Love was in bloom. Working with them again would bring a thousand heart-breaking associations, memories, dreams that he had to forget.

However, some persuasive gentlemen in *M-G-M's* front offices finally talked Chevalier into making "The Merry Widow" with Lubitsch at the megaphone and Miss MacDonald as the leading lady.

A friend of mine who worked with Chevalier throughout the long weeks devoted to the filming of the picture reports that for the most part he kept to himself, sad and silent.

When the lights were set and the cameras ready to turn he struggled through the gloom for a moment of laughter, a few seconds of dancing, the chorus of a song. Lately there have been rumors of a romance between Chevalier and Kay Francis. And though both of them deny the rumors, we are crossing our fingers for luck.

For everybody in Hollywood wants to see the old Chevalier—exhilarating, gay, friendly and happy—return.

Nina Mae McKinney, the dusky charmer who stars opposite Paul Robeson in London Film Production's "Congo Raid." It is a film adaptation of a story by the late Edgar Wallace, to be seen over here soon

HELEN VINSON *featured in the Columbia Production* "Broadway Bill"—knows the secret of keeping her lovely figure at its best. Scores of Hollywood's most famous stars insist upon Ry-Krisp with every meal. They've learned that these crisp, delicious whole rye wafers help you to stay slim, because they are filling but not fattening. Try them! They're perfect with any food. They are delightfully different, too, just the thing for the smart hostess to serve.

June In! Mme. **SYLVIA** of Hollywood

World famous authority on the feminine figure—and Hollywood masseuse. Intimate stories about Hollywood—valuable beauty advice. Hear how *you* can win duplicates of gowns worn by famous stars — free. Every Wednesday night — NBC Blue Network, 10:15 Eastern Time, 9:15 Central Time, 8:15 Mountain Time, 7:15 Pacific Coast Time.

What Is This Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

sister. Not this way: "The borsch is very good tonight, and will you prefer the schlaslyk or the beef stragonoff—with clini, perhaps?" No, it wasn't the way of that moment. "Here is your cabbage, Anjuscka Stenski . . . What, you want meat *too?*" Remember that, when your own mind is shattered with indecision between steak or chops . . .

That was in Kiev. Her father, the gay, improvident minstrel, the wandering dancing teacher, had died shortly before. The thwarted actress-ambition of her mother was transferred to Anna—who could dance like a dervish and mimic anyone with sardonic humor. The mother's health improved.

Anna, with her help and encouragement, had made a good start on the stage by the time she was fifteen. Then the Film Academy, and later, work and study with the famous Inkijinoff, in Moscow.

ANOTHER moment that added up the sum—trekking on foot through the deep unbroken snow all the way to the Crimea. There was a glowing opportunity to join a new film company there; no way to go but to walk.

Then France and Berlin. There to meet Dr. Eugene Frenke. They were married in 1930, and Anna became step-mother to Dr. Frenke's ten-year-old daughter. At the time, Anna was twenty.

Then Samuel Goldwyn, America, "Nana"—"Resurrection," retitled "We Live Again."

The Anna Sten who opened to me her dressing-room door on the United Artists' lot was a tall, alive young thing with careless hair and a soft blouse thrust negligently into a pair of old slacks.

She had an incredibly small waist, incredibly large, lighted eyes and she was all woman—even in that get-up.

Anna Sten is the final arrival at simplicity. *Not* naïveté—the simplicity that resolves itself out of all experience. She had gone through so much that she conveys the sense and feeling of a complete evolution in one generation.

It is an intellectual simplicity that all real artists have—a stripping away of non-essentials.

That is what makes her seem childlike to undiscerning persons.

You have the certain impression that here is a woman complete in herself, a rare human, dependent on no one. She is not a carbon-copy of anyone else you have ever known or seen; she arrives at her own conclusions with no assistance. When I talked with her, she was working on the final scenes of the Tolstoi story she has always loved.

"I wanted to do it—to do it *right*—to show the world what it really is, make others feel it as I feel it. I have no criticism for the way it has been done before. But I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh. I feel sometimes that it was written for me."

Probably there has never been such a perfect piece of casting as Anna Sten in this part. Those who were not entirely pleased with "Nana" can be sure, at least, of the *best* Anna Sten in "We Live Again."

The talk turned to Russian art and music through the mention of Sergei Soudekin, who had just done her portrait. She likes best the compositions of Scriabin—"he is my god in music," she said. Scriabin—the most complex and modern of the Russian composers. She did not say Rubinstein or Tschaikovsky or even Moussorgski, as you might have expected from the "elemental peasant" publicity about her. But she must have progressed through all of these to enjoy Scriabin.

It is my impression that she is the true Russian intellectual who belongs to the new era of serious young workers. They do not give their performances in night clubs for the local gentry, they escape having their names bandied by the popular columnists—they live a life of their own and make the rules to fit themselves.

Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Frenke, live their individual lives. Intellectual lives, untouched and untroubled by petty jealousies. Dr. Frenke recently produced and directed a picture, "The Girl in the Case." He is frequently to be seen with the young lady who appeared in his picture. No one can possibly imagine this fact disturbing the composure of Anna Sten.

She is now living in her new house—all windows and gray stone. A house of the most ultra-modern design. Some persons find it interesting, enchanting. Others call it hideous. It wouldn't matter to Anna what anyone else thought about it.

Stories about the enormous build-up she has been given by Samuel Goldwyn have not been exaggerated.

Two instances are the five hundred photographs made by Hurrell—a sitting that required several days.

Hurrell is Hollywood's most distinguished and expensive photographer—he is not making pictures for pennies. And the one song used in "Nana."

The price to Rogers and Hart is said to have been ten thousand dollars. All the other things—the instruction, the tests, the scrapping of the first picture, have become picture history in the most expensive development of a star ever known.

THERE is just one thing Anna will not do—for Goldwyn or anyone. She will not go on a diet. Her figure, soft and rounded, is proof of the fact that she doesn't need to. She has a hearty appetite, she loves plain, wholesome food and lots of it—pork and potatoes and cabbage and bread. No one can take these things away from her, and she will keep her figure with exercise rather than ever give them up.

She says, "Hollywood is the center for work, everyone talks about work, and serious artists no longer dismiss it as superficial—which was once the fashion."

Anna feels a sincere loyalty for her old compatriots in the Russian school, the Film Academy, and proves it by sending back part of her salary to aid the newcomers who are struggling just as she did. She believes workers should help each other—and she doesn't just talk about it. She does it.

She was incorporated in a great literary work by a celebrated writer. Hugh Walpole, in the last of his "Rogue Herries" series, sends his elderly Casanova to a picture where he sees the most divinely beautiful woman in his long life of beautiful women. She is Anna Sten.

You can name her whatever you like—whatever she has conveyed to you, because she *is* what you see in her.

A sleek, well-fed, purring kitten, a broad-faced peasant with the appeal of a Zorn etching, a glamorous worldling, a distinguished woman with a rare mind, a tumbling tomboy in pants...

She is all of them, and she is fresh magic in a dusty world.

John Monk Saunders, screen writer, and his charming wife, Fay Wray, were among the many notables present at the dinner in honor of the noted producer, Max Reinhardt, given by Samuel Goldwyn

"There's the doorbell again"

SUPPOSE daily to your door came the butcher, the grocer, the clothier, the furrier, the furniture man, and every other merchant with whom you deal? What a tedium of doorbell answering that would mean!

It would be even more impractical for you to visit daily all these stores to find out what they have to offer and the price.

And yet you need those merchants' service quite as much as they need your patronage. Contact between seller and consumer is essential in the supplying of human needs. Before a sale can be closed the goods must be offered. Every month, through the advertising columns of this publication, the leading manufacturers of the country come to your home with their choicest wares. Easily, quickly, you get the news of all that is worth while in the market-places of the world.

They are not strangers at the door, but manufacturers you know and trust. You are always surer of high quality and fair price when you buy an article advertised by a reputable firm.

Such Parties!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

THE very next night I was invited to a party given for the world's greatest theatrical genius, Max Reinhardt. It was at the Biltmore Hotel, and swank as anything. It was also Significant. For Mr. Reinhardt was getting ready to produce "Midsummer Night's Dream" in our lovely Hollywood Bowl. I went to the opening, too. I don't have to tell you that just about everybody who is or isn't a Somebody was there.

And now that I've gotten over the dramatics, I must tell you that Eddie Cantor, who has the brand of fun I covet, was at the dinner. He introduced Rubinoff, the gent who plays like a dream on the radio with him, by telling us that Rubinoff started to enter a hotel with his fiddle under his arm and a two-day growth of beard on his face. They wouldn't let him in. "Why," Rubinoff burned, "this is an outrage! I'm the world's greatest violinist!"

"Beg pardon," the doorman apologized hurriedly. "Step right in, Mr. Kreisler!"

Rubinoff laughed harder than anyone. He never knows what palsie-walsie Cantor is going to pull.

PARTY number three. (I've been gadding about something fierce!) This took place at the Players' Club, which means that theatrical people—screen, too—belong. Every so often they honor someone they particularly like. This night it was Pat O'Brien, and the big Irishman broke down and wept like a baby. It was the nicest party! J. C. Flippen was M. C., and Bert Hanlon, Bill Frawley, Solly Violinsky, Willie Collier and "Skins" Miller were some of the great old-timers who paid homage to Pat.

What happened? Well, Walter Catlett did the Floradora Sextette thing. And Jack Oakie applauded so hard he dropped his hat in my lap and never even knew it. Bert Wheeler recited a kid's piece, one of those simply killing kind, and then up popped Jimmy Cagney and hoofed a nifty coupla steps, like he used to do in the old Broadway days.

Angel, it was an evening of rare talent and display of friendship such as money can't buy. And I didn't blame Pat O'Brien one drop for those big Hibernian tears. I wept gently myself.

IF you think you can bear another party, I'll make mention of Joan Crawford's. Y'know, the lovely Joan has done little entertaining since Doug, Jr., departed for distant shores. Why? Because the lady don't like parties, that's why! Doug did, though. And that made things tough.

Even though it was kinda small, it was an awfully nice affair. Joan had on powder blue satin with two snozzy-looking diamond wing clips that have star sapphire tips. (Franchot Tone gave them to her for Christmas . . . and they can double for earrings, too!)

At each plate was a large, fragrant gardenia —Joan still loves them. And after dinner the big-eyed siren ran off that W. C. Fields picture with Baby LeRoy in it. Now look at Joan's party:

Yep, lamb, that's Helen Hayes gurgling delightedly over her first glimpse of the infant LeRoy . . . and the handsome gentleman rolling on the tapis and clutching his expensive sides is Mr. Tone. It seems he likes W. C. Fields. You think it sorta early in the evening to feel so hilarious? Well, the thoughtful hostess started the party early because she knew that Fred Astaire had a daybreak call in the morning. Joan didn't have to rise till ten, but she's a girl with feelings for others.

Oh, and pet, while on the subject of Mr. Astaire—who, you may know, is not only about the cleverest dancer, but one of our best dressers, too—I gotta tell you about how he got pressed under the Irony of Fate, or whatever you want to call it. It was like this. He took Auntie and Uncle sightseeing at Catalina . . . only they spent most of their time playing tennis. Then Auntie decided that she really ought to just peek at that elegant million-dollar Casino, so off they all went. The place was chawming, the music exciting, so Fred stepped out on the dance floor with Auntie. Suddenly an attendant tapped him on the shoulder. "Scram!" said he, reproachful finger pointed at the tennis slacks of the marvelous dancer-dresser. "No bums allowed!"

YOU got any secret talents, star-eyes? No, I don't mean the kind that win you party stag lines; but the more serious ones? Don't be too sure you haven't. Charlie Chaplin, who is a great actor, once composed a great play—but never put it on paper, and only one man ever heard of it. He was Chaplin's old friend, co-director and co-writer, Chuck Reisner. Chuck told me about it yesterday at lunch—and incidentally I call him Chuck because that's the swell kind of guy he is. Anyway, this thing happened some years ago when he and Chaplin went up to Truckee, California, to look for locations for "The Gold Rush." It was dull on the train, so Chuck thought of the grand idea of making up a play to while away the hours. They drew straws to see who would be the author, and Chaplin was It.

The romance between Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald goes on, as the saying is, apace. Whispers say they *are* Mr. and Mrs.

He started building up the play from scratch, while Chuck lay back and listened. He made up every line, invented every situation, acted every character as he went along. The drama grew; became tense, fascinating. The characters lived and breathed, vivid, glowingly real, as he carried them through laughter and heartache to their sweeping and dramatic destinies—and the one-man audience was enthralled.

Act One and the first part of Act Two were finished when the train drew into the tiny town of Truckee. They went immediately to their hotel, where the manager told them he had caught a magnificent string of trout, and would cook them for dinner if Mr. Chaplin would tell him when they were ready. The great comedian thanked him absently . . . but that trout was never eaten, for Chaplin shut his door, turned the key, threw off his coat, and cracked down on Act Two, Scene Two. It was four the next morning when he spoke the final "Curtain!"

Exhausted, both men fell asleep, Chaplin worn out by the terrific creative effort, Reisner from the emotion that the drama of the play had worked in him. At eight o'clock the director arose to go location hunting. Charlie, who was to have accompanied him, was still sleeping. When Chuck returned at six that evening, Charlie was still horizontal. Twenty-four hours later, Chuck got worried and woke him up. Charles felt swell. Simply swell. "Let's go look for that location," he said gleefully. "Yeah?" laughed Reisner. "You're just two days late, my boy!"

But what Chuck never has gotten over is that the play was never written. Heartbreaking, don't you think?

OH, Joan, if I didn't walk into a regular nest of movie stars several nights ago at the Westwood Theater! It was a showing of Francis Lederer's "Pursuit of Happiness." They always turn up for first runs there, and the manager nearly goes berserk trying to find accommodation for them all. You see celebrities sitting on office benches, on the floor, every place.

Well, the show was very entertaining, indeed. But where do you suppose Lederer was? Up in the balcony, in an old cap and coat, where he'd been sitting since five o'clock. He did it to get right in with the real audience, and learn from their remarks. Which is smart, because you do hear the truth that way.

Is there a connection between movies and interior decorating? No matter—my mind has leaped to that, and I must tell you I'm simply daffy about how Joan Bennett has done her bedroom. All white, with turquoise-blue touches. The little beauty is velvet-complexed, and her drapes and spread are of the most lush stuff you ever dreamed of. She has some exquisite little statuettes, so she designed velvet shelves, hung from the wall with velvet ribbons. The figurines are placed on the velvet. Isn't that quaint?

OF course, I'm cautiously refraining from bragging, *but*—how you like the enclosed picture? Pretty nifty, eh? Relax, dear, and I shall Tell All.

Notice Miss Loy's gown? Well, the designer, Dolly Tree, showed me a sketch of it,

and I snitched it, quick. You'll see me blossoming out in that model one of these fine nights. But, getting to the point, I heard that Myrna Loy was wearing the very gown on the "Evelyn Prentice" set at M-G-M that day, and since I'm the kind wot likes my gowns modeled, I mosied over to see how it looked. How do *you* like it? For me, I mean. What—it looks swell on Loy? Why, you sassy child!

Dolly Tree, by the way, has a great time designing for Myrna, for this actress doesn't just wear clothes. They are a part of her—and you know what élan that gives you! She becomes exotic in a clinging evening gown, flirtatious and frothy in a bouffant creation, and sweetly nonchalant in tweeds. Also, to quote Miss Tree, Myrna loves a sense of humor in her clothes; an amusing belt buckle — a cunning collar—interesting buttons. The "different" girl. I'm green with envy!

On the "Evelyn Prentice" set, things got pretty amusing, which they are bound to be when Bill Powell is around, and especially when he and Myrna went to a far, secluded part of the set to get their portraits took. I peeked around the corner. Dear, dear, such romantic poses they were . . . but I'm advising you now not to sigh languorously when you see the pictures in the magazines. For, though Bill leans over the couch where Miss Myrna is so seductively stretched, and looks at her as though she were a goddess, it's all a big fake. He was cracking jokes a mile a minute.

WELL, for one of my temperament, enough is enough of mad goings-on, and I acutely felt the need of peace and quiet last week-end. Raquel Torres called and asked me down to her Malibu home. I flew. Or rather, I was driven, just like a queen, in her cream and black foreign car which husband Steve Ames gave her recently. Oh, my, how I lolled around among the upholstery! But all my dignity was shattered when we drew up to the house, for just as I was thinking how distinctive this lovely black and cream car was, up drove a plebian truck laden with lumber to repair the recent tidal wave . . . and it was cream and black, too. It was too funny!

Then Jack Gilbert, their next-door neighbor, came flying out to give the men a hand. Handsome Jack! There's a man who never fails to thrill me . . . and even though he wore a roaring red sweater and his tootsies were bare, my heart still leaped paganishly when he said hello to me. He'd been banking the side of his house with sandbags and things, and so constituted himself an authority on how to get the best of the sad sea waves.

Did you ever see such a place as that Malibu for washing away to sea?

Anyway, Jack became director-general of defenses, with Steve Ames as aid-de-camp, and the building-up process started in good.

THIS is about the last time I'll be seeing Rackie for awhile . . . she's going to New York to get clothes. Her husband, whose taste is somethin' remarkable, is going to pick out the models and then buy them up so no one else can have the same things Raquel does. Some gals get the swellest husbands! But never mind, dear, there are the nicest chairs in the Old Maid's Home, right side by side, and marked "Joan" and "Mitzi." We'll be company for each other. Whao-o-o! There goes the phone. 'Scuse me! . . . Joan, it was Director Van Dyke, asking me to a grand party—so maybe you'll have to do your rocking alone. 'Bye!

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The Perfect Model for Your Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

And how she carries her head on that beautiful neck! Just watch her. Her neck is perfect, and I'm going to tell you how yours can be, too.

Remember, a long time ago I told you to sing and laugh for beauty? Grace Moore is a wonderful singer, as you know. And she laughs all the time. When she came into my studio in Hollywood to be reduced, she would laugh even when I was pounding her the hardest. It wasn't a grin. It was a big laugh —"Ha, ha, ha." Sometimes, when she'd fall off the diet wagon, I'd say, "Grace, I'm going to choke you." But I couldn't have done that —her neck is too lovely. If she had lived in France during the Revolution, the most hard-boiled executioner couldn't have brought the axe down on that gorgeous neck. She hasn't the faintest trace of an Adam's apple and no lines at all. Singing and laughing did it.

And, incidentally, when my opera star patients give me alibis that reducing will hurt their voices, I point with pride to Grace Moore. I reduced her. But have you ever heard anything lovelier than her voice in "One Night of Love"? She admitted in an interview in PHOTOPLAY that she took off weight without losing energy, without getting that drawn look in the face. Thanks, Grace, for admitting it.

Once she gave a breakfast party and told me that she particularly wanted me to meet "Mr. Lyon." Mr. Lyon turned out to be a real lion —old Leo, the M-G-M trade-mark. I wish you could have heard her laugh when her guests saw Mr. Lyon. She's a grand girl.

Here's how you can have a beautiful throat. Sing. Sing loud. It strengthens the cords in the neck. Stand by an open window every morning and sing. Yes, sure, I know—the neighbors will raise the devil. Okay. Let 'em rave. Then laugh at them. Laugh good and loud. Honestly, singing and laughing are the two perfect neck exercises, because both will strengthen the cords and keep your head held high and make your neck firm and round. But that isn't all. You must keep lines away. I'll tell you how to do that.

Every night of your life, smear your neck with a liquid cleansing cream. Then, with the tips of your fingers, gently massage the neck with a rotating movement, beginning on either side at the base of the neck and working up to the ears. But don't pull the skin. Wash off the cream with luke-warm water. Then rub in a greaseless feeding cream and leave that on until you bathe in the morning. Then pat on a good astringent. There you are. Start today to get a lovely neck by proper breathing, singing, laughing and gentle massage. Look at Grace Moore's pictures. Hold her up as your ideal of throat perfection. She should be—and, as I said before, when I say something's good it's *got* to be good!

Now for the shoulders. Norma Shearer has the loveliest shoulders I've ever seen. You know, it was I who suggested that Norma play "Ex-Wife" (the film version was called "The Divorcée") but she told me she didn't think she was the type.

"All you have to do is to expose your shoulders," I told her. "Baby, they have real allure."

Her shoulders are beautifully curved. They're not square, not bony, and yet they have no surplus flesh. The skin is gorgeous—has real lustre—like the skin of a baby.

Now for the advice to you. You must guard against developing heavy muscles on your shoulders which will take away roundness, but you mustn't let the bones show. How can you do it? Just listen to me. Here is a brand-new exercise that I've never given before. It will do wonders for your shoulders.

Sit upright in a chair, feet in proper position. Don't lean back. Raise your arms to an angle of ninety degrees from your body, at the sides. Keep your elbows bent so your hands are on a line with your chest, palms down. Now cross your arms in front of you with your hands moving toward your back—just as if you were going to give yourself a good hug (and you'll want to hug yourself when you see how pretty you're going to be!). Then, with your arms in the same position, bring the elbows as far toward the back as they'll go. Repeat the whole exercise ten or fifteen times. Now be sure to feel the pull of the muscles right on top on the shoulders. Those are the muscles that are doing the work and that give you the right roundness. It's a grand exercise. Also, every night when you are massaging your throat, massage your shoulders, starting where the shoulder ends and working up toward the neck. Always have your mind filled with your ideal—Norma Shearer's lovely, alluring shoulders. And I repeat—when I say something is good it's *got* to be good.

Now, do you want to know who has the most perfect bust? Well, take a look at Jean Harlow. Am I right? You know it. Her bust is just the right size, is perfectly firm but not overly developed. And you can be as lovely as she is, if you try. Of course, if your bust is too large, reduce with my buttermilk diet. If you want the bust firm, here's the exercise. Stand erect, arms outstretched horizontally, palms down. Stretch and turn the arms backward until the palms are pointing upward. Always keep your shoulders well back and the arms in a straight line. Stand before a full-length mirror, if possible, to make sure you are doing it right. This exercise develops the muscles on either side of the chest and keeps the bust held up. And, to develop your bust, sing, take deep breathing exercises before an open window, and take swimming exercises with your arms. The most difficult task in perfecting the body is making the bust firm—but don't forget this for a minute: it can be done!

If you have a large bust but don't want to reduce anywhere else, all I can do for you is to give you some common sense advice. Don't try to conceal your bust by stooping. In the first place, it doesn't fool anybody, and in the second place, it ruins the rest of your figure. Walk and stand correctly. Wear clothes that conceal the size of the bust and be thankful that you have a bust instead of being flat-chested.

And, listen to me, never, *never* massage the bust, and never use ice on it. That ice treatment is ridiculous. Massage does actual harm. Remember that there are delicate glands in the bust which you can harm. Carry yourself well in spite of the size of the bust, but there's something else you can do—you can reduce your bust measure by squeezing off flesh at the back. That will make your bust look smaller. I know it can be done, for recently I reduced a woman's bust measure thirteen and a half inches!

And now, girls, I've set the standard. Let me see you live up to it. But wait—that's not all. In PHOTOPLAY next month I'm going to pick the stars who have the most beautiful hips and waistline, and I'm going to tell you how to acquire them!

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

My daughter, sixteen, is quite fleshy. I want her to reduce by taking one of your diets. However, her father thinks she is too young. How can I convince him otherwise?

Mrs. J. T., El Paso, Texas

They're never too young—nor too old. And there is everything in my diet that the system needs. But if your husband must be convinced—these men! don't they make you mad!—take my diet to your doctor and ask him what he thinks. I'll tell you the answer because I've had hundreds of women write me that they have done just that and the doctors always say it is a perfectly balanced diet with plenty of food for anybody.

MAYBE some of us can't be perfect, girls, but we *can* make ourselves something better than we are—healthier, more attractive. I've helped many, many women to overcome their faults, and I can help you banish yours, be they large or small. No obligation. Just address your letter to Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I have a great deal of trouble sleeping at night. Is there something I can do to get rest?

K. L., Salisbury, Md.

You bet there is. There's an exercise that you can take right in bed which will give you deep, restful sleep. Lie face down on your stomach with a pillow under your ankles and feet. Grasp the upper bedposts with your hands. Hold tight, feel your whole body become tense, even your fingers and toes. Then relax. Repeat until you feel yourself slipping off to sleep—as I promise you you will do. If you can get seven or even six hours of good sleep after taking this exercise, it will mean more than ten hours of fitful slumber.

Dear Sylvia:

Can you suggest a luncheon to me which isn't heavy but which will give me energy?

F. W., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

You'll never catch me suggesting a heavy luncheon, baby. You don't need heavy food and shouldn't have it. But here is a real energy luncheon which is light, palatable, and will give you so much pep you'll be jumping over the moon.

Have a good-sized dish of steamed brown rice, to which has been added a heaping tablespoon of raisins and a level tablespoon of brown sugar.

You know, you need sugar for energy. With this have a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatin. Okay, darling, there's pep for you.

Dear Sylvia:

I have such ugly, bony shoulders and I do wish you would give me some advice. How can I make them lovely?

R. H. H., Austin, Nevada

I've saved your letter to answer this month because in my article in this issue of PHOTOPLAY I've told you and all the rest of my readers how you can have beautiful shoulders. I've given an absolutely new exercise. Do it thoroughly. In a month you'll be amazed at the results.

Dear Sylvia:

Do you think eating between meals puts on fat? Some people say yes and some say no.

Mrs. G. McD., Bowling Green, Ky.

Don't listen to what uninformed people say. Can't you tell whether you're putting on weight? Well, I'll tell you, then. If you eat the wrong things between meals you'll weigh a ton.

Follow my diets and if you feel hungry between meals take a glass of tomato juice or a glass of orange juice. Or an apple.

Those things are good for you—but lay off rich pastries and sandwiches between meals—and every other time.

Dear Sylvia:

I have a receding chin. Is there any way I can improve it?

H. T., Wilmington, Del.

You can improve and correct a receding chin by using your hands and your mind. No, I'm not kidding. Here's the physical method: Let your chin rest in the palm of your hand, which has been smeared with cold-cream.

Then press your chin out with the lower lip protruding. Press up and out with that palm.

Relax and repeat. Do this twenty times a day.

While you're doing this, use your mind. Develop character. Stop being afraid. Speak your mind. Get a good-sized set of convictions and live up to them. That will give you a chin like nobody's business.

Dear Sylvia:

Is it right to rest or exercise after a meal?

R. S. T., New York City

Your food can't digest if you loll around after eating. Of course, I don't believe in lolling around any time. Always sit up straight in your chair. Always walk straight. However, you should not take violent exercise after eating—but I hope you have sense enough to know that. When you've finished a meal, take a walk, holding your body erect. If you can't take a walk in the fresh air, then walk around the room with your shoulders up and your stomach in. You'll feel much better for it, I promise you.

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MIRROR FRESH
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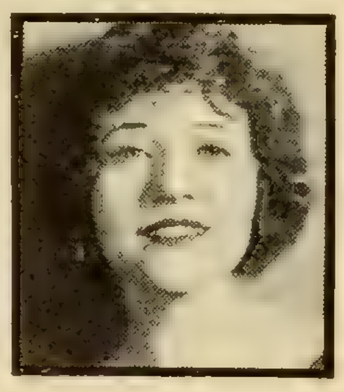
That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Betty Compson

THIS issue opened with an editorial to Mary Pickford, entreating her to put aside her curls and pinafores and grow up, assuring her, "The splendor of early womanhood awaits you." In the same issue was a story, "Owen Talks About Mary," in which Moore, then Miss Pickford's husband, reminisced about their start in films with D. W. Griffith. Betty Blythe told of her struggles to reach stardom. Charles Ray, a leading favorite with the ladies, advised our readers, "Don't Cheat Your Sweetheart." Then a star, Ray recently made a comeback in a supporting rôle in Paramount's "Ladies Should Listen." There was an interesting article on the then famous Japanese star, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki. Today they are living in Japan and working in Nipponese movies. The youthful director, King Vidor, stated his creed as follows: "I believe in motion pictures that carry a message to humanity. I will never picture evil or wrong except to show the way to overcome it." Vidor has kept his word with productions like "Hallelujah," "The Champ," and "Our Daily Bread." Betty Compson told of her rise from comedies to Westerns and drama. She had just crashed to fame in "The Miracle Man." Betty was in many talkies, but married a second time in 1933 and practically retired. Favorite movies of the month included: Cecil B. DeMille's spectacle, "Male and Female," with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan; "The Brat," with Nazimova; Constance Talmadge in "A Temperamental Wife." Cover: Betty Compson.

10 Years Ago

James Cruze

WITH the Prince of Wales a visitor in this country, "Why the Prince Would Make a Great Film Star" was a timely article. The gist of it was that H. R. H. photographs like a million dollars. "A Ladies' Man Who Is Regular" referred to Ronald Colman, who said that his ambition was to become a director and clean up enough money so he could retire and live on a farm. Jackie Coogan, just back from a good-will trip to the Near East, wrote the story of his voyage for this issue. Cal York announced that Richard Bennett's daughter, Constance, was leaving the New York stage and would come to Hollywood to play in Zane Grey's "Code of the West." Gossip reared its ugly head, accusing Marian Nixon of smoking a pipe in public. All was forgiven when Marian explained she had, at Pendleton, Oregon, but it was a Pipe of Peace, smoked with an Indian tribe. (Made her sick, too!) Constance Talmadge gave the homely girl hopes by saying, "The women who have captivated the great men of their day were not raving beauties. It is personality that wins. . . . Cultivate a sunny disposition!" Marriage of the moment was Betty Compson and Director James Cruze (divorced, 1930). Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal as the best picture of 1923. Best movies of the month included "Tarnish," with Ronald Colman and May McAvoy; "The Silent Watcher," with Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter; Buster Keaton's "The Navigator"; Douglas MacLean in "Never Say Die." Covergirl, Lois Wilson.

5 Years Ago

Dolores Costello

ALL Hollywood was burning with microphone fever! Not a star there was who failed to go, sick and trembling, for his or her voice test! We even had a picture of a mike on the cover, with Norma Talmadge (who had passed her test) singing into it! Everybody feared "Mike" would mark the end of Garbo's career and prophets said it would send Clara Bow off the screen. At the same time, it brought Joan Bennett into movie prominence, and made Bebe Daniels' comeback possible. Another question of the moment was whether the stork's first visit to the John Barrymore home would end Dolores Costello's movie career. (She has made only one picture since.) The tragic death of Jeanne Eagels was recorded. Among the new sensations in Hollywood was Jeanette MacDonald. Her engagement to Bob Ritchie was rumored. The rumor has persisted for five years now, and still the wedding date is not set. The discovery of an Irish youngster named Maureen O'Sullivan was reported. Dennis King, just over from England, was heralded as a second Fairbanks. An article, "The Disliked Girl," referred to Alice White who, it said, was misunderstood and paying the penalty for being cute, blonde and full of pep. Best pictures of the month included: Gloria Swanson's first all-talkie, "The Trespasser"; Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "Love Parade"; Gaynor-Farrell hit, "Sunny Side Up"; "The Lady Lies," with Claudette Colbert and Walter Huston; Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris"; Colleen Moore's "Footlights and Fools"; Arliss in "Disraeli."

Two Thousand Russians Can't Be Wrong

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

'Quiet!' when shooting begins. You know, 'Quiet, please! Quiet up on the hill. Quiet down on the road. Quiet! Quiet! Quiet!' Well, here they come. Guess we better get down on the set, ready for work."

Two men came toward us, headed for the location set.

They wore heavy black beards.

I peered under the whiskers and saw Authors-Producers-Directors Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht.

"What's the idea of the false foliage? Trying to get into the Russian spirit by wearing beards?" I asked them.

"Oh, no. These are our disguises. So many people around here are sore at us, we're hiding behind these."

JUST then a little extra girl came running down and stood in front of the camera. Catching sight of the Authors-Producers-Directors, she laughed in delight and cried, "Oh, Mr. Hecht, you and Mr. MacArthur look funnier than ever with beards!"

"Say that again and we'll make you a star," MacArthur growled. So she did.

But before MacArthur could keep his promise, a shadow descended upon us, and looking up we saw a tremendous Russian, with large cauliflower ears and hands that looked as if they came from Smithfield, Virginia, the home of hams.

"I'm looking for dese crazy guys what write dis movie story! Dey make me stand under a roof and sixty kids jump un top uf me, just so people laugh when dey see dese picture. I all busted. I find dese crazy guys what write such a fool movie, I break dem in two!"

"They just went up toward the cow-barn," Hecht said, assuming a falsetto voice and stroking his whiskers.

"I break dem in two!" The man moved on. Hecht and MacArthur shook hands.

The cameras were ready now, lights on, and members of the cast waiting on the set.

"Let's shoot the scene where the trusted servant comes down into—"

"CAN'T do it, Mr. Hecht. During lunch hour, the trusted servant decided to take a nap—under the hay in the wagon we're using in Scene fifty-two. Well, the soldiers decided then to rehearse the scene where they rush in and begin jabbing their bayonets into the load of hay, looking for royalty. And they stabbed the trusted servant. Not bad, but the doctor sent him home to bed."

"Frustration!" cursed Mr. Hecht. "All right, then, we'll shoot the Jimmy Savo scene in the cellar where—"

"Can't do it, Mr. Hecht. Jimmy Savo lost his bean-shooter."

"Frustration again!" cursed Mr. Hecht. Then, turning to his partner, he said, "Didn't I tell you we oughta have two bean-shooters? Now see the folly of trying to keep down production costs!"

"I have it!" MacArthur saved the day. "Let's shoot the scene where the soldiers jab their bayonets into the load of hay—it's all rehearsed and everything!"

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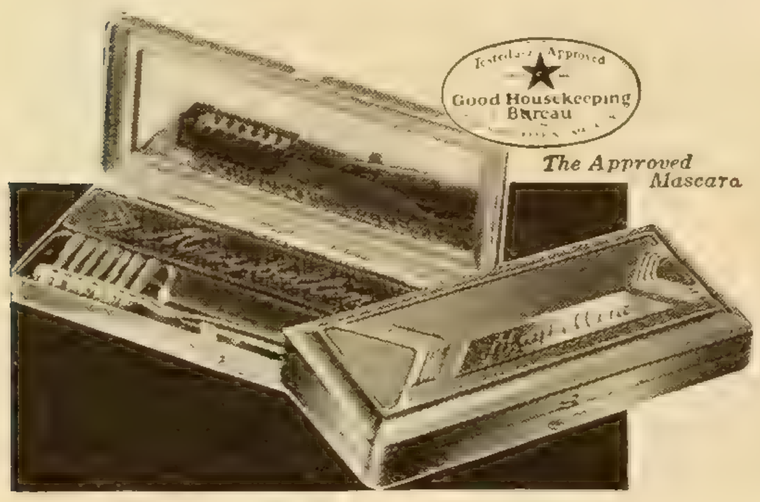

"That's an idea! Bring on the load of hay! Soldiers on the set!"

Once again everything was ready—cameras, lights, soldiers, hay.

"Quiet, please," the blond young man called. "Quiet up on the hill. Quiet on the road. Quiet, Qui——"

"Shut up, you. We're ready to shoot!"

There was silence now. Two thousand Russians sat on the hillside, eyes turned toward the set, thinking moodily of *borscht*.

IN the heavy silence the cameras began to turn. A soldier crept stealthily into the scene, when—

"Baaaaaaa." The cry wafted down from the hillside, right into the microphones.

"Cut!" Hecht cried in despair.

"It's those goats, Mr. Hecht, for Scene one hundred and eight—"

"Yes. Goats! That was MacArthur's idea!"

"Quiet up on the hill," the young man called to the goats.

Again there was silence. Again the cameras began to turn, the soldiers crept into the scene when—

"Waaaaaaa," a child's screams pierced the air.

"Cut!"

"It's little Nicolai," a Russian mother explained excitedly. "But it's no blame on him. That little Tanya, she hit him with a big stick. All the time she hits—"

Tanya, clutching a two-by-four, was being carried toward the make-up shack, kicking and screaming. And Nicolai, yelling, followed in hot pursuit.

"Quiet, please," the young man called wearily.

"I told you we shouldn't have kids in this picture," MacArthur reminded Hecht.

"Quiet, please."

Once again—silence, cameras turning, soldiers creeping.

The scene got off to a pretty good start, when down the road came a woman, waving an umbrella and looking terribly agitated.

"Stop her," somebody whispered hoarsely.

"I want to see Mr. Hecht," the woman yelled.

"Cut!" Hecht cried, tearing off his beard in his anger. "It's too late to stop her now. The scene's ruined!"

"Mr. Hecht, I'm the lady that owns the Pink Flower Tea Room and Inn. You've quartered all twenty of those big Cossacks with me. And I'm a nervous wreck! I demand that you distribute the Cossacks around a bit—one or two over at the Harts Tavern, a couple at Suffern, maybe—but not all of them in *my* place!"

"What's wrong with Cossacks?" Mr. Hecht asked defensively.

"Plenty! Last night one of them picked up an iron porch chair, bent it double, and threatened to throw it at me. All because he didn't like the dinner I served. And it was a delightful dinner, too—the kind of meal for which the Pink Flower Tea Room is justly famous—jellied consommé, fruit salad on lettuce hearts, macaroons and tea with lemon." She smiled. "I served tea especially because I understood it was Russia's national beverage."

"Naw, that's *vodka*," MacArthur corrected her.

Hecht sighed, "All right, lady, you run along back to the Pink Flower Tea Room. We'll trade you the Cossacks for twenty Russian dancing girls—ones who need to reduce."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hecht. I'll make you a hand-embroidered tea cozy for that—"

"Take her out, quietly." Hecht ordered.

By this time the hay had been sort of strewn out of the wagon and one of the soldiers had lost his bayonet.

Finally the bayonet was found and the hay rearranged, cameras were ready, soldiers all set to creep again. And a deep silence hung over the set.

"Turn 'em over," Hecht instructed the cameramen.

SUDDENLY the sun went under a cloud. Slowly at first, then harder and harder, the rain began to fall. Two thousand Russians leaped to their feet and scurried to the cow-barn dressing-rooms for shelter. Cameramen deserted their cameras, soldiers deserted the scene of action.

Hecht and MacArthur, weary and unmind-

The cameraman got a peep out of Gary Cooper and his Missus, Sandra Shaw, at the Hollywood Bowl. They were in the distinguished audience at the opening of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream"

ful of the rain, threw themselves down on a grassy knoll.

Jimmy Savo, rushing to cover, yelled back at them. "Watch your steppe!" He dodged the rock MacArthur threw.

Within five minutes everybody was gone, only the Authors-Producers-Directors remained on the scene.

"Ben, remember when we were newspaper reporters, leading nice quiet lives, covering hangings or maybe an occasional gangster killing in Chicago?"

"Do I! Those were the days! I remember the nice, peaceful life I used to lead when I was a trapeze performer, too—in a circus."

"Ben, can you still sing tenor? We might have a little song, like we used to in the good old days."

"Sure I can sing! Bass, tenor—anything. I have a mixed voice. What'll we sing first?"

"I don't care. Just so it isn't 'The Volga Boatman'!"

Through the mist of rain, past the deserted cameras, the silent microphones, and reaching far into the Ramapo Hills, their voices rang out, singing, "You Ought to Be in Pictures."

Let's Be Civilized About Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

between a man and woman on the screen, or in life, should never be too direct. It can be made known by so many intriguing subtleties. The curve of a body, the eyes elsewhere directed—but the mind concentrated. A man and woman can be acutely conscious of each other across a crowded room if one has appeal for the other, even when they are strangers.

"Sex and romance are not so far apart as people seem to think. I have never seen a picture that did not have the element of sex. 'Little Women' had it, definitely. The attraction between the Professor and *Jo* was the strongest, most electrical and vital sort of sex-appeal. I do not think there can be *any* romance without sex. But straight and unadulterated, it is embarrassing to a civilized audience.

"All our vitality derives from it, all nature is founded on sex. Even running swiftly on the beach, leaping in the sharp cold water, digging in the good earth, lying in the hot sun—all revitalize, all give more full consciousness of the dominant urge.

"WE stroke a cat or pet a dog because we like something living to touch. The lonely person, the introvert, the most desolate soul, has to have something alive to be near.

"The older we grow, the more civilized sex must become. The approach must be more suave—a more studied, polished accomplishment. There is nothing so tragic or so absurd as a man or a woman in the forties hurling himself or herself into a love affair with all the primitive abandon of a youngster in the teens. Young people can be elemental about it. Their very youth denotes a lack of restraint. And they are just finding out something which it is ridiculous for older people not to know!"

Norma took time out for a long, cold glass of lemonade (honest, just lemonade) which she had certainly earned, after that illuminating dissertation. She's a joy, that girl. If they were all like her, this would be the life of Riley.

She thinks up her own questions, makes up

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Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. *Nice* lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

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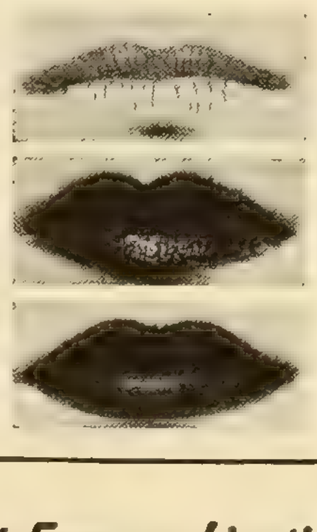

Cheeks *must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.*

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

her own mind about the answers—without the aid of probing, prompting, prayers, entreaties, high-balls or strangle-holds. She is an adventure into the realm of a warm, alert, ordered mind, constantly examining and replenishing itself. If the subject is sex she discusses sex, and leaves out the yacht races, the weather, last night at the Colony Club, her new clothes, and the scandal about Mamie Glutz.

WE sat on the wide porch of her Santa Monica house with the ocean breezes playing over us, enjoying the cool, gracious vistas of the interior through the open French doors. The house is beautifully uncluttered. Norma knows the value of space, of an exquisite old satinwood piano, bare of all superfluous decoration. Oh, yes. And she had on a blue sailor suit with an impudent beret over one ear, and looked as if she knows what time it is—all the time. But as if it didn't make the slightest difference, that afternoon. That particular attitude is highly flattering and takes a specialized, rare sort of talent, when the talented one has people waiting to see her, the telephone ringing every five minutes, a dozen details awaiting her attention.

She was calmly, serenely unaware of all of them. "Time was meant for slaves"—for the interval. I think this is one way Norma has earned her "great lady" reputation. And then, she is so still.

Have you ever noticed how few women know how to sit still? They have to do something with their hands, twitter with their hair, ring their bracelets, jiggle a foot. Norma is restful—but for heaven's sake, never soporific!

"What are the two most widely diverse parts you have ever played—from the angle of sex-appeal?" I thought up. (For a change. It was hardly fair to make Norma do *all* the thinking.)

"The girl in 'He Who Gets Slapped'—my first rôle at M-G-M—and *Jan Ashe* in 'A Free Soul.' Of course, that is what makes every part individual—the angle of sex-appeal. In the first, the boy and girl were two children in love. It was a fresh, dawning kind of love, with timorous gropings and shy response. But with a very definite undercurrent of young sex. The 'Free Soul' girl was as close to the primitive, elemental sex-urge as any I have ever played. She was wasting no time to build up a romance with Clark Gable."

"What about the romance-marriage-children combination?"

"A marriage naturally cannot be perfect without romance and sex, but it can be perfect without children. Perfect—*but not complete.*

"Women should not divert their passionate interest to their children, after familiarity has made sex and romance old to them. The paramount interest should be in the husband. It keeps love for the child more normal and balanced.

"My husband needs me more than my child does. My child's creature comforts are all carefully anticipated, I give him much of my time, a great deal of love. But I am not as essential to him as I am to my husband.

"Almost anyone a child knows and trusts can fill his need for companionship, for a playmate. But that is not true of husbands and wives. No one else will do, no one else should *ever* do.

"Sex is terribly important on the screen because, even vicariously, it revitalizes people. It is an integral part of entertainment because it is something alive and stimulating.

"IN 'The Barretts,' *Elizabeth Barrett* was an invalid simply because she had no vitality. She was not ill. I tried to make her vital only from the moment she first saw *Robert Browning.* From that moment was the urge to walk, to see him. He brought her warmth and life—sex-interest. Yet this is certainly not a rôle that could ever be named 'sexy.' (I hate that word.)

"Yes, probably an uninterrupted series of brash sex rôles, without intelligent and civilized handling, would be death to an actress."

Now. How about it, all you who have written "cool" in front of Norma Shearer? How can any woman be called *cool* who knows that much about life—and Sex?

The Fan Club Corner

MEMBERS of New York City fan clubs, belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, are in a group forming a central club to be called the International Admirers' League. Its membership will be composed of individuals representing many fan clubs throughout the world. All fans will watch with interest the activities of this enthusiastic group. The following officers were elected at the first club get-together: President, Gwen Thoughton; vice-president, Minnette Shermak; secretary, Marian L. Dommer; assistant secretary, Marion L. Hess; financial secretary, Alice M. Kelly; publicity manager, Fay Zinn.

The PHOTOPLAY Association welcomes the Douglass Montgomery Fan Club to membership. Mrs. Irene G. Rourke, 7908 S. Ridgeland Ave., Chicago, Ill., is president. Honorary members of the club include Evelyn Brent, Pert Kelton, Dick Powell, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet. All Montgomery fans who are interested in joining this club are invited to write Mrs. Rourke for details. Montgomery's mother, the club president informs us, gave the members a surprise gift of handsome club stationery. Harriette R. Grogan is vice-president and Jeannette Mendro secretary of the club.

The Ruth Roland Club recently held an unique auction sale. Miss Roland contributed to the club a considerable number of personal gowns, scarfs, belts and pieces of costume jewelry. The items were listed and described in ballot forms sent out to club members. Funds derived from this correspondence auction are to be used in furthering club work and in printing the club news bulletins. Miss Lillian Conrad, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, is president.

The Movie Club Guild officers of Chicago were recent guests of Jimmie Fidler at a dinner party at the College Inn. Jimmie stopped in Chicago en route to the West Coast. Lina Basquette and her husband, Teddy Hayes, also surprised the Guild officers with a visit to their meeting held at the home of Anna Glance.

Members of the Herald Cinema Critics' Club, Syracuse, N. Y., at a recent meeting outlined plans for their coming year's program. A dramatic production is scheduled for an early date.

Hans Faxdahl, president of the Norma Shearer Fan Club, writes: "The announcements in PHOTOPLAY about our club's activities have given us many new members from all over the world." He further states that

the club now has representatives in Canada, Australia, England, France and South America. Miss Shearer's "birthday number" of the club news, *Rambles*, is exceedingly interesting. A fascinating photograph of Miss Shearer was sent to members with the club bulletin.

HELEN RAETHER, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, writes that her members are very pleased with the new PHOTOPLAY Association membership cards. Lew Ayres fans are asked to write her.

Fans wanting to join the Ginger Rogers Fan Club should write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Jean Harlow Fan Club is growing by leaps and bounds. A new printed membership list shows fan members in almost every State in the Union. Write Dorothy Suter, 2404 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, for information.

Bing Crosby fans can get details for joining this club by writing Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club, and will be glad to hear from John Boles fans.

The Tom Brown Fan Club would like all fans interested in this star to write to Donato R. Cedrone, president, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

FANS interested in both screen and radio are invited to write Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave., S., Birmingham, Ala., president of the Mike and Movie Club, for news of this interesting organization.

"Chaw" Mank, genial president of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club, and the Dick Powell Club, of Staunton, Ill., takes to verse in *Bodil and Her Fans*, the club paper of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club. A good poem it was, too, "Chaw." Write him for information on these clubs.

Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., would like to hear from Joel McCrea fans.

Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of the Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Rudy's fans are invited to write her about the club.

It looks as though Marian Nixon is just about to get a rose from husband William Seiter, at the opening of the Trocadero

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

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MOLLIE I. JOSEPH
Box 125, Horicon, Wis.

LE ROY SEIPP
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MRS. LLOYD FORCE
6531 Edgervale Rd., Kansas City, Mo.

BEVERLY WILLS
706 E. 32nd St., Austin, Tex.

MRS. HARRY WAY
2263 Eighth Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex.

LIBBYE SLAKOFF
208 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Penna.

HELEN F. BENNETT
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MIRIAM WARD
417 Narberth Ave., Narberth, Penna.

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LUCY BRYANT YOUNG
1137 S. W. 28th, Oklahoma City, Okla.

HAZEL WILLIAMSON
727 Broad St., Lake Charles, La.

HOLMES WHITTEN EASTBURN
3712 Baring St., Philadelphia, Penna.

GEORGE F. RUPPE
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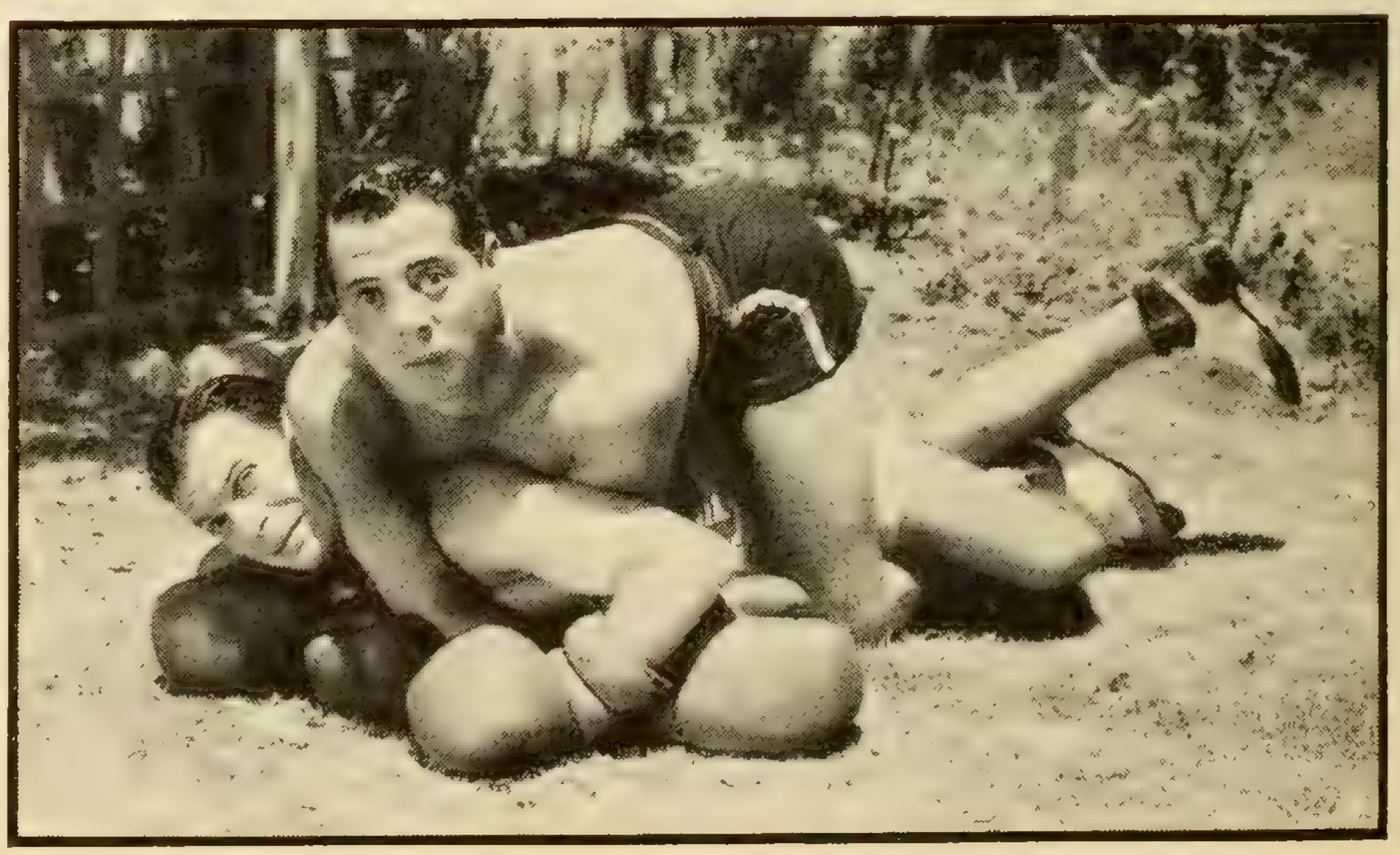

Frank Mitchell is on the bottom of the heap, and if Jack Durant has his way, Mr. Mitchell will stay there! The two comedians cavort in the new Fox production, "365 Nights in Hollywood"

Elissa Landi lunching with her mother, the Countess Zanardi-Landi. Elissa is writing another novel and acting in Paramount's "Enter Madame"

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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Seventeen guests at Louise Fazenda's birthday party for her husband, Hal Wallis, had birthdays the same month. So they each got a cake. Here are Pat and Mrs. O'Brien, Louise, Hal, and Eddie Robinson

Joel McCrea (left) is interviewed on the PHOTOPLAY Borden radio program, "45 Minutes in Hollywood," by Ivan St. Johns, Western Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine

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"Last call, kids, for Big CRAYOLA *Drawing Contest!" Says* "SPANKY" MacFARLAND

"Spanky" MacFarland, featured in Our Gang Comedies produced by Hal Roach

FREE *Packet of Christmas Cards If You Join* CRAYOLA *Club Now!*

"Spanky" is certainly right. Boys and girls of 14 years or under should hurry and enter the CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest which closes December 20. Because, if you join CRAYOLA Club *now* to enter the contest, you'll get a free packet of Christmas Cards for your own use, whether you win or lose.

It's easy to join, too. Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. Then you will receive the Official Membership Card and the free packet of Christmas Cards. Also, you'll be ready to enter the big contest and win one of the fine prizes. But don't delay, for you will want the Christmas Cards in time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas!

Present club members may enter the contest merely by checking the No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with an original drawing (See Contest Directions below). But members who want the free Christmas Cards should check the No. 2 square and mail the coupon now with the flap from a CRAYOLA box.

CONTEST DIRECTIONS: Make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like for your card—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8"x10" in size and color it with colored wax crayons.

All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934

THE PRIZES

BEST DRAWING, $15; 2nd PRIZE, $10; 3rd PRIZE, $5; TEN FOURTH PRIZES: Ten sets consisting of 24-color assortment of "Rubens" CRAYOLA Crayon and box of "ARTISTA" Water Colors.

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☐ I want to join CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package. Please send me Official Membership Card, Contest Entry Blank, and packet of Greeting Cards.

☐ I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Please send the packet of Christmas Cards and Contest Entry Blank. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package.

☐ I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

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What does he see in a "close-up" of you?

AN exquisite, satiny skin? Or one that is coarsened by enlarged pores and blackheads? That kind of skin *spoils* a budding romance!

SATINMESH

Gives you the lovely skin that welcomes close-ups from *his* eyes...and a *new radiance* that attracts all eyes.

Step by step with Satinmesh.

This amazing beauty liquid *opens* pores—*cleanses* them deeply—*closes* them in a few seconds—*stimulates* the skin to rosy youth—and is a perfect powder base. P.S. *It does not dry the skin.*

$1 and $2.25 at Dep't. and Drug stores
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Save your time—save your money—save your beauty—with Satinmesh.

Send for the "OVER-NIGHTIE"

You will love the shell-pink purse packet containing a square cut bottle of Satinmesh and the cotton to apply it, which will be mailed to you, if you send 10c in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address Alma Woodward, Dept. P-1, Graybar Bldg., New York.

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SHERRY-NETHERLAND

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She Couldn't Say No!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Talk flowed. They discovered—in a sort of awe—that they had shared the same friends for years, even had the same physician, Dr. Wimmer.

"But," protested Gene, "how is it we've been so long getting really acquainted then?" And if they heard a "tch-tch" in the room, that was old lady Fate chuckling. . . .

BUT Joan didn't go to dine with him, not *that* Thursday night. She'd had, you see, a cold. Caught it from Sister Connie. And Gene had packed off his favorite remedy to her a bare half hour after he left. The next day he sent her a telegram to boot. "Move over Stop I've got your cold—G" So Joan rushed *her* special cure-all to him.

It was as strange an exchange of *billets-doux* as ever Hollywood witnessed: "Many thanks for life saver," came the wire in return. "*Wimmer* and children first. (Signed) Your Medicine Man."

The next twenty-four hours they spent trying to top each other's wires. And people wondered why American Tel and Tel reached a new high!

On Friday he came to lunch with her there at the Town House. Across the *filet of sole Marguery* she told him, "The doctor wants me to take a sea trip. I'm thinking of going through the Panama Canal, on to New York to see mother."

There was an electrifying moment between them. Then—"I can't go," he said, "because Paul Bern said I'd be married if I did!" Light chatter half masking their real feelings.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, several months."

BUT of course she wasn't. She was gone exactly four weeks. And that trip served as an amazing stimulus. There were rushed hours. Joan and Gene had to plot and plan to crowd in everything together before the boat sailed. Even rides to the dentist! It's remarkable how romantic a ride like that can become—especially when you find you've been going to the same dentist right along. . . .

"Funny, how two individuals can have so many things in common—including their selection of tooth-drillers!" Gene grinned at her. A slow, delighted grin. It was the momentous occasion of her first dinner in his home. Five more days and she'd be on the high seas. But tonight. . . . They sat on either side of the fire, sipping coffee, wonderfully content. He'd given her a royal banquet.

There had been just the two of them sitting in state at the long table, both in impeccable evening clothes. There had been charming music and a deft, silent butler. Now they were alone.

"It was—a thrill—getting back to my own home today, finding your magnificent flowers in every room!" Her glance was soft, misted. Because her heart was so full. Light after these long months of darkness. She was able to walk—the blessed joy of being able to *walk* again!

She'd just had that ultra-feminine joy of buying an entire new wardrobe. And pyramiding all the excitement was this adventuresome, glorious business of falling in love.

Gene had a bad moment when the time came to take her home. Seeing her limp like that. He wanted to draw her close as if to blot out the miseries of the earth, to shield her always . . . and always. . . .

The following noon he went to lunch with her. But naturally! With only four days left! Her father and an intimate friend, Marjorie Kelly, were there. That, however, did not prevent Mr. Markey from cornering Joan. "I've—er—got an Easter present for you." Easter present, and this was October! It was a bracelet, a startlingly beautiful sapphire bracelet.

Could she accept such a gift from him? What's a girl to do? Joan did the original thing. She rushed to the telephone and gave a hurried order to her jeweler.

And when the fruit cocktails were served, young Mr. Markey found a gem of an onyx watch at his place.

Going to the boat had all the earmarks of an elopement. With one exception. They had "Ditty" along. The adorable offspring of Joan's madly impetuous schoolgirl marriage that had ended years before. And Ditty was saying, "I'll have Uncle Gene to take care of me, Mother. You can stay as long as you like."

But "Uncle Gene," who had had to wade through dozens of men to get "Mother" alone for this jaunt, had other ideas!

"Have a good time, my dear, but if you stay a minute longer than you have to. . . ."

"I won't," promised Joan.

SHE could, in all probability, have gone around the world on the money he spent on telephone calls, both to the ship and to New York. And there were telegrams. Flocks of them. One, dated November eighth, and sent to Joan at her hotel, read:

"And do you know my sweet that your telegrams are the most amusing and charming I've ever had in my life Stop There is, however, one serious trouble with them Stop They are not frequent enough Stop This is a gray day and it matches my long beard Gene"

Another that arrived on the eleventh said:

"If you will glance over Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese, then cast an eye quickly over the Song of Solomon, you will get a rough but not too rough idea of the way I'm thinking of you." (Unsigned.)

Is any girl proof against wooing like that?

Gene met her in San Bernardino on her way back. And saw violent, flaming green as he opened the door of her compartment. There was a dog on the seat. A jolly little Cairn terrier who answered to the name of Buccaneer. Some man had given her that! The confounded poodle!

"I bought him myself, Mr. Gene Markey," Joan dimpled.

"Really? It's a great dog! Come here, boy!"

SWIFT, joyous days. Then December eleventh, Gene's birthday. Joan had twelve of their most intimate friends in for dinner. And twelve little darkies came barging in with scripts under their arms, marked "As You Desire Me"—the title of the Garbo play Gene was working on then. The ice-cream appeared in the form of typewriters. The cake was a masterpiece of a book titled "The Road to Rouen" on one side and bearing the masks of

tragedy and comedy on the other. She gave him a solid gold cigarette case and lighter.

And then the next night, in the back of her town car on the way to a preview of "Doctors' Wives," he gave her a kiss. A kiss that held all the meaning in the world for the both of them.

"How," Gene asked simply, "would you like to be married to me?"

It wasn't a manner in which one of his heroes would have put it. But Gene wasn't thinking of fiction just then.

And Joan, from the depth of a heavenly embarrassment, whispered, "You'd better wait until you've seen this picture!"

He waited. And afterwards, rolling along the smooth asphalt of Pico Boulevard, he drew her close. "Well, I've seen the picture. *Now* will you answer my question?"

"I—I can't say no . . ."

"There's another word."

"*Yes!*" agreed Joan as his lips found hers.

She was just coming down the stairs of her home as the maid let him in two days later. Gene didn't pause for anything. He ran straight up the steps to meet her—and caught her left hand. When she looked down at it, there, on the traditional finger, was a star sapphire ring that outshone even her eyes. Joan sat down abruptly.

But it wasn't the step she was sitting on. It was Gene's lap!

MARCH fifteenth. Spring in California. Strains of the wedding march pouring over the balcony of the Town House—where they'd first really become acquainted. And Joan, standing so quietly beside Gene, in an exquisite eggshell satin frock and a little hat gay with orange blossoms. A thousand people danced at their reception. And a thousand candles lit the way for their happiness. . . .

IT was in France. Another Spring. A soft June day scented with white lilacs and arbutus. They were on a belated honeymoon, watching the famous fountains play at Versailles. "The last time I saw them," Joan remembered, "was in 1926 when I was at school here."

"Why, dearest girl, *I* saw them that year, too! I was right here. Maybe I was standing near you!"

"Gene, isn't it queer the way our lives have touched so often?"

"Yes. And darling, imagine—*what if Cupid had missed his Mark-eys!*"

Fudge that is Fudge!

Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Even beginners will get a marvelous result with *this* recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! ● But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.

FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. PU124, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Borden Quality

A Red Nosed Romeo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Willie's back-yard. And pink ones, too. Fancy Bill's face framed in that bower. Softly the ripples of old Toluca lap against the grassy shore while swans, necks curved in graceful arches, float majestically. Long graceful branches of weeping willow trees ("leaping villows," as his Finnish man-servant calls them) sweep the edge of the water. An occasional canoe will silently glide by. There, in the midst of this scene of soft and tranquil beauty, will sit W. C. in a pair of the low-lifest carpet slippers in captivity. His shirt open at the throat, his hair blowing about in the soft breeze as he calls in that nasal, side-splitting voice to some groaning victim he has inveigled into his sun-cabinet nearby.

What $2.50 Will Bring You

Hundreds of pictures of the stars of Hollywood and illustrations of their work and pastime—in twelve big (monthly) issues of PHOTOPLAY, The *News* and *Fashion* Magazine of the Screen.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Brief reviews with the casts of current photoplays. The **truth** and nothing but the **truth,** about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

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WHAT MOVIE STARS DO TO FRESHEN FAGGED EYES

before an important close-up

Simple 10-Minute Treatment Works Wonders

When eyes are "fagged" from late hours, loss of sleep, try this quick treatment that movie stars use, and see how quickly dark clouds of fatigue disappear. Here's what to do:

(1) Drop 2 drops of soothing, refreshing *Murine* in each eye. (2) Wet two pads of absorbent cotton in warm water (not hot), drop 10 drops of *Murine* on each pad, and place pads gently over the eyes. (3) Lie down, rest, relax, keeping pads in place for *10 minutes*. On arising, dry eyes gently with a soft towel.

Murine relaxes tired eye muscles, ends that drawn, tight, haggard feeling. Combined with warm applications, it helps to revive normal circulation in eyelids and in hollows under eyes. Tired eyes are quickly transformed! All traces of fatigue are gone!

Accept Trial Supply

Try it at once! For 15-day trial supply of *Murine*, send 10c to cover postage and packing, to the Murine Company, Dept. 108, 9 E. Ohio Street, Chicago. Or—get *Murine* from your druggist. He recommends it.

From the Movie World Comes a New Suggestion for Use of

Facial-Mold

Trade Mark Reg.

Originally designed as a face lifter, to correct and improve sagging muscles, drooping underchin, ravages of worry, overwork, or careless diet, and . . . .

Now, ... from Hollywood comes the word, "Facial-Mold is just what we have been looking for. We use it to hold eye pads gently and firmly in place in connection with a simple home preparation to give life and lustre to the eyes before facing the camera."

You Too, Can Have Bright, Clear Eyes and Improve Your Appearance

by using Facial-Mold at home. Used with eye pads before the dance or social function to give you sparkling bright eyes that speak of health, vivacity and life. Tired and strained eyes, pouches, crow's feet, etc. positively relieved or eradicated. Used by both men and women. Made of Lastex—soft velvety material.

Facial-Mold, with four bright eye pads, and 12-page book of Beauty Secrets, with complete instructions for using Facial-Mold as a face lifter, chin strap, and eye bandage, sent in plain wrapper, postage paid, for ***one dollar and twenty-five cents.*** Send cash, stamps, or money order direct to

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Look up our reliability. We are rated by Dun & Bradstreet

NOTE: We have an attractive proposition for agents. Write for details.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

"What?" he'll say, "only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Why, that isn't warm. What 'd'ya wanta do, freeze to death? Wait'll she gets to a hundred and thirty-five. No, you're not coming out. You're staying there."

And then, "Yoo-hoo, W. C.!" And directly across the lake will be Mary Brian calling from her own back-yard. "Oh, Mr. Fields, how are you?"

"I'm swell, Mary——I'm swell. Shut up. No, I didn't say it to you, Mary. I'm talking to this guy in the sun-cabinet. It's only a hundred and twenty-five degrees. He's a sissy, can't take it."

Mary's laugh echoes among the sighing trees.

Silence again, except for fainter groans from the cabinet. Presently, Thomas, "the leaping villow Finn," will emerge and carry the practically unconscious victim from the sun-cabinet.

And Willie's indifferent fingers will flick the air and unconcernedly he'll pick up a couple of stones and a stray visitor, and go juggling into the house.

What do you still make of it?

A swivel chair is set between his desk and bar. "Now, gentlemen, we'll get down to business," he'll say. And swish—the chair will be turned to the desk. "All right, gentlemen, now we'll have a little snort of refreshments." And swish, with Bill never having to leave the chair, he's at the bar.

OH, yes, about the trailer. On location for a picture, a well-to-do tourist drove up by the roadside, with a trailer fastened to the back of a high-priced car, to watch Bill at work. Bill spied it and, walking over, looked carefully in all the windows and doors.

"How much?" he asked the owner.

"Not for sale," the owner grunted.

"Didn't ask that," Bill replied. "I said how much?"

"Er . . . why . . . fifteen hundred dollars," the owner gulped in surprise.

"Sold!" snapped Bill. "Unhook her."

And the trailer became Bill's.

Never in all his life has he had enough sleep, and here was a golden opportunity for sleep. So, back to town came Bill—asleep in his trailer. And from then on, where Willie went, there also went the trailer. His people were its people. And its people, as often as not, are the elite of the town, usually on their way to the prize-fights or some late spot. For no matter how swanky the guests at Bill's house, they all must pile into the trailer and go places.

If it's only a ten minutes' drive, no difference. Coffee and sandwiches, for no reason, are served in the trailer. Take 'em or leave 'em.

THE sight of Bill's trailer pulling up to the swanky Colony Club door with ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress alighting from the back door—a sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—is just one of those things, that's all. And even that doesn't discourage the girls.

"We'd rather," they avow with loud squeals, "drive with Willie in his trailer, than Gable in his roadster."

What's the man got, anyhow?

That trailer, the most notorious object in all Southern California, has allowed Bill to catch up on no less than ten years of lost sleep. Days he's called out on location he merely steps out of bed and, still in pajamas, goes to bed in the trailer. Half an hour before he gets on location, he has breakfast in bed, reads the paper, shaves, takes exercises (there's a pretty sight!), waves to the people along the highway, and is ready for work pronto. Or nearly pronto, I'll tell you.

When Bill returns from the studio after a day's work, and must attend some gala party, he merely says, "Toodlyoo" to the Finns and, falling headlong over the Finnish offspring's kiddie-car, retires to the trailer to go to sleep. When the driver arrives at the party, he merely parks and waits patiently until, ting-a-ling, the phone rings. Or didn't you know about the phone from the trailer to the chauffeur

Bill Fields and Baby LeRoy borrow the kiddie-car and the tricycle from the Finnish youngster at Bill's home and stage a contest on the Paramount lot. Very sporting, eh? Who said they were having a "feud"?

in the car ahead? Well, Bill telephones and says, "Okay, now I'll dress." And there he is. Much to all the ladies' delight.

Not satisfied with the telephone, he now has a dictaphone installed in his trailer and there sits Bill, for hours at a time, making records for the poor, bewildered Finns to pick up and play when he wants service. "Where are my gray pants?" will scream from one record. Or, "Who drank up all that sherry?" will come from another. And the records are scattered all over the place.

LUNCH time in any other actor's dressing-room is just a time for lunch. But not in W. C. Fields'.

Lunch time in Bill's dressing-room, is Field-Day, the Junior-Senior egg throw, a story conference, a benefit performance for an old, dilapidated actor, and an amazing exhibition of the daring-young-man-on-the-flying-trapeze.

No need to stand at Forty-Second Street and Broadway to see everyone you know. Sit in Bill's dressing-room and the whole world goes in and out. Old, tired-out actors, servants of all the other actors, world-famous writers, artists, everyone, to get that quizzically comical "Hello" from Bill. Right outside the door will be Bill's necktie parked across the potted shrub and his white shirt hanging over a chair outside to dry. Marlene Dietrich, who has the dressing-room next door, will stand gazing out at the family wash murmuring, "Oh, that Mr. Fields! He's such a one—and so-o-o nice."

Hollywood has seen plenty of strange sights and peculiar objects in its gay, young, hoodlumish life, but never, never, has it seen anything like Bill on his way to the golf links. With much groaning he manages to get his canoe onto the lake, and he's off. Over the rippling water to the golf links. Even the "leaping villows" bow their heads to hide their snickers, and the swans pause in open-billed astonishment to stare at a gentleman with an amazing nose rowing blithely along, singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."

Can you, or can you not, picture it?

All of Bill's gorgeous indifference to the ladies may be attributed to two things:

One is, when Bill was a young man juggling himself around the world, he spied on shipboard a charming little creature, whom he thought a pretty cute number. Those small baby-blue peepers of Bill's kept themselves fastened on the fair charmer. But somehow she never noticed Bill.

And then came the night of a fancy-dress ball, and Bill decided not to doll up. He'd just dress as usual and see how's about meeting the charmer. Looking up at him and clapping her little hands together, she squealed, "Oh, Mr. Fields, that's the funniest false nose I've ever seen."

IT was Bill's own, of course. But the remark ruined his life—for two whole hours.

The other reason—and the main one, probably—is that Bill's already engaged. His heart has been taken completely. He shows you the bracelet, with a little gold heart dangling from it, which she put on his wrist. It never comes off. Her name is Angela Moran, and she's just four-and-a-half years old. Her daddy was the Moran of the Two Black Crows, you remember.

She loves Bill, and Bill loves her. And that's why, as I say, Hollywood beauties can "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields" all day long if they want. Bill Fields is true to a little gold heart that dangles forever from his wrist.

Fay Wray, star of the Universal picture, "Cheating Cheaters," tries a Hawaiian "Here's How" made by Alan Mowbray featured in the Lowell Sherman Universal picture, "Night Life of the Gods."

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Max Baer
George Barbier
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blakely
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Allan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Diana Lewis
John Lodge
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tidbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mary Wallace
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing
Anna May Wong

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Victor Jory
June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Albert Shean
Berta Singerman
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Joel McCrea
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman
Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating
Peter Lorre
Sheila Mannors
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Virginia Pine
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Rosilind Russell
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Sid Silvers
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Helen Morgan
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Reginald Owen
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Helen Trenholme
Harry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (*July*)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (*July*)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skilfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (*July*)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE — Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (*Sept.*)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (*Nov.*)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (*Oct.*)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (*Nov.*)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (*Aug.*)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (*July*)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (*June*)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (*Aug.*)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND** — M-G-M. — A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (*Sept.*)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (*June*)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (*July*)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (*June*)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (*Aug.*)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW — Liberty. — Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (*Sept.*)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (*July*)

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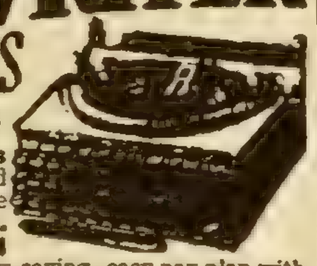

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UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (*July*)

UPPERWORLD — Warners. — In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (*June*)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (*June*)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (*June*)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (*Nov.*)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (*Nov.*)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (*July*)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN — RKO-Radio. — This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (*Nov.*)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (*July*)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (*July*)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (*Sept.*)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (*Oct.*)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (*June*)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (*July*)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (*July*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (*Aug.*)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (*Sept.*)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (*Nov.*)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (*Nov.*)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (*June*)

Notables of Hollywood were out *en masse* to honor the noted producer, Max Reinhardt, at a dinner given by Samuel Goldwyn. Reinhardt is shown with Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer

The Beauty Who Sits Alone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

to find her gift a great burden some day."

Now I understand what that woman meant—the burden of a beauty so great it acts as a wall, shutting off human contacts, keeping people away. The tragedy of a woman whose beauty is so perfect she is regarded as a museum piece!

Del Rio, I am sure, does not enjoy startling people into stares and silence with her beauty! A stupid woman might thrive on it, preen herself and feed on her vanity. A heartless woman might glory in it, grow imperious and use it as a weapon. But Dolores Del Rio is too human and too intelligent.

I believe that in a gathering her heart cries out for a simple exchange of friendly, neighborly small talk. She would probably forfeit the adoration of men any day for the spirit of sportsmanlike companionship they offer less attractive women.

These thoughts were running through my mind one night at a Mayfair ball, when the usual long, tense silence followed her entrance into the ballroom. She wore an unadorned, sheath-like gown of white, and I have never seen beauty more arresting. For nine years she had been numbing crowds by her mere presence. What did that do to a woman's soul?

Such a probing, personal question I could not ask Del Rio herself. She would recoil from it, and rightly. So I went to one of her close friends with my query.

"Dolores did not know the power of her beauty when she came to Hollywood," she told me. "In Mexico she had been sheltered in her home and in a convent. The first acclamation confused her, then thrilled her. But it soon became tiresome when she found that because she was beautiful she had been placed on a pedestal to be stared at.

"She is naturally friendly and vivacious, and she needs people around her in a casual manner. It was heart-breaking to her to discover that most people, following an introduction, backed off and looked at her as though she were the sacred ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

"It might have warped her character—making her arrogant or demanding or self-conscious. But it hasn't. Instead she has remained human and charming, and has never ceased to work at the difficult task of trying to make people recognize the existence of a kind and fun-loving woman.

"As for those moments of silence when she enters a room, I believe she has deliberately made herself deaf and blind to them. If she had not, she would be a mass of affectations by this time. Miraculously she has maintained the simplicity of spirit, the naturalness and poise, which are a part of her fine personality."

No star in Hollywood has worked harder at making herself unobtrusive in a gathering. She has tried to slip in quietly, unnoticed. But you might as well expect the evening star to rise unseen. She dresses simply, and uses none of the exotic artificialities of cosmetics or adornments that many stars resort to for attention. But this simplicity only enhances her beauty and makes her more arresting.

As a matter of fact, her beauty almost caused her additional heart-break by threatening, at one time, to end her screen career. Although she was without training or knowledge of dramatic technique, Hollywood, banking on her startling beauty, rushed her into one picture after another. On the crest of her beauty and her natural grace, she rose to stardom. But when talkies came in, beautiful portraiture was not enough. And Dolores was still untutored, unprepared to act.

She set out then to become an actress, a rigidly trained, talented actress, whose beauty was only incidental.

While making her first sound pictures, "The Bad One," and "Girl of the Rio," she was slaving several hours every day with a dramatic instructor, a diction teacher, and a vocalist.

She didn't make her goal overnight.

But when I read the reviews of her current picture, "Madame DuBarry," I knew that Dolores Del Rio was at last reaching the mark she set for herself. The critics hailed her as a clever actress and praised her new and amazing talent for subtle comedy.

As an actress she is clearing the barriers her beauty set for her. As a woman, too, can she overcome the handicap?

"One Shot" Moeller

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

office appeal of a motion picture. Why, you don't even know the vocabulary! Besides, they'll stick you in a little office, pay you regularly and forget about you! That's Hollywood!"

Philip Moeller considered this, then signed a contract with RKO-Radio for three years, to work three months each year (during the summer, when the Theater Guild isn't producing).

His first picture was "The Age of Innocence," with Irene Dunne and John Boles. And when it was finished, Mr. Moeller returned to Broadway to hurl superlatives at those who had issued the dire Hollywood warnings.

"All those awful things I heard about Hollywood are untrue! Why, it's the most exciting place I've ever seen! My enthusiasm is unlimited! I went to work the second day I was there. And, oh! I was ignorant! The camera terrified me. The lights terrified me. I was scared to death.

"Then I met Miss Dunne—she was intelligent, charming. And Mr. Boles, a delightful person. I explained to the studio officials quite frankly that I was entirely ignorant of motion picture technique, and they gave me a technician to assist me. Instead of stupidity I found intelligent cooperation, a group intensely eager to turn out a fine piece of work.

"It's unfair to compare motion pictures as an art with the stage. Why, the theater has been building, developing, learning its lessons, for three thousand years. And movies are only thirty years old.

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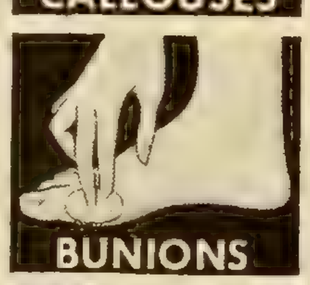

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"But there is no limit to the things the movies can do, the extent to which movies, as an art, will develop. They are somewhat handicapped now by the fear that if a fine piece of work is done, the public will dismiss it as 'high brow.' But my experience has been that when anybody calls a thing 'high brow' he is talking about something that eventually he will enjoy. The public appreciates fine things.

"I believe the trend in pictures will be toward the human interest type of story. People are most interested in the emotions of an individual. In the past, and at present, movies have done big, splashy things—spectacles, showy musicals. They have done them because the medium permitted it. But while it is true that a motion picture projection machine can throw on the screen a throng of ten thousand people, and such a picture may be impressive, even exciting, it is of less interest than a picture of two people who are experiencing a simple human emotion.

"MOTION pictures are just now beginning to realize the importance of unity. The script of 'The Age of Innocence' was an example of fine unity, and that is one reason I enjoyed working with it. There were no purposeless scenes—nothing in it that detracted from the story."

Moeller is as excited about Hollywood as a small boy is about his first airplane ride. But he admits that directing his first picture was no easy job.

"A stage play is seen from a fixed point. But in the movie, there is no proscenium-arch. The director cannot consider just one viewpoint. He has to get right into the scene with the players, and look at the action from every angle. This is difficult and confusing to one who is used to the stage.

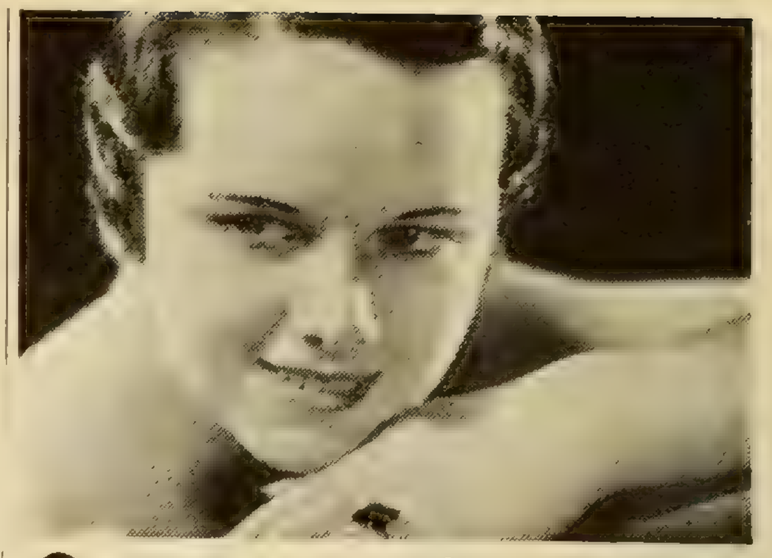
"Another thing that bewildered me was the lack of rehearsals. I will rehearse a play for four, five—even six weeks. In the movies, three days is a long period for rehearsals. Many scenes are taken 'on the wing'—acted right then and there. But this by no means indicates that pictures are made carelessly. They are not! I have never seen such a passionate desire for authenticity as I saw in Hollywood."

AT the studio they nicknamed him "One Shot" Moeller, because, while many directors will shoot a scene over and over and over, Moeller usually shot it just once. He gets his set-up perfect, and knows before shooting begins exactly what he wants the players to do. Through years of stage directing he has developed a quick visual imagination and an uncanny sense of timing which make this possible.

Hollywood marveled, too, that when his picture, "The Age of Innocence," was finished, only seven hundred feet of film lay on the cutting-room floor.

Mr. Moeller says he is eagerly looking forward to going back to Hollywood and pictures; however, he does not want to give up the theater entirely. He has been connected with the theater since he was a child. Besides, he feels that by combining work in motion pictures with stage directing he will learn things in each medium which he can contribute to the other.

"At least," he says, "when I go back the next time, I won't be frightened. For I'll know that all the tinsel-trimmed stories of Hollywood are fake. It's a place of serious work where intelligent people are cooperating to produce something worth while in a medium that has limitless possibilities."



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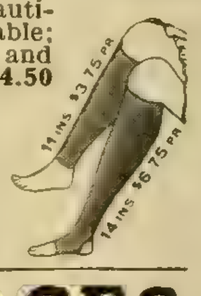

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE"—AMER-ANGLO PROD.—From the story by Dion Boucicault. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Eileen O'Connor*, Gino Malo; *Sir Patrick Creegan*, John Garrick; *Father O'Flynn*, Stanley Holloway; *Danny Mann*, D. J. Williams; *Sir James Corrigan*, Stanley Perrins; *Mrs. O'Connor*, Sara Allgood; *Miles-na-Copaleen*, Dennis Hoey; *Norah Creegan*, Dorothy Boyd; *Shan*, Hughes Macklin; *Tim*, John Mortimer.

"BY YOUR LEAVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Gladys Hurlbut and Emma Wells. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Henry Smith*, Frank Morgan; *Ellen Smith*, Genevieve Tobin; *Skeets*, Gene Lockhart; *Whiffen*, Margaret Hamilton; *David Mackenzie*, Neil Hamilton; *Frances Gretchell*, Betty Grable; *Freddy Clark*, Glenn Anders; *Andree*, Marian Nixon; *Florence Purcell*, Lona Andre; *Leonard Purcell*, Charles Ray; *Gloria Dawn*, Addie McPhail; *Merlee*, Shirley Chambers; *Laura*, Lenita Lane.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON"—Fox.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Philip MacDonald. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Inspector Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Pamela Gray*, Drue Leyton; *Neil Howard*, Raymond Milland; *Lady Mary Bristol*, Mona Barrie; *Geoffrey Richmond*, Alan Mowbray; *Phillips*, Murray Kinnell; *Hugh Gray*, Douglas Walton; *Jerry Garton*, Walter Johnson; *Detective Sergeant Thacker*, E. E. Clive; *Major Jardine*, George Barraud; *Mrs. Fothergill*, Madge Bellamy; *Home Secretary*, David Torrence; *Lake*, John Rogers; *Bunny Fothergill*, Paul England; *Alice Rooney*, Elsa Buchanan; *Kemp*, Perry Ivins.

"CHU CHIN CHOW"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Screen play by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Ali Baba*, George Robey; *Abu Hasan*, Fritz Kortner; *Zahrat*, Anna May Wong; *Nur-al-din*, John Garrick; *Marjanah*, Pearl Argyle; *Abdullah*, Jetsam; *Rakham*, Denis Hoey; *Mahbubah*, Sydney Fairbrother; *Kasim Baba*, Laurence Hanray; *Mustafa*, Frank Cochrane; *Alcolom*, Thelma Tuson; *Entertainer at Feast*, Kyoshi Takase.

"CRIMSON ROMANCE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Al Martin and Sherman Lowe. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Dave Howard. The cast: *Bob Wilson*, Ben Lyon; *Alida Hoffman*, Sari Maritza; *Wolters*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Fred Von Bergen*, James Bush; *Adolph*, William Bakewell; *Hugo*, Hardie Albright; *Himmelbaum*, Herman Bing; *Mama Von Bergen*, Bodil Rosing; *The Courier*, Vincent Barnett; *Baron Von Eisenlohr*, Arthur Clayton; *John Fleming*, Oscar Apfel; *Franklyn Pierce*, Purnell Pratt; *Pierre*, Jason Robards; *Von Gering*, William Von Brincken.

"DANGEROUS CORNER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Anne Morrison Chapin and Madeleine Ruthven. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Olwen*, Virginia Bruce, *Robert Chatfield*, Conrad Nagel; *Charles Stanton*, Melvyn Douglas; *Freda Chatfield*, Ian Keith; *Betty Whitehouse*, Betty Furness; *Gordon Whitehouse*, Henry Wadsworth; *Miss Mockridge*, Doris Lloyd.

"DUDE RANGER, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Barry Barringer. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Ernest Selby*, George O'Brien; *Ann Hepburn*, Irene Hervey; *Dale Hyslip*, Leroy Mason; *Sam Hepburn*, Henry Hall; *Hawk Seibert*, James Mason; *Nebraski Kemp*, Sid Saylor; *Dunk*, Sid Jordan; *Martha*, Alma Chester; *Beckett*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"GAY DIVORCÉE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "The Gay Divorce" by Dwight Taylor. Adapted by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Mimi*, Ginger Rogers; *Guy Holden*, Fred Astaire; *Hortense*, Alice Brady; *Egbert Fitzgerald*, Edward Everett Horton; *Tonetti*, Erik Rhodes; *Waiter*, Eric Blore; *Rupert Glossop*, William Austin.

"GIFT OF GAB"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jerry Wald and Phil G. Epstein. Adapted by Lou Breslow. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Gabney*, Edmund Lowe; *Barbara*, Gloria Stuart; *Singer*, Ruth Etting; *Absent-minded doctor*, Phil Baker; *Margot*, Alice White; *Colonel Trivers*, Victor Moore; *Patsy*, Hugh O'Connell; *Nurse*, Helen Vinson; *Radio Artist*, Gene Austin; *Radio Announcer*, Tom Hanlon; *Janitor*, Henry Armetta; *Mac*, Douglas Fowley; *Sound Man*, Sterling Holloway; *Cabaret Singer*, Wini Shaw; *Telephone Girl*, Marion Byron; *Pintz*, Sid Walker; *Mintz*, Skins Miller; *Blintz*, Jack Harling also Ethel Waters, The Three Stooges, Binnie Barnes, Roger Pryor, Beale Street Boys, Graham McNamee, Candy and Coco, Gus Arnheim, Downey Sisters, Sidney Skolsky, Marcia Remy, Rian James, Chester Morris, Paul Lukas, Boris Karloff, June Knight, Lowell Sherman, Jane Wyatt, Bela Lugosi and Alexander Woollcott.

"HAPPINESS AHEAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Harry Sauber and Brian Marlow. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Bob Lane*, Dick Powell; *Joan Bradford*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Henry Bradford*, John Halliday; *Josie*, Dorothy Dare; *Tom Bradley*, Frank McHugh; *Chuck*, Allen Jenkins; *Anna*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Bradford*, Marjorie Gateson; *Meehan*, Russell Hicks; *Comedienne*, Mary Louise Treen; *Boss of window washers*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Girl*, Mary Russell; *Travis*, Gavin Gordon; *Mrs. Travis*, Mary Forbes.

"JUDGE PRIEST"—Fox.—Based on the "Judge Priest" stories by Irvin S. Cobb. Screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Judge Priest*, Will Rogers; *Jerome Priest*, Tom Brown; *Ellie May Gillespie*, Anita Louise; *Rev. Ashby Brand*, Henry B. Walthall; *Bob Gillie*, David Landau; *Virginia Maydew*, Rochelle Hudson; *Billy Gaynor*, Roger Imhof; *Flem Talley*, Frank Melton; *Sergeant Jimmy Bagby*, Charley Grapewin; *Senator Horace Maydew*, Berton Churchill; *Mrs. Caroline Priest*, Brenda Fowler; *Juror No. 12*, Francis Ford; *Aunt Dilsey*, Hattie McDaniels; *Jeff Poindexter*, Stepin Fetchit.

"LADY BY CHOICE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Dwight Taylor. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Alabam Lee*, Carole Lombard; *Patricia Patterson*, May Robson; *Johnny Mills*, Roger Pryor; *Judge Daly*, Walter Connolly; *Kendall*, Arthur Hohl; *Front O'Malley*, Raymond Walburn; *Brannigan*, James Burke; *Lucretia*, Mariska Aldrich; *Walsh*, John Boyle; *Opper*, Henry Kolker; *Miss Kingsley*, Lillian Harmer; *Louie*, Abe Denovitch; *Mose*, Snowflake.

"LAST WILDERNESS, THE"—JERRY FAIRBANKS PROD.—Dialogue by Gayne Whitman. Photography by Ned Frost. The cast: Howard Hill.

"LEMON DROP KID, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Howard Green and J. P. McEvoy. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Wally Brooks*, Lee Tracy; *Alice Deering*, Helen Mack; *The Professor*, William Frawley; *Maizie*, Minna Gombell; *Kid's Baby*, Baby LeRoy; *Mr. Griggsby*, Robert McWade; *Jonas Deering*, Henry B. Walthall; *Martin Potter*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Warden*, Charles Wilson; *Cora*, Kitty Kelly; *Doctor*, Edward J. LeSaint; *Sheriff*, Robert Homans; *Griggsby's Secretary*, Grace Goodall; *Police Captain*, William Davidson; *Judge*, Del Henderson; *Timothy*, Edward Gargan; *1st Tramp*, James Burke; *2nd Tramp* Jules Cowles; *3rd Tramp*, C. L. Sherwood; *1st Jenkins Twin*, Bee McCune; *2nd Jenkins Twin*, Jean McCune; *The Darkey*, Sam McDaniels; *1st Mug*, Tammany Young; *2nd Mug*, Al Hill; *Old Woman*, Tempe Pigott; *1st Road Cop*, Charles McEvoy; *2nd Road Cop*, Edwin Baker; *Tout*, Walter McGrail; *1st Policeman*, Lee Shumway; *2nd Policeman*, Stanley Blystone; *Banjo Player*, Eddie Peabody; *Fat Man at Party*, Marshall Ruth.

"LOVE TIME"—Fox.—Based on the story by Richard Carroll. Adapted by Lynn Starling and Sally Sandlin. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Valerie*, Pat Paterson; *Franz Schubert*, Nils Asther; *Caesar*, Herbert Mundin; *Adam*, Harry Green; *Duke Johann von Holzfeld*, Henry B. Walthall; *Willie Obenbiegler*, Lucien Littlefield; *Emperor Francis 1st*, Henry Kolker; *Nicholas*, Albert Conti; *Istvan*, Herman Bing; *Innkeeper*, Roger Imhof; *Benjamin*, James Burke; *Mrs. Obenbiegler*, Josephine Whittell; *Sergeant*, Earle Foxe; *Countess Bertaud*, Georgia Caine; *Lieutenant Friedrich*, Paul England; *Charlotte*, Mary Blackford.

"MENACE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Helen Chalmers*, Gertrude Michael; *Colonel Crecy*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mrs. Thornton*, Henrietta Crosman; *Ronald Cavendish*, John Lodge; *Andrew Forsythe*, Robert Allen; *Freddie Bastion*, Raymond Milland; *Norman Bellamy*, Berton Churchill; *Underwood*, Des mond Roberts; *Skinner*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Cynthia Bastion*, Doris Llewllyn; *Gloria Chalmers*, Arletta Duncan; *Alison Bastion*, Gwenllian Gill; *Wilcox*, Forrester Harvey; *Police Inspector*, Montagu Love.

"MYSTIC HOUR, THE"—PROGRESSIVE.—From the story by Susan Emery. Directed by Melville Delay. The cast: Montagu Love, Lucille Powers, Charles Hutchison, Edyth Thornton, Eddie Phillips, James Aubrey and Charles Middleton.

"ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Ernst L. Frank. The cast: *Rina Sorel*, Binnie Barnes; *Walter Stone*, Neil Hamilton; *Lavassor*, Paul Cavanagh; *Fussli*, Grant Mitchell; *Kleinsilber*, Eugene Pallette; *Mitzi*, Edna Searle; *Lavassor's Chauffeur*, Jason Robards; *The Jeweler*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Oscar*, Henry Kolker; *Oscar's wife*, Doris Lloyd; *The Bellhop*, Dick Winslow; *Manager*, Edward Keane; *Clerk*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Doorman*, William Worthington.

"OVER NIGHT"—MUNDIS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by Arthur Wimperis and Dorothy Churchill. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Warren*, Robert Donat; *Eve*, Pearl Argyle; *The Crook*, Miles Mander.

"PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall. Adapted by Stephen Morehouse Avery and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Max Christmann*, Francis Lederer; *Prudence Kirkland*, Joan Bennett; *Aaron Kirkland*, Charlie Ruggles; *Comfort Kirkland*, Mary Boland; *Colonel Sherwood*, Minor Watson; *Thad Jennings*, Adrian Morris; *Meg Mallory*, Barbara Barondess; *Lyman Banks*, Walter Kingsford; *Jonathan*, Duke York; *Rev. Miles*, Burr Caruth; *The Drunk*, Jules Cowles; *Bijah*, Irving Bacon; *Sam Evans*, Spencer Charters; *Tall Conspirator*, John Marston; *King George III*, Henry Mowbray; *Lord Pitt*, Boyd Irwin; *General Sir Henry Clinton*, Holmes Herbert; *Aide to Sir Henry Clinton*, Colin Tapley; *Colonel Hoffer*, Bert Sprotte; *Aide to Colonel Hoffer*, Reginald Pasch; *A Peddler*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Recruiting Officer*, Harry Schultz; *Orderly*, Paul Kruger; *Uncle*, Winter Hall; *Corporal*, Hans Von Moorhart; *Little Boy*, George Billings; *Little Boy's Mother*, Ricca Allen.

"READY FOR LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Roy Flannagan. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Marigold Tate*, Ida Lupino; *Julian Barrow*, Richard Arlen; *Goldy Tate*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Joey Burke*, Trent Durkin; *Mrs. Burke*, Beulah Bondi; *Judge Pickett*, Henry Travers; *Aunt Ida*, Esther Howard; *Mr. Chester Burke*, Ralph Remley; *Sam Gardner*, Charles E. Arnt; *Caleb Hooker*, Charles Sellon; *Milkman*, Irving Bacon; *Stage Doorman*, Burr Caruth; *Mrs. Thompson*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Black*, Eleanor Wesselhoeft.

"REDHEAD"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Vera Brown. Adapted by Betty Burbridge. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Ted Brown*, Bruce Cabot; *Dale Carter*, Grace Bradley; *Scoop*, Regis Toomey; *Mr. Brown*, Berton Churchill; *Pasquale*, George Humbert; *Mrs. Pasquale*, Rita Campagna; *Pretty Boy*, Leroy Mason; *Donterlini*, Monte Carter; *Collins*, Jack Mack; *Joe*, Ed Brady; *Landlady*, Bess Stafford; *Rogers*, Addison Page.

"6 DAY BIKE RIDER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Wilfred Simpson*, Joe E. Brown; *Phyllis Jenkins*, Maxine Doyle; *Clinton Hemmings*, Frank McHugh; *Harry St. Clair*, Gordon Westcott; *Col. Jenkins*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Pop O'Hara*, Wm. Granger; *Mrs. Jenkins*, Lottie Williams; *Uncle Ezra*, Lloyd Neal; *St. Clair's wife*, Dorothy Christy; *Town marshal*, Ralph Remlay.

"STUDENT TOUR"—M-G-M.—From the story by George Seaton, Arthur Bloch and Samuel Marx. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Philip Dunne. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Hank*, Jimmy Durante; *Lippincott*, Charles Butterworth; *Ann*, Maxine Doyle; *Bobby*, Phil Regan; *Lilith*, Florine McKinney; *Mushy*, Douglas Fowley; *Jeff*, Monte Blue; *Cayenne*, Betty Grable; *Mary Lou*, Fay McKenzie; *Jakie*, Bobby Gordon; *Dolores*, Mary Loos; *Peggy*, Pauline Brooks; *Hercules*, Herman Brix; Nelson Eddy, by himself; *Dance Team*, Florence and Alvarez.

"SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Michael Kane. Adapted by Marian Orth. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *Ellery Cushing*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Cushing*, Lucille Gleason; *Phil*, Russell Hopton; *Ruth*, Gloria Shea; *Bob*, William Janney; *Geary*, Jameson Thomas; *Tommy*, George Breakston; *Blair*, Richard Tucker; *Flintly*, Clarence Wilson; *Radical Speaker*, Francis McDonald.

"365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD"—Fox.—Based on the book by James Starr. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Jimmie Dale*, James Dunn; *Alice Perkins*, Alice Faye; *Percy*, Frank Mitchell; *Clarence*, Jack Durant; *Adrian Almont*, John Bradford; *J. Walter Delmar*, Grant Mitchell; *Frank Young*, Frank Melton; *Professor Ellenbogen*, John Qualen.

"TOMORROW'S YOUTH"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Charles LaMont. The cast: *Tom Hall*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Hall*, Martha Sleeper; *Jane Holsworth*, Gloria Shea; *Junior Hall*, Dickie Moore; *Tutor*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mary*, Jane Darwell; *Miss Booth*, Barbara Bedford; *Principal*, Harry C. Bradley *Attorney*, Niles Welch; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint; *Detective*, Paul Hurst.

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"TRAIL BEYOND, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Wolf Hunters" by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *Rod Drew*, John Wayne; *George Newsome*, Noah Beery; *Wabi*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Felice*, Verna Hillie; *Marie*, Iris Lancaster; *LaRocque*, Robert Fraser; *Benoit*, Earl Dwire; *Ryan*, Ed Parker.

"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Leopold Atlas. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Bobby Phillips*, Frankie Thomas; *Ray Phillips*, Edward Arnold; *Kathryn Phillips*, Karen Morley; *Howard*, Robert Shayne; *Louise*, Shirley Grey; *Georgie*, Howard Leeds; *Alfred*, Wesley Giraud; *Herbert*, Julius Molnar; *Lenny*, Richard Quine; *Joie*, John Roberts; *Martha*, Elsa Jannsen; *Dr. Sterling*, Richard Barbee; *Miss Chapman*, Mona Bruns; *Chic*, David Durand; *Proctor*, Tom Franklin.

"WE LIVE AGAIN"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy. Adapted by Preston Sturges, Maxwell Anderson and Leonard Praskins. The cast: *Katusha Maslova*, Anna Sten; *Prince Dmitri Nekhlyudov*, Fredric March; *Missy Kortchagin*, Jane Baxter; *Prince Kortchagin*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Princess Kortchagin*, Mary Forbes; *Aunt Marie*, Ethel Griffies; *Aunt Sophie*, Gwendolyn Logan; *Matrona Pavlovna*, Jessie Ralph; *Simonson*, Sam Jaffe; *Theodosia*, Cecil Cunningham; *Korablova*, Jessie Arnold; *The Red Head*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *The Colonel*, Morgan Wallace; *Tikhon*, Davison Clark; *Kartinkin*, Leonid Kinsky; *Botchkova*, Dale Fuller; *Judge*, Michael Visaroff; *Judge*, Edgar Norton.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox

THIS story fails to live up to its glamorous locale. Jimmy Dunn is a has-been director who teaches acting in a phony dramatic school run by Grant Mitchell. Finding a backer, Jimmy turns producer, makes a wow of a picture (not this one) and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, ice men with movie yearnings, are bright spots. Frank Melton, John Bradford, adequate.

THE LEMON DROP KID—Paramount

WHEN Lee Tracy talks fast in race-track lingo, you can understand him. But when he pulls the sob-stuff, he's out of line. Some Damon Runyon flavor has been retained in this film about a tout going straight for marriage and a baby—but it's somewhat melo in spots. Helen Mack is charming; William Frawley turns in a prize performance. Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE—Monogram

WITH the aid of his prospective son-in-law, meek William Collier becomes philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason as the befuddled wife and Russell Hopton as the son-in-law, superb. Gloria Shea, William Janney, splendid. A homey but worthwhile picture.

THE DUDE RANGER—Fox

THIS trite story is hindered by amateurish acting and unnatural dialogue. George O'Brien visits the Arizona ranch inherited from an uncle, discovers who has been stealing his cattle, and falls in love with Irene Hervey. If you enjoy hissing villains and cheering heroes, you may like this. Leroy Mason, Sid Saylor and Henry Hall.

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot

IF you want to see a war story, you'll like this one, for it is all action, with some good flying and air combat scenes. Two pals, dashing debonair Ben Lyon (an American) and idealistic James Bush (a German) join the air corps of the German army, and both fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. An earnest preachment against war.

THE MYSTIC HOUR—Progressive

FROM middle-aged Montagu Love as leading man to Charles Hutchison as the villainous guard-een who tries to gyp Lucille Powers, his love-lee ward, out of her dough, it's a scream. There are the crookedest crooks 'n' the fightinest fights 'n' people running under trains 'n' jumping off cliffs 'n', oh just about everything imaginable. Strange they forgot the custard pies, though.

THE LAST WILDERNESS—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.

UNCONCERNED with the sensational and melodramatic, this is one of the most effective animal pictures ever seen. It shows authentic, natural scenes of wild animal life typical of our country, and features Howard Hill, who uses a bow and arrow with deadly skill. A grand shot is where the party dug away the snow and photographed a hibernating bear, asleep, with her two cubs romping around in the warm cave.

REDHEAD—Monogram

GRACE BRADLEY doesn't believe in the old adage of never marrying a man to reform him, for she does just that and it works. When Bruce Cabot is disowned by his father, Grace marries him and signs an agreement with the father, Berton Churchill, to reform the boy in exchange for $10,000 and a divorce. Grace then trades in her new husband's roadster for a hamburger wagon, Bruce gets a job, and she remains his wife.

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.

HERE is a crook melodrama, enlivened by the engaging presence of Robert Donat and the unusual beauty of Pearl Argyle. That it is not a top-hole production is due to the fact that the script holds little or no suspense. Everybody knows that when the young bank clerk steals the money to go to London and *live*, he will meet a beauteous maiden, be concked over the head with a revolver, and despite it all will come out the victor over everything.

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram

THE picture begins dully and then gets into the habit thoroughly, in spite of the valiant efforts of little Dickie Moore and the interesting performance of Martha Sleeper. John Miljan is the erring husband whose philandering with Gloria Shea results in separation from his wife, near tragedy for their son, and a final reconciliation after a fantastic courtroom scene.

THE TRAIL BEYOND—Monogram

SUPPOSEDLY a rough and ready Western, this isn't rough enough and it certainly isn't ready to meet the entertainment demands of any audience. Beautifully photographed, the scenery is simply gorgeous, and the actors out front are John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer and others.

THE BRIDE OF THE LAKE—Amer-Anglo Prod.

A PLEASANT little romance set against a background of Irish country life. John Garrick gives a satisfactory performance as the nobleman in love with a peasant girl (Gina Malo). Stanley Holloway is a convincing *Father O'Flynn*, singing many an Irish ballad.

The World Is Yours, Mr. Donat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

which appears to combine a romantic spirit with virility of character.

"He has the quiet dignity of the gentleman with an intellectual turn of mind. Withal, he has sufficient of the ideal romantic personality of youth to prove a most colorful and admirable figure on the screen.

"As for his acting, I can only point to his performance as *Edmond Dantes*. He is a very capable actor, not yet thirty, backed by a foundation of splendid British stage experience. Besides, he is thoroughly conscientious in his work and properly ambitious."

Why and how was this player, unknown to Hollywood, ever selected for such an important rôle?

This was our next question to fire at the director.

"TWO years previously, in England, I had directed young Donat in a picture called 'That Night in London.' At that time he revealed such promising screen qualifications that I made up my mind to bring him to Hollywood at the first opportunity. As a matter of fact, I tried to persuade Bob to try his luck over here at that time, but his heart was really with the London stage, where he had won success. He felt, too, that he needed more experience."

(Donat also rejected a golden opportunity to come to Hollywood to play the leading rôle opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," the rôle in which Fredric March was to score one of his finest acting hits.)

Lee resumed: "But after we had tested nearly every available romantic actor for the Count, I suggested to Producer Edward Small that we study Donat's performance as *Thomas Culpepper*, who was *Henry the Eighth's* rival for *Katherine Howard's* affections. Anyone who saw his superb performance in that rôle, with Charles Laughton in that fine British picture, will understand why we immediately cabled him an offer, through Alexander Korda, in London."

The new screen idol stands six feet in height, weighs approximately one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and is slender but rugged in appearance.

He keeps himself fit, being somewhat of an athlete.

"WHILE we all worked hard making 'Monte Cristo,' we had our share of fun, too," said Lee. "Bob supplied most of it. Between scenes, particularly during a long and exhausting day, actors often relax by sleeping for a few minutes where best they can. But it remained for Bob to pull a new one. He simply plopped down on the floor of the stage, elevated his feet against a wall or rested them at a thirty degree angle on anything handy, and dozed peacefully. The posture affords complete relaxation. In fact, within a week Bob had the custom so well established that the prop men were kept busy dusting off floors so the actors could relax his way between scenes.

"We never failed to get a laugh out of the funny pronunciations the various members of the working crew gave Bob's name. They called him everything from Do-nay to Doughnut. Finally, they all decided on Doughnut, and let it go at that. At the end of the picture the crew got a huge box from the actor. It was filled with freshly baked doughnuts. The card read:

"To my friends—I hope I'm as good acting as these are eating.' "

(For the benefit of picture-goers who may be puzzled over the proper pronunciation of his name, it is really pronounced Doan-at.)

The Donats began as Donatellos in Italy, Van Donats in Germany, and finally Donats in France and England. The paternal Donats have resided in England for only half a century.

Robert was born in Manchester, March 18, 1905, and made his stage début at the age of seven. In late years he has played on the London stage with such artists as Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel, Herbert Marshall and Hugh Williams.

Both Rowland Lee and Robert Donat got a great kick out of having one of the notable *Monte Cristos* of yesterday in a rôle in the new film. I speak of William Farnum.

While Farnum did not play *Edmond Dantes* in a motion picture, he was runner-up to James O'Neill, Eugene O'Neill's father, in the number of times he played the title rôle on the stage.

"BILL FARNUM and I were swapping reminiscences of the theater days," Lee said. "In the play, O'Neill as *Dantes* stood on a rock in the ocean after his escape, and shouted:

" 'The world is mine!'

"I can still recall the thrilling picture of Hobart Bosworth, some twenty-one years ago, standing on a rock in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Santa Monica, shouting before a silent film cameraman—probably to the deep awe and amazement of the few natives gathered around:

" 'The world is mine!'

"Twelve years ago, my old friend John Gilbert made his reputation in the second silent film version.

"In presenting the first talking picturization of 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' we do not picture *Edmond Dantes* on the rock, as the scene was conceived by O'Neill for stage effect.

"But, even though Robert Donat hasn't had the opportunity to stand upon the traditional rock and shout that glorious speech, I hope our picture audiences will shout across the sea:

" 'The world is yours—Bob.'

" 'Come on back to Hollywood.' "

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World's Standard

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

NOBODY knows why there is a feud between Sir Guy Standing and his brother Wyndham. But, it seems that Wyndham is all hot and bothered over rumors that the feud is to be patched up!

OTTO KRUGER will look before he leaps in the future. In a hurry to attend a preview of one of his pictures, Otto parked his car next to the theater, in what he thought was a parking lot. But when Otto came out to get his car, the man in attendance informed him it had been sold. It seems Otto had mistaken a second-hand car lot for a parking station. After much quibbling and telephoning about, Otto secured a release on his car and in the future will remember the difference between a parking lot and a second-hand car place.

JIMMY CAGNEY stopped his car at a corner where two youngsters were battling. One of them was down. "Hey there," yelled Jimmy, "you can't hit him when he's down!"

"What do you think I got him down for?" the winner hollered back.

WELL, we can't think what things are coming to when Ted Healy sends to *London* for three new stooges. Can it be that he has worn out all the domestic ones? Not only that, but the new trio actually gave a *command* performance for the crowned heads. Do you suppose the stooges realize *they* are the ones who will get crowned over here?

LET me warn you in advance if you have any screen aspirations, that the way you walk, sit down and take off your hat counts more than just having a lovely face.

In fact, the first thing Cecil B. DeMille asks of a newcomer applying for a rôle in a DeMille picture, is to take off her hat. In this manner he judges the poise of a girl, when she removes her bonnet. If she fusses too much with her hair, he is inclined to be prejudiced as to her poise. And a movie star without poise is not to be thought of. So try removing your hat with nonchalance before trying out for the movies, girls.

JOAN CRAWFORD was looking around in a local gift shop. One of the saleswomen came up to her and said, "Miss Crawford, a lady is selecting something for a friend's sixth wedding anniversary. Do you know what it calls for?"

"Anything over a year," replied Joan, with feeling, "calls for gold!"

JIMMY DURANTE arrived at the M-G-M studios the other day looking sad and dejected. "It's my new suit," he explained. "My wife made me buy it and I'm so uncomfortable I could die. If someone would just drop a cigarette on me or something so it wouldn't feel so new. Am I dejected?"

An hour or two later, Jimmy was beaming from ear to ear. "It's okay now," he cried. "I feel swell. I just tore my new suit on a nail. Boy, do I feel wonderful!"

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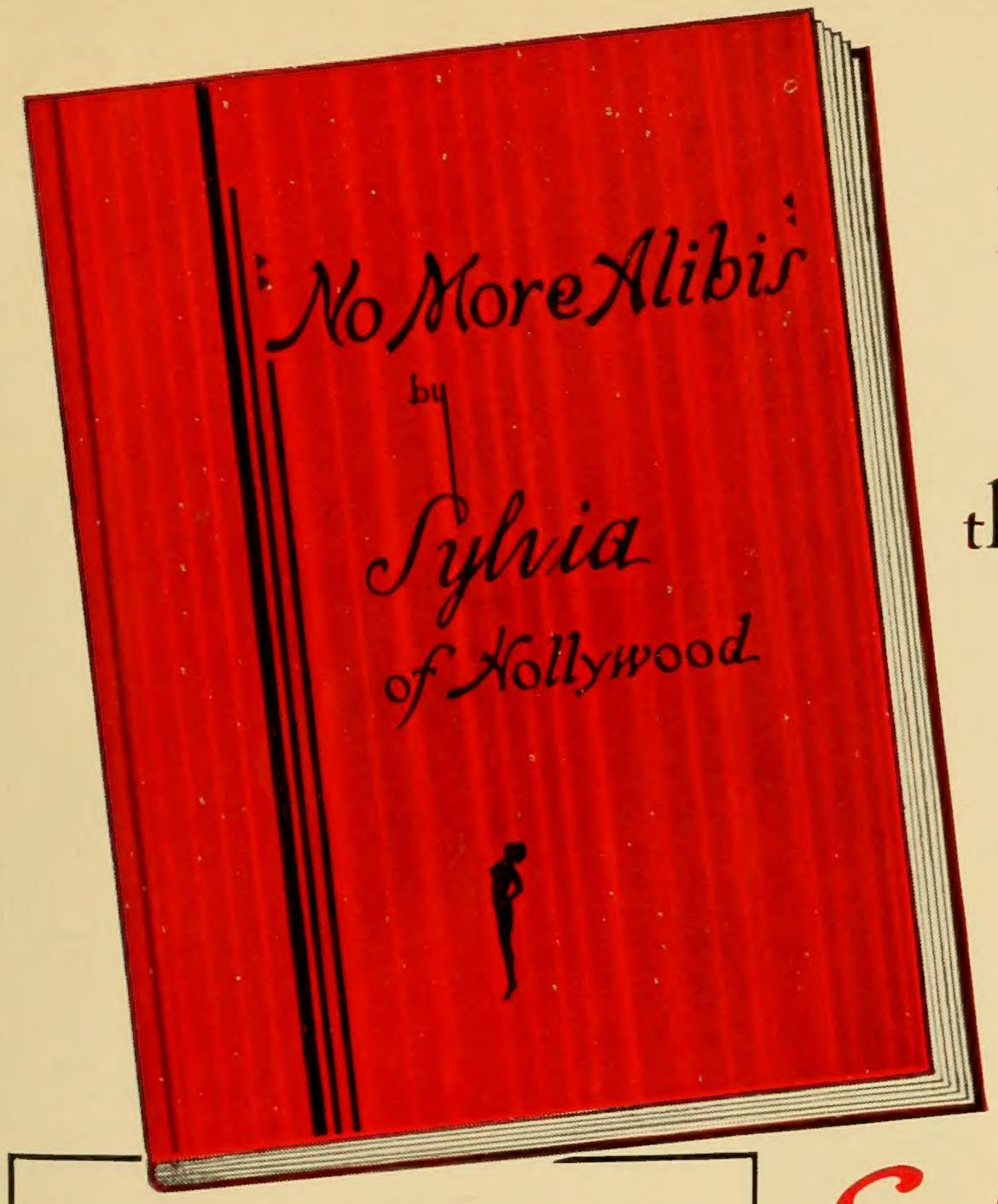

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